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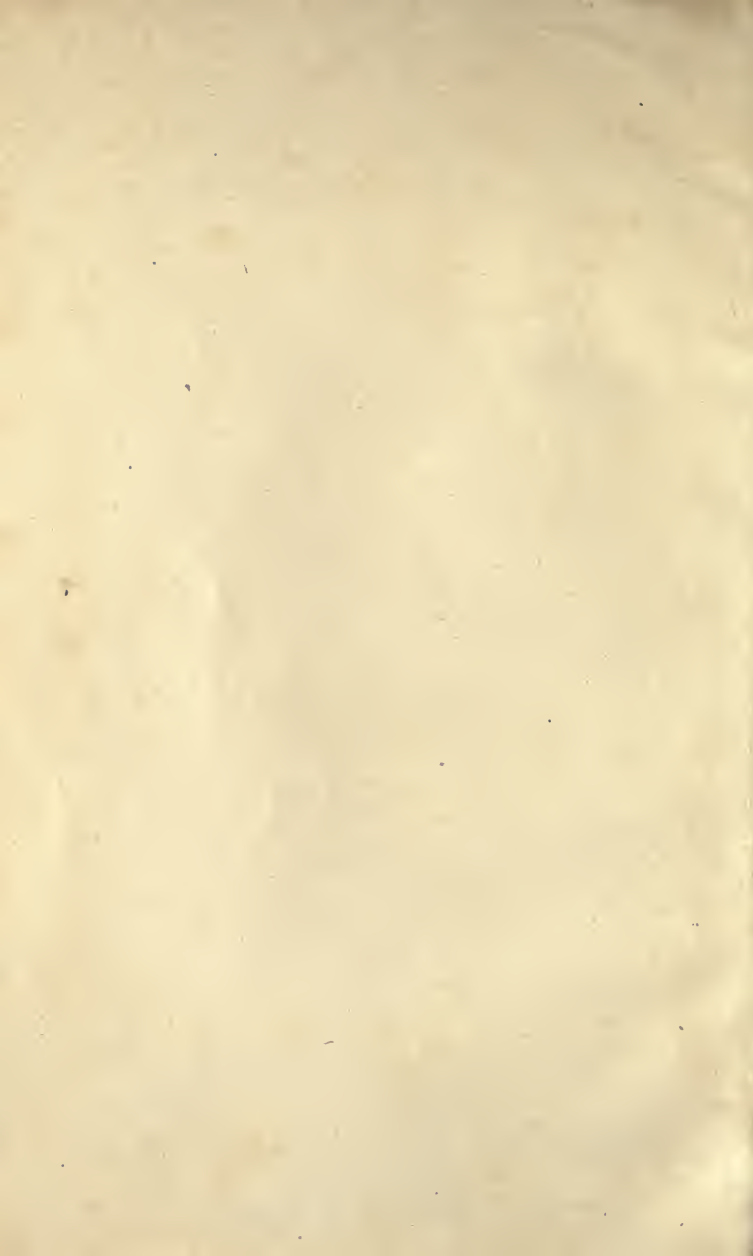
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# POEMS

*By* JOHN  
GREENLEAF  
WHITTIER



New York  
Hurst & Company  
Publishers



# CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
PROEM.....	7	The Farewell of a Virginia Slave	
MOGG MEGONE:	8	Mother to her Daughter sold into	
Part I.....	8	Southern Bondage.....	102
Part II.....	19	Address written for the Opening of	
Part III.....	31	"Pennsylvania Hall".....	104
THE BRIDAL OF PENNACOOK.....	37	The Moral Warfare.....	107
I. The Merrimack.....	41	The Response.....	107
II. The Bashaba.....	41	The World's Convention of the	
III. The Daughter.....	44	Friends of Emancipation, held in	
IV. The Wedding.....	46	London in 1840.....	110
V. The New Home.....	48	New Hampshire.....	115
VI. At Pennacook.....	50	The New Year: addressed to the	
VII. The Departure.....	52	Patrons of the Pennsylvania Free-	
VIII. Song of Indian Women.....	53	men.....	115
LEGENDARY:		Massachusetts to Virginia.....	119
The Merrimack.....	54	The Relic.....	121
The Norsemen.....	56	Stanzas for the Times—1844.....	123
Cassandra Southwick.....	58	The Branded Hand.....	126
Funeral Tree of the Sokokis.....	61	Texas.....	127
St. John.....	64	To Faneuil Hall.....	128
Pentucket.....	66	To Massachusetts.....	129
The Familist's Hymn.....	68	The Pine Tree.....	130
The Fountain.....	69	Lines suggested by a Visit to the City	
The Exiles.....	71	of Washington in the 12th Month	
The New Wife and the Old.....	74	of 1845.....	130
VOICES OF FREEDOM:		Lines from a Letter to a Young	
Toussaint L'Ouverture.....	76	Clerical Friend.....	134
The Slave Ships.....	82	Yorktown.....	134
Stanzas, Our Countrymen in Chains.....	84	Ego, written in the Book of a Friend	136
The Yankee Girl.....	86	To Gov. M'Duffie.....	140
To W. L. G.....	87	Lines written on Reading "Rights	
Song of the Free.....	88	and Wrongs of Boston," Contain-	
The Hunters of Men.....	89	ing an Account of the Meeting of	
Clerical Oppressors.....	90	the Boston Female Anti-Slavery	
The Christian Slave.....	91	Society and the Mob which fol-	
Stanzas for the Times.....	93	lowed on the 21st of the 10th month,	
Lines written on reading Gov. Rit-		1835.....	142
ner's Message, 1836.....	95	Lines written on the adoption of	
Lines written on reading Famous		Pinckney's Resolutions.....	142
"Pastoral Letter,".....	96	MISCELLANEOUS:	
Lines written for the Meeting of the		Palestine.....	145
Anti-Slavery Society at Chatham		Ezekiel.....	146
Street Chapel, New York, 1834....	99	The Wife of Manoah to Her Hus-	
Lines written for the Celebration of		band.....	149
the Third Anniversary of British		The Cities of the Plain.....	151
Emancipation, 1837.....	100	The Crucifixion.....	152
Lines written for the Anniversary		The Star of Bethlehem.....	153
Celebration of the First of August		Christ in the Tempest....	155
at Milton, 1846.....	101	"Knowest Thou the Ordinances of	
		Heaven.".....	156
		Hymns from the French of Lamar-	
		tine.....	157

	PAGE
The Female Martyr.....	160
The Frost Spirit.....	162
The Vaudois Teacher.....	163
The Call of the Christian.....	164
My soul and I.....	165
To a Friend on her Return from Europe.....	169
The Angel of Patience.....	170
Follen, on reading his Essay on the "Future State".....	171
To the Reformers of England.....	174
The Quaker of the Olden Time.....	175
The Reformer.....	176
The Prisoner for Debt.....	178
Lines written on reading Several Pamphlets published by Clergymen against the Abolition of the Gallows.....	180
The Worship of Nature.....	182
Lines written in the Commonplace Book of a Young Lady.....	183
The Watcher.....	185
The City of Refuge.....	188
The Human Sacrifice.....	188
Randolph of Roanoke.....	193
Democracy.....	194
To Ronge.....	196
Chalkley Hall.....	197
To John Pierpont.....	199
The Cypress Tree of Ceylon.....	199
A Dream of Summer.....	201
To —, with a copy of "Woolman's Journal".....	202
Leggett's Monument.....	204
The Angels of Buena Vista.....	204
Forgiveness.....	206
Barclay of Ury.....	207
What the Voice said.....	208
To Delaware.....	210
Worship.....	211
The Album.....	212
The Demon of the Study.....	213
The Pumpkin.....	216
Extract from a "New England Legend".....	217
Hampton Beach.....	218
Lines written on hearing of the Death of Silas Wright.....	220
Lines accompanying Manuscripts presented to a Friend.....	221
The Reward.....	222
Raphael.....	223
Lines written on visiting a singular Cave in Chester, N. H.....	225
Suicide Pond.....	227
Stanzas suggested by the letter of a Friend.....	228
Lines on a Portrait.....	229
The Murdered Lady.....	230
The Weird Gathering.....	232
The Black Fox.....	238
The White Mountains.....	240
The Indian's Tale.....	242
The Spectre Ship.....	244
The Spectre Warriors.....	247
The Last Norridgewock.....	249
The Aërial Omens.....	250

MEMORIALS :	PAGE
Lucy Hooper.....	252
Channing.....	254
To the Memory of Charles B. Storrs	257
Lines on the Death of S. Oliver Torrey.....	258
A Lament.....	258
Daniel Wheeler.....	260
Daniel Neall.....	263
To my Friend on the Death of his Sister.....	263
Gone.....	265
To the Memory of J. O. Rockwell..	266
The Unquiet Sleeper.....	267

## SONGS OF LABOR AND OTHER POEMS :

Dedication.....	270
The Ship-builders.....	271
The Shoemakers.....	272
The Drovers.....	275
The Fishermen.....	277
The Huskers.....	279
The Corn Song.....	280
The Lumbermen.....	282

## MISCELLANEOUS :

The Lake-side.....	286
The Hill-top.....	287
On receiving an Eagle's Quill from Lake Superior.....	289
Memories.....	291
The Legend of St. Mark.....	292
The Well of Loch Maree.....	295
To my Sister.....	295
Autumn Thoughts.....	296
Calef in Boston, 1692.....	297
To Pius IX.....	298
Elliott.....	300
Ichabod!.....	301
The Christian Tourists.....	302
The Men of Old.....	304
The Peace Convention at Brussels..	305
The Wish of To-day.....	307
Our State.....	308
All's Well.....	308
Seed Time and Harvest.....	309
To A. K. on receiving a Basket of Sea-mosses.....	310
The Curse of the Charter-breakers..	311
The Slaves of Martinique.....	314
The Crisis.....	316
The Knight of St. John.....	318
The Holy Land.....	320
Mount Agiochook.....	321
Metacom.....	322
The Fratricide.....	326
Isabella of Austria.....	328
Stanzas—Bind up thy Tresses.....	330
The Missionary.....	331
An Evening in Burmah.....	334
Massachusetts.....	337
To the Memory of Thomas Shipley..	339
A Summons.....	340
The Exile's Departure.....	342
The Deity.....	343

	PAGE
<b>BALLADS:</b>	
The Garrison of Cape Ann.....	344
The Swan Song of Parson Avery.....	346
The Witch's Daughter.....	348
The Prophecy of Samuel Sewell.....	352
Skipper Ireson's Ride.....	355
Telling the Bees.....	357
The Sycamores.....	358
The Double-headed Snake of Newbury.....	360
The Truce of Piscataqua.....	362
My Playmate.....	366
<b>POEMS AND LYRICS:</b>	
In Remembrance of Joseph Sturge.....	366
On a Prayer-book.....	368
The Quaker Alumni.....	370
Brown of Ossawatimie.....	374
From Perugia.....	375
The Shadow and the Light.....	377
The Gift of Tritemius.....	379
The Eve of Election.....	380
The Over-heart.....	381
Trinitas.....	382
The Old Burying-ground.....	384
The Pipes at Lucknow.....	385
My Psalm.....	386
Le Marais De Cygne.....	387
"The Rock" in El Ghor.....	388
To J. T. F.....	389
The Palm-tree.....	390
Lines for the Burns Festival.....	391
The Red River Voyageur.....	391
Kenoza Lake.....	392
To G. B. C.....	393
The Sisters.....	393
Lines for an Agricultural Ex- hibition.....	394
The Preacher.....	394
For an Autumn Festival.....	402
<b>IN WAR TIME:</b>	
Thy Will be Done.....	402

	PAGE
A Word for the Hour.....	403
"Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott".....	404
To John C. Fremont.....	405
The Watchers.....	405
To Englishmen.....	407
Astræa at the Capitol.....	408
The Battle Autumn of 1862.....	409
Mithridates at Chios.....	410
The Proclamation.....	410
Anniversary Poem.....	411
At Port Royal.....	413
Song of the Negro Boatmen.....	413
Barbara Frietchie.....	414
<b>HOME BALLADS:</b>	
Cobbler Keezar's Vision.....	416
Amy Wentworth.....	418
The Countess.....	421
<b>OCCASIONAL POEMS:</b>	
Naples—1860.....	424
The Summons.....	425
The Waiting.....	425
Mountain Pictures.	
I. Franconia from the Pemige- wasset.....	426
II. Monadnock from Wachuset.....	427
Our River.....	428
Andrew Rykman's Prayer.....	429
The Cry of a Lost Soul.....	431
Italy.....	432
The River Path.....	432
A Memorial. M. A. C.....	433
Hymn sung at Christmas by the Scholars of St. Helena's Island, S. C.....	435
Snow-Bound.....	435
The Wreck of the Rivermouth.....	447
The Brother of Mercy.....	450
The Vanishers.....	452
The Grave by the Lake.....	452
Kallundborg Church.....	454
The Mantle of St. John de Matha.....	456

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## WHITTIER'S POEMS.

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### PROEM.

I LOVE the old melodious lays  
Which softly melt the ages through,  
The songs of Spenser's golden days,  
Arcadian Sidney's silvery phrase,  
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning dew.

Yet, vainly in my quiet hours  
To breathe their marvellous notes I try;  
I feel them, as the leaves and flowers  
In silence feel the dewy showers,  
And drink with glad still lips the blessing of the sky.

The rigor of a frozen clime,  
The harshness of an untaught ear,  
The jarring words of one whose rhyme  
Beat often Labor's hurried time,  
Or Duty's rugged march through storm and strife, are here.

Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,  
No rounded art the lack supplies;  
Unskilled the subtle lines to trace  
Or softer shades of Nature's face,  
I view her common forms with unanointed eyes.

Nor mine the seer-like power to show  
The secrets of the heart and mind;  
To drop the plummet-line below  
Our common world of joy and woe,  
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find.

Yet here at least an earnest sense  
Of human right and weal is shown;  
A hate of tyranny intense,  
And hearty in its vehemence,  
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own.

Oh Freedom! if to me belong  
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,  
Nor Marvel's wit and graceful song,  
Still with a love as deep and strong  
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy shrine!

## MOGG MEGONE.

## PART I.

[The story of MOGG MEGONE has been considered by the author only as a framework for sketches of the scenery of New England, and of its early inhabitants. In portraying the Indian character, he has followed, as closely as his story would admit, the rough but natural delineations of Church, Mayhew, Charlevoix, and Roger Williams; and in so doing he has necessarily discarded much of the romance which poets and novelists have thrown around the ill-fated red man.—ED.]

Who stands on that cliff, like a figure of stone,  
 Unmoving and tall in the light of the sky,  
 Where the spray of the cataract sparkles on high,  
 Lonely and sternly, save Mogg Megone? \*  
 Close to the verge of the rock is he,  
 While beneath him the Saco its work is doing,  
 Hurrying down to its grave, the sea,  
 And slow through the rock its pathway hewing!  
 Far down, through the mist of the falling river,  
 Which rises up like an incense ever,

The splintered points of the crags are seen,  
 With water howling and vexed between,  
 While the scooping whirl of the pool beneath  
 Seems an open throat, with its granite teeth!  
 But Mogg Megone never trembled yet  
 Wherever his eye or his foot was set.  
 He is watchful: each form, in the moonlight dim,  
 Of rock or of tree, is seen of him:  
 He listens; each sound from afar is caught,  
 The faintest shiver of leaf and limb:  
 But he sees not the waters, which foam and fret,  
 Whose moonlit spray has his moccasin wet—  
 And the roar of their rushing, he hears it not.

The moonlight, through the open bough  
 Of the gnarl'd beech, whose naked root  
 Coils like a serpent at his foot,  
 Falls, checkered, on the Indian's brow.  
 His head is bare, save only where  
 Waves in the wind one lock of hair,  
 Reserved for him, whoe'er he be,  
 More mighty than Megone in strife,  
 When breast to breast and knee to knee,  
 Above the fallen warrior's life  
 Gleams, quick and keen, the scalping-knife.

\* MOGG MEGONE, or Hegone, was a leader among the Saco Indians, in the bloody war of 1677. He attacked and captured the garrison at Black Point, October 12th of that year; and cut off, at the same time, a party of Englishmen near Saco River. From a deed signed by this Indian in 1664, and from other circumstances, it seems that, previous to the war, he had mingled much with the colonists. On this account, he was probably selected by the principal sachems as their agent, in the treaty signed in November, 1676.

Megone hath his knife and hatchet and gun,  
 And his gaudy and tasselled blanket on:  
 His knife hath a handle with gold inlaid,  
 And magic words on its polished blade—  
 'Twas the gift of Castine\* to Mogg Megone,  
 For a scalp or twain from the Yengees torn:  
 His gun was the gift of the Tarrantine,  
 And Modocawando's wives had strung  
 The brass and the beads, which tinkle and shine  
 On the polished breech, and broad bright line  
 Of beaded wampum around it hung.

What seeks Megone? His foes are near—  
 Gray Jocelyn's† eye is never sleeping,  
 And the garrison lights are burning clear,  
 Where Phillips'‡ men their watch are keeping.  
 Let him hie him away through the dank river fog,  
 Never rustling the boughs nor displacing the rocks,  
 For the eyes and the ears which are watching for Mogg,  
 Are keener than those of the wolf or the fox.

He starts—there's a rustle among the leaves:  
 Another—the click of his gun is heard!—  
 A footstep—is it the step of Cleaves,  
 With Indian blood on his English sword?  
 Steals Harmon|| down from the sands of York,  
 With hand of iron and foot of cork?  
 Has Scamman, versed in Indian wile,  
 For vengeance left his vine-hung isle?§  
 Hark! at that whistle, soft and low,  
 How lights the eye of Mogg Megone!  
 A smile gleams o'er his dusky brow—  
 “Boon welcome, Johnny Bonython!”

\* Baron de St. Castine came to Canada in 1644. Leaving his civilized companions, he plunged into the great wilderness, and settled among the Penobscot Indians, near the mouth of their noble river. He here took for his wives the daughters of the great Modocawando—the most powerful sachem of the east. His castle was plundered by Governor Andros, during his reckless administration; and the enraged Baron is supposed to have excited the Indians into open hostility to the English.

† The owner and commander of the garrison at Black Point, which Mogg attacked and plundered. He was an old man at the period to which the tale relates.

‡ Major Phillips, one of the principal men of the Colony. His garrison sustained a long and terrible siege by the savages. As a magistrate and a gentleman, he exacted of his plebeian neighbors a remarkable degree of deference. The Court Records of the settlement inform us that an individual was fined for the heinous offence of saying that “Major Phillips' mare was as lean as an Indian dog.”

|| Captain Harmon, of Georgeana, now York, was, for many years, the terror of the Eastern Indians. In one of his expeditions up the Kennebec River, at the head of a party of rangers, he discovered twenty of the savages asleep by a large fire. Cautiously creeping toward them, until he was certain of his aim, he ordered his men to single out their objects. The first discharge killed or mortally wounded the whole number of the unconscious sleepers.

§ Wood island, near the mouth of the Saco. It was visited by the Sieur De Monts and Champlain, in 1603. The following extract, from the journal of the latter, relates to it. “Having left the Kennebec, we ran along the coast to the westward, and cast anchor under a small island, near the mainland, where we saw twenty or more natives. I here visited an island, beautifully clothed with a fine growth of forest trees, particularly of the oak and walnut; and overspread with vines, that, in their season, produce excellent grapes. We named it the island of Bacchus.”—*Les voyages de Sieur Champlain, Liv. 2, c. 3.*

Out steps, with cautious foot and slow,  
 And quick, keen glances to and fro,  
     The hunted outlaw, Bonython! \*  
 A low, lean swarthy man is he,  
 With blanket-garb and buskined knee,  
     And naught of English fashion on;  
 For he hates the race from whence he sprung,  
 And he couches his words in the Indian tongue.

“Hush—let the Sachem’s voice be weak;  
 The water-rat shall hear him speak—  
 The owl shall whoop in the white man’s ear,  
 That Mogg Megone, with his scalps, is here!”  
 He pauses—dark, over cheek and brow,  
 A flush, as of shame, is stealing now:  
 “Sachem!” he says, “let me have the land,  
 Which stretches away upon either hand,  
 As far about as my feet can stray  
 In the half of a gentle summer’s day,  
     From the leaping brook † to the Saco River—  
 And the fair-haired girl, thou has sought of me,  
 Shall sit in the Sachem’s wigwam, and be  
     The wife of Mogg Megone forever.”

There’s a sudden light in the Indian’s glance,  
 A moment’s trace of powerful feeling—  
 Of love or triumph, or both perchance,  
     Over his proud, calm features stealing.  
 “The words of my father are very good;  
 He shall have the land, and water, and wood;  
 And he who harms the Sagamore John,  
 Shall feel the knife of Mogg Megone;  
 But the fawn of the Yengees shall sleep on my breast  
 And the bird of the clearing shall sing in my nest.”

\* John Bonython was the son of Richard Bonython, Gent., one of the most efficient and able magistrates of the Colony. John proved to be “a degenerate plant.” In 1635, we find, by the Court Records, that, for some offence, he was fined 40s. In 1640, he was fined for abuse toward R. Gibson, the minister, and Mary, his wife. Soon after, he was fined for disorderly conduct in the house of his father. In 1645, the “Great and General Court” adjudged “John Bonython outlawed, and incapable of any of his majesty’s laws, and proclaimed him a rebel.” [Court Records of the Province, 1645.] In 1651, he bade defiance to the laws of Massachusetts, and was again outlawed. He acted independently of all law and authority; and hence, doubtless, his burlesque title of “The Sagamore of Saco,” which has come down to the present generation in the following epitaph:

“Here lies Bonython; the Sagamore of Saco,  
 He lived a rogue, and died a knave, and went to Hobomoko.”

By some means or other, he obtained a large estate. In this poem, I have taken some liberties with him, not strictly warranted by historical facts, although the conduct imputed to him is in keeping with his general character. Over the last years of his life lingers a deep obscurity. Even the manner of his death is uncertain. He was supposed to have been killed by the Indians; but this is doubted by the indefatigable author of the history of Saco and Biddeford.—Part I., p. 115.

† Foxwell’s Brook flows from a marsh or bog, called the “Heath,” in Saco, containing thirteen hundred acres. On this brook, and surrounded by wild and romantic scenery, is a beautiful waterfall, of more than sixty feet.

"But father!"—and the Indian's hand  
 Falls gently on the white man's arm,  
 And with a smile as shrewdly bland  
 As the deep voice is slow and calm—  
 "Where is my father's singing-bird—  
 The sunny eye, and sunset hair?  
 I know I have my father's word,  
 And that his word is good and fair;  
 But, will my father tell me where  
 Megone shall go and look for his bride?—  
 For he sees her not by her father's side."

The dark, stern eye of Bonython  
 Flashes over the features of Mogg Megone,  
 In one of those glances which search within;  
 But the stolid calm of the Indian alone  
 Remains where the trace of emotion has been.  
 "Does the Sachem doubt? Let him go with me,  
 And the eyes of the Sachem his bride shall see."  
 Cautious and slow, with pauses oft,  
 And watchful eyes and whispers soft,  
 The twain are stealing through the wood,  
 Leaving the downward-rushing flood,  
 Whose deep and solemn roar behind,  
 Grows fainter on the evening wind.

Hark!—is that the angry howl  
 Of the wolf, the hills among?—  
 Or the hooting of the owl,  
 On his leafy cradle swung?—  
 Quickly glancing, to and fro,  
 Listening to each sound they go:  
 Round the columns of the pine,  
 Indistinct, in shadow, seeming  
 Like some old and pillared shrine;  
 With the soft and white moonshine,  
 Round the foliage-tracery shed  
 Of each column's branching head,  
 For its lamps of worship gleaming!  
 And the sounds awakened there,  
 In the pine leaves fine and small,  
 Soft and sweetly musical,  
 By the fingers of the air,  
 For the anthem's dying fall  
 Lingering round some temple's wall!—  
 Niche and cornice round and round  
 Wailing like the ghost of sound!  
 Is not Nature's worship thus  
 Ceaseless ever, going on?  
 Hath it not a voice for us  
 In the thunder, or the tone  
 Of the leaf-harp faint and small,

Speaking to the unsealed ear  
 Words of blended love and fear,  
 Of the mighty Soul of all ?  
 Naught had the twain of thoughts like these  
 As they wound along through the crowded trees,  
 Where never had rung the axeman's stroke  
 On the gnarled trunk of the rough-barked oak ;—  
 Climbing the dead tree's mossy log,  
 Breaking the mesh of the bramble fine,  
 Turning aside the wild grape vine,  
 And lightly crossing the quaking bog  
 Whose surface shakes at the leap of the frog,  
 And out of whose pools the ghostly fog  
 Creeps into the chill moonshine !

Yet even that Indian's ear had heard  
 The preaching of the Holy Word :  
 Sanchekantacket's isle of sand  
 Was once his father's hunting land,  
 Where zealous Hiacoomes \* stood—  
 The wild apostle of the wood,  
 Shook from his soul the fear of harm,  
 And trampled on the Powwaw's charm ;  
 Until the wizard's curses hung  
 Suspended on his palsyng tongue,  
 And the fierce warrior, grim and tall,  
 Trembled before the forest Paul !

A cottage hidden in the wood—  
 Red through its seams a light is glowing,  
 On rock and bough and tree-trunk rude,  
 A narrow lustre throwing.  
 " Who's there ? " a clear, firm voice demands :  
 " Hold, Ruth—'tis I, the Sagamore ! "  
 Quick, at the summons, hasty hands  
 Unclose the bolted door ;  
 And on the outlaw's daughter shine  
 The flashes of the kindled pine.

Tall and erect the maiden stands,  
 Like some young priestess of the wood,

\* Hiacoomes, the first Christian preacher on Martha's Vineyard ; for a biography of whom the reader is referred to Increase Mayhew's account of the Praying Indians, 1726. The following is related of him : " One Lord's day, after meeting, where Hiacoomes had been preaching, there came in a Powwaw very angry, and said, ' I know all the meeting Indians are liars. You say you don't care for the Powwaws ; '—then, calling two or three of them by name, he railed at them, and told them they were deceived, for the Powwaws could kill all the meeting Indians, if they set about it. But Hiacoomes told him that he would be in the midst of all the Powwaws in the island, and they should do the utmost they could against him ; and when they should do their worst by their witchcraft to kill him, he would without fear set himself against them, by remembering Jehovah. He told them also he did put all the Powwaws under his heel. Such was the faith of this good man. Nor were these Powwaws ever able to do these Christian Indians any hurt, though others were frequently hurt and killed by them."—Mayhew's Book, pp. 6, 7, & 1.

The free born child of Solitude,  
 And bearing still the wild and rude,  
 Yet noble trace of Nature's hands.  
 Her dark brown cheek has caught its stain  
 More from the sunshine than the rain;  
 Yet, where her long fair hair is parting,  
 A pure white brow into light is starting;  
 And, where the folds of her blanket sever,  
 Are a neck and bosom as white as ever  
 The foam-wreaths rise on the leaping river.  
 But, in the convulsive quiver and grip  
 Of the muscles around her bloodless lip,  
 There is something painful and sad to see;  
 And her eye has a glance more sternly wild  
 Than even that of a forest child

In its fearless and untamed freedom should be.  
 Yet, seldom in hall or court are seen  
 So queenly, a form and so noble a mien,  
 As freely and smiling she welcomes them there!  
 Her outlawed sire and Mogg Megone:

"Pray, father, how does thy hunting fare?  
 And, Sachem, say—does Scamman wear,  
 In spite of thy promise, a scalp of his own?"  
 Hurried and light is the maiden's tone;

But a fearful meaning lurks within  
 Her glance, as it questions the eye of Megone—  
 An awful meaning of guilt and sin!  
 The Indian hath opened his blanket, and there  
 Hangs a human scalp by its long damp hair!

With hand upraised, with quick-drawn breath.  
 She meets that ghastly sign of death.  
 In one long, glassy, spectral stare  
 The enlarging eye is fastened there,  
 As if that mesh of pale brown hair  
 Had power to change at sight alone,  
 Even as the fearful locks which wound  
 Medusa's fatal forehead round,

The gazer into stone.  
 With such a look Herodias read  
 The features of the bleeding head,  
 So looked the mad Moor on his dead,  
 Or the young Cenci as she stood,  
 O'er-dabbled with a father's blood!

Look!—feeling melts that frozen glance,  
 It moves that marble countenance,  
 As if at once within her strove  
 Pity with shame, and hate with love.  
 The Past recalls its joy and pain,  
 Old memories rise before her brain—  
 The lips which love's embraces met

The hand her tears of parting wet,  
 The voice whose pleading tones beguiled  
 The pleased ear of the forest-child,—  
 And tears she may no more repress  
 Reveal her lingering tenderness.

Oh! woman wronged can cherish hate  
 More deep and dark than manhood may;  
 But, when the mockery of Fate  
 Hath left Revenge its chosen way,  
 And the fell curse, which years have nursed,  
 Full on the spoiler's head hath burst—  
 When all her wrong, and shame, and pain,  
 Burns fiercely on his heart and brain—  
 Still lingers something of the spell  
 Which bound her to the traitor's bosom—  
 Still, midst the vengeful fires of hell,  
 Some flowers of old affection blossom.

John Bonython's eyebrows together are drawn  
 With a fierce expression of wrath and scorn—  
 He hoarsely whispers, "Ruth, beware!  
 Is this the time to be playing the fool—  
 Crying over a paltry lock of hair,  
 Like a love-sick girl at school?—  
 Curse on it!—an Indian can see and hear:  
 Away—and prepare our evening cheer!"

How keenly the Indian is watching now  
 Her tearful eye and her varying brow—  
 With a serpent eye, which kindles and burns,  
 Like a fiery star in the upper air:  
 On sire and daughter his fierce glance turns:  
 "Has my old white father a scalp to spare?  
 For his young one loves the pale brown hair  
 Of the scalp of an English dog, far more  
 Than Mogg Megone, or his wigwam floor:  
 Go—Mogg is wise: he will keep his land—  
 And Sagamore John, when he feels with his hand,  
 Shall miss his scalp where it grew before."

The moment's gust of grief is gone—  
 The lip is clenched—the tears are still—  
 God pity thee, Ruth Bonython!  
 With what a strength of will  
 Are nature's feelings in thy breast,  
 As with an iron hand repressed!  
 And how, upon that nameless woe,  
 Quick as the pulse can come and go,  
 While shakes the unsteadfast knee, and yet  
 The bosom heaves—the eye is wet—  
 Has thy dark spirit power to stay

The heart's wild current on its way?  
 And whence that baleful strength of guile,  
 Which, over that still working brow  
 And tearful eye and cheek, can throw  
 The mockery of a smile?  
 Warned by her father's blackening frown,  
 With one strong effort crushing down  
 Grief, hate, remorse, she meets again  
 The savage murderer's sullen gaze,  
 And scarcely look or tone betrays  
 How the heart strives beneath its chain.

"Is the Sachem angry—angry with Ruth,  
 Because she cries with an ache in her tooth,\*  
 Which would make a Sagamore jump and cry,  
 And look about with a woman's eye?  
 No—Ruth will sit in the Sachem's door,  
 And braid the mats for his wigwam floor,  
 And broil his fish and tender fawn,  
 And weave his wampum, and grind his corn,—  
 For she loves the brave and the wise, and none  
 Are braver and wiser than Mogg Megone!"

The Indian's brow is clear once more:  
 With grave, calm face, and half-shut eye,  
 He sits upon the wigwam floor,  
 And watches Ruth go by,  
 Intent upon her household care;  
 And ever and anon, the while,  
 Or on the maiden, or her fare,  
 Which smokes in grateful promise there,  
 Bestows his quiet smile.

Ah, Mogg Megone!—what dreams are thine,  
 But those which love's own fancies dress—  
 The sum of Indian happiness!—  
 A wigwam, where the warm sunshine  
 Looks in among the groves of pine—  
 A stream, where, round thy light canoe,  
 The trout and salmon dart in view,  
 And the fair girl, before thee now,  
 Spreading thy mat with hand of snow,  
 Or plying, in the dews of morn,  
 Her hoe amidst thy patch of corn,  
 Or offering up, at eve, to thee,  
 Thy birchen dish of hominy!

From the rude board of Bonython,  
 Venison and succotash have gone—

\* "The tooth-ache," says Roger Williams, in his observations upon the language and customs of the New England tribes, "is the only pain which will force their stout hearts to cry." He afterwards remarks that even the Indian women never cry as he has heard "some of their men in this pain."

For long these dwellers of the wood  
 Have felt the gnawing want of food.  
 But untasted of Ruth is the frugal cheer—  
 With head averted, yet ready ear,  
 She stands by the side of her austere sire,  
 Feeding, at times, the unequal fire,  
 With the yellow knots of the pitch-pine tree,  
 Whose flaring light, as they kindle, falls  
 On the cottage-roof, and its black log walls,  
 And over its inmates three.

From Sagamore Bonython's hunting flask  
 The fire-water burns at the lip of Megone:  
 "Will the Sachem hear what his father shall ask?  
 Will he make his mark, that it may be known,  
 On the speaking-leaf, that he gives the land,  
 From the Sachem's own, to his father's hand?"

The fire-water shines in the Indian's eyes,  
 As he rises, the white man's bidding to do:  
 "Wuttamuttata—weekan! \* Mogg is wise—  
 For the water he drinks is strong and new,—  
 Mogg's heart is great!—will he shut his hand,  
 When his father asks for a little land?"—

With unsteady fingers, the Indian has drawn  
 On the parchment the shape of a hunter's bow:  
 "Boon water—boon water—Sagamore John!  
 Wuttamuttata—weekan! our hearts will grow!"  
 He drinks yet deeper—he mutters low—  
 He reels on his bear-skin to and fro—  
 His head falls down on his naked breast—  
 He struggles, and sinks to a drunken rest.

"Humph—drunk as a beast!" and Bonython's brow  
 Is darker than ever with evil thought—  
 "The fool has signed his warrant; but how  
 And when shall the deed be wrought?  
 Speak Ruth! why, what the devil is here,  
 To fix thy gaze in that empty air?—  
 Speak, Ruth!—by my soul, if I thought that tear,  
 Which shames thyself and our purpose here,  
 Were shed for that cursed and pale-faced dog,  
 Whose green scalp hangs from the belt of Mogg,  
 And whose beastly soul is in Satan's keeping—  
 This—this!"—he dashes his hand upon  
 The rattling stock of his loaded gun—  
 "Should send thee with him to do thy weeping!"

\* *Wuttamuttata*, "Let us drink." *Weekan*, "It is sweet." *Vide* Roger Williams's *Key to the Indian Language*, "in that parte of America called New England." London, 1643, p

“Father!”—the eye of Bonython  
 Sinks, at that low, sepulchral tone,  
 Hollow and deep, as it were spoken  
 By the unmoving tongue of death—  
 Or from some statue’s lips had broken—  
 A sound without a breath!  
 “Father!—my life I value less  
 Than yonder fool his gaudy dress;  
 And how it ends it matters not,  
 By heart-break or by rifle-shot:  
 But spare awhile the scoff and threat—  
 Our business is not finished yet.”

“True, true, my girl—I only meant  
 To draw up again the bow unbent.  
 Harm thee, my Ruth! I only sought  
 To frighten off thy gloomy thought;—  
 Come—let’s be friends!” He seeks to clasp  
 His daughter’s cold, damp hand in his.  
 Ruth startles from her father’s grasp,  
 As if each nerve and muscle felt,  
 Instinctively, the touch of guilt,  
 Through all their subtle sympathies.

He points her to the sleeping Mogg,  
 “What shall be done with yonder dog?  
 Scamman is dead, and revenge is thine—  
 The deed is signed and the land is mine;  
 And this drunken fool is of use no more,  
 Save as thy hopeful bridegroom, and sooth,  
 ’Twere Christian mercy, to finish him, Ruth,  
 Now, while he lies like a beast on our floor,—  
 If not for thine, at least for his sake,  
 Rather than let the poor dog awake,  
 To drain my flask, and claim as his bride  
 Such a forest devil to run by his side—  
 Such a Wetuomanit\* as thou wouldst make!”

He laughs at his jest. Hush—what is there?—  
 The sleeping Indian is striving to rise,  
 With his knife in his hand, and glaring eyes!—  
 “Wagh!—Mogg will have the pale-face’s hair,  
 For his knife is sharp and his fingers can help  
 The hair to pull and the skin to peel—  
 Let him cry like a woman and twist like an eel,  
 The great Captain Scamman must lose his scalp!

\* *Wetuomanit*—a house god, or demon. “They—the Indians—have given me the names of thirty-seven gods, which I have, all which in their solemn Worship they invoke!”—R. Williams’s *Briefe Observations of the Customs, Manners, Worship, &c., of the Natives, in Peace and Warre, in Life and Death: on all which is added Spiritual Observations; General and Particular, of Chiefe and Special use—upon all occasions—to all the English inhabiting these parts; yet Pleasant and Profitable to the view of all Mene*, p. 110, c. 21.

And Ruth, when she sees it, shall dance with Mogg."  
 His eyes are fixed—but his lips draw in—  
 With a low, hoarse chuckle, and fiendish grin,—  
 And he sinks again, like a senseless log.

Ruth does not speak—she does not stir;  
 But she gazes down on the murderer,  
 Whose broken and dreamful slumbers tell,  
 Too much for her ear, of that deed of hell.  
 She sees the knife, with its slaughter red,  
 And the dark fingers clenching the bear-skin bed!  
 What thoughts of horror and madness whirl  
 Through the burning brain of that fallen girl!

John Bonython lifts his gun to his eye,  
 Its muzzle is close to the Indian's ear—  
 But he drops it again. "Some one may be nigh,  
 And I would not that even the wolves should hear."  
 He draws his knife from its deer-skin belt—  
 Its edge with his fingers is slowly felt;—  
 Kneeling down on one knee, by the Indian's side,  
 From his throat he opens the blanket wide;  
 And twice or thrice he feebly essays  
 A trembling hand with the knife to raise.

"I cannot"—he mutters—"did he not save  
 My life from a cold and wintry grave,  
 When the storm came down from Agiochook,  
 And the north-wind howled, and the tree-tops shook—  
 And I strove, in the drifts of the rushing snow,  
 Till my knees grew weak and I could not go,  
 And I felt the cold to my vitals creep,  
 And my heart's blood stiffen, and pulses sleep!  
 I cannot strike him—Ruth Bonython!  
 In the devil's name, tell me—what's to be done?"  
 Oh! when the soul, once pure and high,  
 Is stricken down from Virtue's sky,  
 As, with the downcast star of morn,  
 Some gems of light are with it drawn—  
 And, through its night of darkness, play  
 Some tokens of its primal day—  
 Some lofty feelings linger still—  
 The strength to dare, the nerve to meet  
 Whatever threatens with defeat  
 Its all-indomitable will!—  
 But lacks the mean of mind and heart,  
 Though eager for the gains of crime,  
 Oft, at this chosen place and time,  
 The strength to bear this evil part;  
 And, shielded by this very Vice,  
 Escapes from Crime by Cowardice.

Ruth starts erect—with bloodshot eye,  
 And lips drawn tight across her teeth,  
 Showing their locked embrace beneath;  
 In the red fire-light:—"Mogg must die!  
 Give me the knife!"—The outlaw turns,  
 Shuddering in heart and limb, away—  
 But, fitfully there, the hearth-fire burns,  
 And he sees on the wall strange shadows play.  
 A lifted arm, a tremulous blade,  
 Are dimly pictured, in light and shade,  
 Plunging down in the darkness. Hark, that cry!  
 Again—and again—he sees it fall—  
 That shadowy arm down the lighted wall!  
 He hears quick footsteps—a shape flits by!  
 The door on its rusted hinges creaks:—  
 'Ruth—daughter Ruth!' the outlaw shrieks,  
 But no sound comes back—he is standing alone  
 By the mangled corse of Mogg Megone!

## PART II.

'Tis morning over Norridgewock—  
 On tree and wigwam, wave and rock.  
 Bathed in the autumnal sunshine, stirred  
 At intervals by breeze and bird,  
 And wearing all the hues which glow  
 In heaven's own pure and perfect bow,  
 That glorious picture of the air,  
 Which summer's light-robed angel forms.  
 On the dark ground of fading storms,  
 With pencil dipped in sunbeams there—  
 And, stretching out, on either hand,  
 O'er all that wide and unshorn land,  
 Till, weary of its gorgeousness,  
 The aching and the dazzled eye  
 Rests gladdened, on the calm blue sky—  
 Slumbers the mighty wilderness!  
 The oak, upon the windy hill,  
 Its dark green burthen upward heaves—  
 The hemlock broods above its rill,  
 Its cone-like foliage darker still,  
 While the white birch's graceful stem  
 And the rough walnut bough receives  
 The sun upon their crowded leaves,  
 Each colored like a topaz gem;  
 And the tall maple wears with them  
 The coronal which autumn gives,  
 The brief, bright sign of ruin near,  
 The hectic of a dying year!

The hermit priest, who lingers now  
 On the Bald Mountain's shrubless brow

The gray and thunder smitten pile  
Which marks afar the Desert Isle,\*

While gazing on the scene below,  
May half forget the dreams of home,  
That nightly with his slumbers come,—  
The tranquil skies of sunny France,  
The peasant's harvest song and dance,  
The vines around the hillsides wreathing,  
The soft airs midst their clusters breathing,  
The winds which dipped, the stars which shone  
Within thy bosom, blue Garonne!  
And round the Abbey's shadowed wall,  
At morning spring and even-fall,

Sweet voices in the still air singing—  
The chant of many a holy hymn—

The solemn bell of vespers ringing—  
And hallowed torch-light falling dim  
On pictured saint and seraphim!  
For here beneath him lies unrolled,  
Bathed deep in morning's flood of gold,  
A vision gorgeous as the dream  
Of the beatified may seem

When, as his Church's legends say,  
Borne upward in ecstatic bliss,

The rapt enthusiast soars away  
Unto a brighter world than this:  
A mortal's glimpse beyond the pale—  
A moment's lifting of the veil!

Far eastward o'er the lovely bay,  
Penobscot's clustered wigwams lay;  
And gently from that Indian town  
The verdant hillside slopes adown,  
To where the sparkling waters play

Upon the yellow sands below;  
And shooting round the winding shores  
Of narrow capes, and isles which lie  
Slumbering to ocean's lullaby—

With birchen boat and glancing oars,  
The red men to their fishing go;  
While from their planting ground is borne  
The treasure of the golden corn,  
By laughing girls, whose dark eyes glow  
Wild through the locks which o'er them flow.  
The wrinkled squaw, whose toil is done,  
Sits on her bear-skin in the sun,  
Watching the huskers, with a smile  
For each full ear which swells the pile;  
And the old chief, who never more

\* Mt. Desert Island, the Bald Mountain which overlooks Frenchman's and Penobscot Bay.  
It was upon this island that the Jesuits made their earliest settlement.

May bend the bow or pull the oar,  
Smokes gravely in his wigwam door,  
Or slowly shapes, with axe of stone  
The arrow-head from flint and bone.

Beneath the westward-turning eye  
A thousand wooded islands lie—  
Gems of the waters !—with each hue  
Of brightness set in ocean's blue.  
Each bears aloft its tuft of trees

Touched by the pencil of the frost,  
And, with the motion of each breeze,  
A moment seen—a moment lost—  
Changing and blent, confused and tossed,  
The brighter with the darker crossed,  
Their thousand tints of beauty glow  
Down in the restless waves below,  
And tremble in the sunny skies,  
As if, from waving bough to bough,  
Flitted the birds of paradise.

There sleep Placentia's group—and there  
Père Breteaux marks the hour of prayer;  
And there, beneath the sea-worn cliff,

On which the Father's hut is seen,  
The Indian stays his rocking skiff,  
And peers the hemlock boughs between,  
Half trembling, as he seeks to look  
Upon the Jesuit's Cross and Book.\*  
There, gloomily against the sky,  
The Dark Isles rear their summits high;  
And Desert Rock, abrupt and bare,  
Lifts its gray turrets in the air—  
Seen from afar, like some strong hold  
Built by the ocean kings of old;  
And, faint as smoke-wreath white and thin,  
Swells in the north vast Katadin:  
And, wandering from its marshy feet,  
The broad Penobscot comes to meet  
And mingle with his own bright bay.  
Slow sweep his dark and gathering floods,  
Arched over by the ancient woods,  
Which Time, in those dim solitudes,  
Wielding the dull axe of Decay,  
Alone hath ever shorn away.

Not thus, within the woods which hide  
The beauty of thy azure tide,  
And with their falling timbers block  
Thy broken currents, Kennebec!

\* Father Hennepin, a missionary among the Iroquois, mentions that the Indians believed him to be a conjurer, and that they were particularly afraid of a bright silver chalice which he had in his possession. "The Indians," says Père Jerome Lallamant, "fear us as the greatest sorcerers on earth."

Gazes the white man on the wreck  
 Of the down-trodden Norridgewock—  
 In one lone village hemmed at length,  
 In battle shorn of half their strength,  
 Turned, like the panther in his lair,

With his fast flowing life-blood wet,  
 For one last struggle of despair,  
 Wounded and faint, but tameless yet!  
 Unreaped, upon the planting lands,  
 The scant, neglected harvest stands:  
 No shout is there—no dance—no song:

The aspect of the very child  
 Scowls with a meaning sad and wild  
 Of bitterness and wrong.

The almost infant Norridgewock  
 Essays to lift the tomahawk;  
 And plucks his father's knife away,  
 To mimic, in his frightful play,  
 The scalping of an English foe:  
 Wreathes on his lip a horrid smile,  
 Burns, like a snake's, his small eye, while  
 Some bough or sapling meets his blow.

The fisher, as he drops his line,  
 Starts, when he sees the hazels quiver  
 Along the margin of the river,  
 Looks up and down the rippling tide,  
 And grasps the firelock at his side.  
 For Bomazeen \* from Tacconock  
 Has sent his runners to Norridgewock,  
 With tidings that Moulton and Harmon of York  
 Far up the river have come:

They have left their boats—they have entered the wood,  
 And filled the depths of the solitude  
 With the sound of the ranger's drum.

On the brow of a hill, which slopes to meet  
 The flowing river, and bathe its feet—  
 The bare-washed rock, and the drooping grass,  
 And the creeping vine, as the waters pass—  
 A rude and unshapely chapel stands,  
 Built up in that wild by unskilled hands;  
 Yet the traveler knows it a place of prayer,  
 For the holy sign of the cross is there:  
 And should he chance at that place to be,

Of a Sabbath morn, or some hallowed day,  
 When prayers are made and masses are said,  
 Some for the living and some for the dead,  
 Well might that traveler start to see

The tall dark forms, that take their way  
 From the birch canoe, on the river-shore,

\* Bomazeen is spoken of by Penhallow as "the famous warrior and chieftain of Norridgewock." He was killed in the attack of the English upon Norridgewock, in 1724.

And the forest paths, to that chapel door;  
 And marvel to mark the naked knees  
 And the dusky foreheads bending there,  
 While, in coarse white vesture, over these  
 In blessing or in prayer,  
 Stretching abroad his thin pale hands,  
 Like a shrouded ghost, the Jesuit \* stands.  
 Two forms are now in that chapel dim,  
 The Jesuit, silent and sad and pale,  
 Anxiously heeding some fearful tale,  
 Which a stranger is telling him.  
 That stranger's garb is soiled and torn,  
 And wet with dew and loosely worn;  
 Her fair neglected hair falls down  
 O'er cheeks with wind and sunshine brown;  
 Yet still, in that disordered face,  
 The Jesuit's cautious eye can trace  
 Those elements of former grace,  
 Which, half effaced, seem scarcely less,  
 Even now, than perfect loveliness.  
 With drooping head, and voice so low  
 That scarce it meets the Jesuit's ears—  
 While through her clasp'd fingers flow,  
 From the heart's fountain, hot and slow,  
 Her penitential tears—

\* Père Ralle, or Rasles, was one of the most zealous and indefatigable of that band of Jesuit missionaries who, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, penetrated the forests of America, with the avowed object of converting the heathen. The first religious mission of the Jesuits, to the savages in North America, was in 1611. The zeal of the fathers for the conversion of the Indians to the Catholic faith knew no bounds. For this, they plunged into the depths of the wilderness; habituated themselves to all the hardships and privations of the natives; suffered cold, hunger, and some of them death itself, by the extremest tortures. Père Brebeuf, after laboring in the cause of his mission for twenty years, together with his companion, Père Lallamant, was burned alive. To these might be added the names of those Jesuits who were put to death by the Iroquois—Daniel, Garnier, Buteaux, La Riborerd, Goupil, Constantin, and Liegeouis. "For bed," says Father Lallamant, in his *Relation de ce qui s'est dans le pays des Hurons*, 1640, c. 3, "we have nothing but a miserable piece of bark, where; for nourishment; a handful or two of corn, either roasted or soaked in water, which does not satisfy our hunger; and after all, not venturing to perform even the ceremonies of our religion, without being considered as sorcerers." Their success among the natives, however, by no means equaled their exertions. Père Lallamant says—"With respect to adult persons, in good health, there is little apparent success; on the contrary, there have been nothing but storms and whirlwinds from that quarter."

Sebastien Ralle established himself, some time about the year 1670, at Norridgewock, where he continued more than forty years. He was accused, and perhaps not without justice, of exciting his praying Indians against the English, whom he looked upon as the enemies not only of his king, but also of the Catholic religion. He was killed by the English, in 1724, at the foot of the cross, which his own hands had planted. This Indian church was broken up, and its members either killed outright or dispersed.

In a letter written by Ralle to his nephew, he gives the following account of his church, and his own labors. "All my converts repair to the church regularly twice every day; first, very early in the morning, to attend mass, and again in the evening, to assist in the prayers at sunset. As it is necessary to fix the imagination of savages, whose attention is easily distracted, I have composed prayers, calculated to inspire them with just sentiments of the august sacrifice of our altars: they chant, or at least recite them aloud, during mass. Besides preaching to them on Sundays and Saints' days, I seldom let a working day pass, without making a concise exhortation, for the purpose of inspiring them with horror at those vices to which they are most addicted, or to confirm them in the practice of some particular virtue." *Vide Lettres Edifiantes et Cur.*, vol. vi., p. 127.

She tells the story of the woe  
And evil of her years.

" Oh Father, bear with me; my heart  
Is sick and death-like, and my brain  
Seems girdled with a fiery chain,  
Whose scorching links will never part,  
And never cool again.  
Bear with me while I speak—but turn  
Away that gentle eye, the while—  
The fires of guilt more fiercely burn  
Beneath its holy smile;  
For half I fancy I can see  
My mother's sainted look in thee.

" My dear lost mother! sad and pale,  
Mournfully sinking day by day,  
And with a hold on life as frail  
As frosted leaves, that, thin and gray,  
Hang feebly on their parent spray,  
And tremble in the gale;  
Yet watching o'er my childishness  
With patient fondness—not the less  
For all the agony which kept  
Her blue eye wakeful, while I slept;  
And checking every tear and groan  
That haply might have waked my own;  
And bearing still, without offence,  
My idle words, and petulance;  
Reproving with a tear—and, while  
The tooth of pain was keenly preying  
Upon her very heart, repaying  
My brief repentance with a smile.

" Oh, in her meek, forgiving eye  
There was a brightness not of mirth—  
The A light, whose clear intensity  
Was borrowed not of earth.  
Along her cheek a deepening red  
Told where the feverish hectic fed;  
And yet, each fatal token gave  
To the mild beauty of her face  
A newer and a dearer grace,  
Unwarning of the grave.  
'Twas like the hue which autumn gives  
To yonder changed and dying leaves,  
Breathed over by his frosty breath;  
Scarce can the gazer feel that this  
Is but the spoiler's treacherous kiss,  
The mocking-smile of Death!

" Sweet were the tales she used to tell  
When summer's eve was dear to us,

And, fading from the darkening dell,  
The glory of the sunset fell

On wooded Agamenticus,—  
When, sitting by our cottage wall,  
The murmur of the Saco's fall,

And the south wind's expiring sighs  
Came, softly blending, on my ear,  
With the low tones I loved to hear.

Tales of the pure—the good—the wise—  
The holy men and maids of old,  
In the all-sacred pages told;—

Of Rachel, stooped at Haran's fountains,

Amid her father's thirsty flock,  
Beautiful to her kinsman seeming  
As the bright angels of his dreaming,

On Padan-aran's holy rock;  
Of gentle Ruth—and her who kept  
Her awful vigil on the mountains,  
By Israel's virgin daughters wept;  
Of Miriam, with her maidens, singing  
The song for grateful Israel meet,  
While every crimson wave was bringing  
The spoils of Egypt at her feet;

Of her—Samaria's humble daughter,  
Who paused to hear, beside her well,  
Lessons of love and truth, which fell  
Softly as Shiloh's flowing water;

And saw, beneath his pilgrim guise,  
The Promised One, so long foretold  
By holy seer and bard of old,  
Revealed before her wondering eyes!

“Slowly she faded. Day by day  
Her step grew weaker in our hall,  
And fainter, at each even-fall,

Her sad voice died away.  
Yet on her thin, pale lip, the while,  
Sat Resignation's holy smile:  
And even my father checked his tread,  
And hushed his voice, beside her bed:  
Beneath the calm and sad rebuke  
Of her meek eye's imploring look,  
The scowl of hate his brow forsook,

And, in his stern and gloomy eye,  
At times, a few unwonted tears  
Wet the dark lashes, which for years  
Hatred and pride had kept so dry.

“Calm as a child to slumber soothed,  
As if an angel's hand had smoothed  
The still, white features into rest,  
Silent and cold, without a breath

To stir the drapery on her breast,  
 Pain, with its keen and poisoned fang,  
 The horror of the mortal pang,  
 The suffering look her brow had worn,  
 The fear, the strife, the anguish gone—  
 She slept at last in death!

“Oh, tell me, father, *can* the dead  
 Walk on the earth, and look on us,  
 And lay upon the living's head  
 Their blessing or their curse?  
 For, oh, last night she stood by me,  
 As I lay beneath the woodland tree!”

The Jesuit crosses himself in awe—  
 “Jesu! what was it my daughter saw?”

“*She* came to me last night.  
 The dried leaves did not feel her tread  
 She stood by me in the warm moonlight,  
 In the white robes of the dead!  
 Pale, and very mournfully  
 She bent her light form over me.  
 I heard no sound, I felt no breath  
 Breathe o'er me from that face of death:  
 Its blue eyes rested on my own,  
 Rayless and cold as eyes of stone;  
 Yet, in their fixed, unchanging gaze,  
 Something, which spoke of early days—  
 A sadness in their quiet glare,  
 As if love's smile were frozen there—  
 Came o'er me with an icy thrill;  
 Oh God! I feel its presence still!”

The Jesuit makes the holy sign—  
 “How passed the vision, daughter mine?”

“All dimly in the wan moonshine,  
 As a wreath of mist will twist and twine,  
 And scatter, and melt into the light—  
 So scattering—melting on my sight,  
 The pale, cold vision passed;  
 But those sad eyes were fixed on mine  
 Mournfully to the last.”

“God help thee, daughter, tell me why  
 That spirit passed before thine eye!”

“Father, I know not, save it be  
 That deeds of mine have summoned her  
 From the unbreathing sepulchre,  
 To leave her last rebuke with me.  
 Ah, woe for me! my mother died  
 Just at the moment when I stood

Close on the verge of womanhood,  
 A child in everything beside;  
 And when my wild heart needed most  
 Her gentle counsels, they were lost.  
 "My father lived a stormy life,  
 Of frequent change and daily strife;  
 And—God forgive him! left his child  
 To feel, like him, a freedom wild;  
 To love the red man's dwelling place,  
 The birch boat on his shaded floods,  
 The wild excitement of the chase  
 Sweeping the ancient woods,  
 The camp-fire, blazing on the shore  
 Of the still lakes, the clear stream, where  
 The idle fisher sets his wear,  
 Or angles in the shade, far more  
 Than that restraining awe I felt  
 Beneath my gentle mother's care,  
 When nightly at her knee I knelt,  
 With childhood's simple prayer.

"There came a change. The wild, glad mood  
 Of unchecked freedom passed.  
 Amid the ancient solitude  
 Of unshorn grass and waving wood,  
 And waters glancing bright and fast,  
 A softened voice was in my ear,  
 Sweet as those lulling sounds and fine  
 The hunter lifts his head to hear,  
 Now far and faint, now full and near—  
 The murmur of the wind-swept pine.  
 A manly form was ever nigh,  
 A bold, free hunter, with an eye  
 Whose dark, keen glance had power to wake  
 Both fear and love—to awe and charm;  
 'Twas as the wizard rattlesnake,  
 Whose evil glances lure to harm—  
 Whose cold and small and glittering eye,  
 And brilliant coil, and changing dye,  
 Draw, step by step, the gazer near,  
 With drooping wing and cry of fear,  
 Yet powerless all to turn away,  
 A conscious, but a willing prey!

"Fear, doubt, thought, life itself, ere long  
 Merged in one feeling deep and strong.  
 Faded the world which I had known,  
 A poor vain shadow, cold and waste,  
 In the warm present bliss alone  
 Seemed I of actual life to taste.  
 Fond longings dimly understood,  
 The glow of passion's quickening blood,  
 And cherished fantasies which press

The young lip with a dream's caress,—  
 The heart's forecast and prophecy  
 Took form and life before my eye,  
 Seen in the glance which met my own,  
 Heard in the soft and pleading tone,  
 Felt in the arms around me cast,  
 And warm heart-pulses beating fast.  
 Ah! scarcely yet to God above  
 With deeper trust, with stronger love  
 Has prayerful saint his meek heart lent,  
 Or cloistered nun at twilight bent,  
 Than I, before a human shrine,  
 As mortal and as frail as mine,  
 With heart, and soul, and mind, and form,  
 Knelt madly to a fellow worm.

“ Full soon, upon that dream of sin,  
 An awful light came bursting in.  
 The shrine was cold, at which I knelt;  
     The idol of that shrine was gone;  
 A humbled thing of shame and guilt,  
     Outcast, and spurned and lone,  
 Wrapt in the shadows of my crime,  
     With withering heart and burning brain,  
     And tears that fell like fiery rain,  
 I passed a fearful time.

“ There came a voice—it checked the tear—  
 In heart and soul it wrought a change;—  
 My father's voice was in my ear;  
     It whispered of revenge!  
 A new and fiercer feeling swept  
     All lingering tenderness away;  
 And tiger passions, which had slept  
     In childhood's better day,  
 Unknown, unfelt, arose at length  
 In all their own demoniac strength.

“ A youthful warrior of the wild,  
 By words deceived, by smiles beguiled,  
 Of crime the cheated instrument,  
 Upon our fatal errands went.  
 Through camp and town and wilderness  
 He tracked his victim; and, at last,  
 Just when the tide of hate had passed,  
 And milder thoughts came warm and fast,  
 Exulting, at my feet he cast  
     The bloody token of success.

“ Oh God! with what an awful power  
 I saw the buried past uprise,  
 And gather, in a single hour,  
     Its ghost-like memories!

And then I felt—alas! too late—  
That underneath the mask of hate,  
That shame and guilt and wrong had thrown  
O'er feelings which they might not own,

The heart's wild love had known no change  
And still, that deep and hidden love,  
With its first fondness, wept above

The victim of its own revenge!  
There lay the fearful scalp, and there  
The blood was on its pale brown hair!  
I thought not of the victim's scorn,

I thought not of his baleful guile,  
My deadly wrong, my outcast name,  
The characters of sin and shame  
On heart and forehead drawn;

I only saw that victim's smile—  
The still, green places where we met—  
The moonlit branches, dewy wet;  
I only felt, I only heard  
The greeting and the parting word—  
The smile—the embrace—the tone, which made  
An Eden of the forest shade.

“And oh, with what a loathing eye,  
With what a deadly hate, and deep,  
I saw that Indian murderer lie  
Before me, in his drunken sleep!  
What though for me the deed was done,  
And words of mine had sped him on!  
Yet when he murmured, as he slept.

The horrors of that deed of blood,  
The tide of utter madness swept

O'er brain and bosom, like a flood.  
And, father, with this hand of mine”—

“Ha! what didst thou?” the Jesuit cries,  
Shuddering, as smitten with sudden pain,

And shading, with one thin hand, his eyes,  
With the other he makes the holy sign—

“I smote him as I would a worm;—  
With heart as steeled—with nerves as firm:  
He never woke again!”

“Woman of sin and blood and shame,  
Speak—I would know that victim's name.”

“Father,” she gasped, “a chieftain, known  
As Saco's Sachem—MOGG MEGONE!”

Pale priest! What proud and lofty dreams,  
What keen desires, what cherished schemes,  
What hopes, that time may not recall,  
Are darkened by that chieftain's fall!  
Was he not pledged, by cross and vow,

To lift the hatchet of his sire,  
 And, round his own, the Church's foe,  
 To light the avenging fire?  
 Who now the Tarrantine shall wake,  
 For thine and for the Church's sake?  
 Who summon to the scene  
 Of conquest and unsparing strife,  
 And vengeance dearer than his life,  
 The fiery-souled Castine?\*

Three backward steps the Jesuit takes—  
 His long, thin frame as ague shakes:  
 And loathing hate is in his eye,  
 As from his lips these words of fear  
 Fall hoarsely on the maiden's ear—  
 "The soul that sinneth shall surely die!"

She stands, as stands the stricken deer,  
 Checked midway in the fearful chase,  
 When bursts, upon his eye and ear,  
 The gaunt, gray robber, baying near,  
 Between him and his hiding-place;  
 While still behind, with yell and blow,  
 Sweeps, like a storm, the coming foe.  
 "Save me, O holy man!"—her cry  
 Fills all the void, as if a tongue,  
 Unseen, from rib and rafter hung,  
 Thrilling with mortal agony;  
 Her hands are clasping the Jesuit's knee,  
 And her eye looks fearfully into his own;—  
 "Off, woman of sin?—nay, touch not me  
 With those fingers of blood;—begone!"  
 With a gesture of horror, he spurns the form  
 That writhes at his feet like a trodden worm.

Ever thus the spirit must,  
 Guilty in the sight of Heaven,  
 With a keener woe be riven,  
 For its weak and sinful trust  
 In the strength of human dust;  
 And its anguish thrill afresh  
 For each vain reliance given  
 To the failing arm of flesh.

\* The character of Ralle has probably never been correctly delineated. By his brethren of the Romish Church, he has been nearly apotheosized. On the other hand, our Puritan historians have represented him as a demon in human form. He was undoubtedly sincere in his devotion to the interests of his church, and not overscrupulous as to the means of advancing those interests. "The French," says the author of the History of Saco and Biddeford, "after the peace of 1713, secretly promised to supply the Indians with arms and ammunition, if they would renew hostilities. Their principal agent was the celebrated Ralle, the French Jesuit."—  
 p. 215.

## PART III.

**AH**, weary Priest!—with pale hands pressed  
 On thy throbbing brow of pain,  
 Baffled in thy lifelong quest,  
 Overworn with toiling vain,  
 How ill thy troubled musings fit  
 The hold quiet of a breast  
 With the Dove of Peace at rest,  
 Sweetly brooding over it!  
 Thoughts are thine which have no part  
 With the meek and pure of heart,  
 Undisturbed by outward things,  
 Resting in the heavenly shade,  
 By the overspreading wings  
 Of the Blessed Spirit made.  
 Thoughts of strife and hate and wrong  
 Sweep thy heated brain along—  
 Fading hopes, for whose success  
 It were sin to breathe a prayer;—  
 Schemes which heaven may never bless—  
 Fears which darken to despair.  
 Hoary priest! thy dream is done  
 Of a hundred red tribes won  
 To the pale of Holy Church;  
 And the heretic o'erthrown,  
 And his name no longer known,  
 And thy weary brethren turning,  
 Joyful from their years of mourning,  
 'Twixt the altar and the porch.

Hark! what sudden sound is heard  
 In the wood and in the sky,  
 Shriller than the scream of bird—  
 Than the trumpet's clang more high!  
 Every wolf-cave of the hills—  
 Forest arch and mountain gorge,  
 Rock and dell and river verge—  
 With an answering echo thrills.  
 Well does the Jesuit know that cry,  
 Which summons the Norridgewock to die,  
 And tells that the foe of his flock is nigh.  
 He listens, and hears the rangers come,  
 With loud hurrah, and jar of drum,  
 And hurrying feet (for the chase is hot),  
 And the short, sharp sound of rifle shot,  
 And taunt and menace—answered well  
 By the Indians' mocking cry and yell—  
 The bark of dogs—the squaw's mad scream—

The dash of paddles along the stream—  
 The whistle of shot as it cuts the leaves  
 Of the maples around the church's eaves—  
 And the gride of hatchets, fiercely thrown,  
 On wigwam-log and tree and stone.

Black with the grime of paint and dust,  
 Spotted and streaked with human gore,  
 A grim and naked head is thrust  
 Within the chapel door.

"Ha—Bomazeen!—In God's name say,  
 What mean these sounds of bloody fray?"  
 Silent, the Indian points his hand

To where across the echoing glen  
 Sweep Harmon's dreaded ranger-band,  
 And Moulton with his men.

"Where are thy warriors, Bomazeen?  
 Where are De Rouville \* and Castine,  
 And where the braves of Sawga's queen?"

"Let my father find the winter snow  
 Which the sun drank up long moons ago!  
 Under the falls of Tacconock,  
 The wolves are eating the Norridgewock;  
 Castine with his wives lies closely hid  
 Like a fox in the woods of Pemaquid!  
 On Sawga's banks the man of war  
 Sits in his wigwam like a squaw—  
 Squando has fled, and Mogg Megone,  
 Struck by the knife of Sagamore John,  
 Lies stiff and stark and cold as a stone."

Fearfully over the Jesuit's face,  
 Of a thousand thoughts, trace after trace,  
 Like swift cloud-shadows, each other chase.  
 One instant, his fingers grasp his knife,  
 For a last vain struggle for cherished life—  
 The next, he hurls the blade away,  
 And kneels at his altar's foot to pray;  
 Over his beads his fingers stray,  
 And he kisses the cross, and calls aloud  
 On the Virgin and her Son;  
 For terrible thoughts his memory crowd  
 Of evil seen and done—  
 Of scalps brought home by his savage flock  
 From Casco and Sawga and Sagadahock,  
 In the Church's service won.  
 No shrift the gloomy savage brooks,

\* Hertel de Rouville was an active and unsparing enemy of the English. He was the leader of the combined French and Indian forces which destroyed Deerfield, and massacred its inhabitants, in 1703. He was afterwards killed in the attack upon Haverhill. Tradition says that on examining his dead body, his head and face were found to be perfectly smooth without the slightest appearance of hair or beard.

As scowling on the priest he looks:  
 "Cowesass—cowesass—tawhich wessaseen?\*"
 Let my father look upon Bomazeen—  
 My father's heart is the heart of a squaw,  
 But mine is so hard that it does not thaw:  
 Let my father ask his God to make  
     A dance and a feast for a great sagamore,  
 When he paddles across the western lake  
     With his dogs and his squaws to the spirit's shore.  
 Cowesass—cowesass—tawhich wessaseen?  
 Let my father die like Bomazeen!"

Through the chapel's narrow doors,  
 And through each window in the walls,  
 Round the priest and warrior pours  
     The deadly shower of English balls.  
 Low on his cross the Jesuit falls;  
 While at his side the Norridgewock,  
 With failing breath, essays to mock  
 And menace yet the hated foe—  
 Shakes his scalp-trophies to and fro  
     Exultingly before their eyes—  
 Till, cleft and torn by shot and blow,  
     Defiant still, he dies.

"So fare all eaters of the frog!  
 Death to the Babylonish dog!  
     Down with the beast of Rome!"  
 With shouts like these, around the dead,  
 Unconscious on his bloody bed,  
     The rangers crowding come.  
 Brave men! the dead priest cannot hear  
 The unfeeling taunt—the brutal jeer;—  
 Spurn—for he sees ye not—in wrath,  
 The symbol of your Saviour's death;—  
     Tear from his death-grasp, in your zeal,  
 And trample, as a thing accursed,  
 The cross he cherished in the dust:  
     The dead man cannot feel!

Brutal alike in deed and word,  
     With callous heart and hand of strife,  
 How like a fiend may man be made,  
 Plying the foul and monstrous trade  
     Whose harvest-field is human life,  
 Whose sickle is the reeking sword!  
 Quenching, with reckless hand, in blood,  
 Sparks kindled by the breath of God;  
 Urging the deathless soul, unshriven  
     Of open guilt or secret sin,  
 Before the bar of that pure Heaven

\* *Cowesass?*—*tawhich wessaseen?* Are you afraid?—why fear you?

The holy only enter in!  
 Oh! by the widow's sore distress,  
 The orphan's wailing wretchedness,  
 By Virtue struggling in the accursed  
 Embraces of polluting Lust,  
 By the fell discord of the Pit,  
 And the pained souls that people it,  
 And by the blessed peace which fills  
 The Paradise of God forever,  
 Resting on all its holy hills,  
 And flowing with its crystal river—  
 Let Christian hands no longer bear  
 In triumph on his crimson car  
 The foul and idol god of war;  
 No more the purple wreaths prepare  
 To bind amid his snaky hair;  
 Nor Christian bards his glories tell,  
 Nor Christian tongues his praises swell.

Through the gun-smoke wreathing white,  
 Glimpses on the soldiers' sight  
 A thing of human shape I ween,  
 For a moment only seen,  
 With its loose hair backward streaming,  
 And its eyeballs madly gleaming,  
 Shrieking, like a soul in pain,  
 From the world of light and breath,  
 Hurrying to its place again,  
 Spectre-like it vanisheth!

Wretched girl! one eye alone  
 Notes the way which thou hast gone.  
 That great Eye, which slumbers never,  
 Watching o'er a lost world ever,  
 Tracks thee over vale and mountain,  
 By the gushing forest-fountain,  
 Plucking from the vine its fruit,  
 Searching for the ground-nut's root,  
 Peering in the she wolf's den,  
 Wading through the marshy fen,  
 Where the sluggish water-snake  
 Basks beside the sunny brake,  
 Coiling in his slimy bed,  
 Smooth and cold against thy tread—  
 Purposeless, thy mazy way  
 Threading through the lingering day,  
 And at night securely sleeping  
 Where the dogwood's dew are weeping!  
 Still, though earth and man discard thee,  
 Doth thy heavenly Father guard thee—  
 He who spared the guilty Cain,  
 Even when a brother's blood,  
 Crying in the ear of God,

Gave the earth its primal stain—  
 He whose mercy ever liveth,  
 Who repenting guilt forgiveth,  
 And the broken heart receiveth;—  
 Wanderer of the wilderness,  
 Haunted, guilty, crazed and wild,  
 He regardeth thy distress,  
 And careth for his sinful child!

---

'Tis springtime on the eastern hills!  
 Like torrents gush the summer rills;  
 Through winter's moss and dry dead leaves  
 The bladed grass revives and lives,  
 Pushes the mouldering waste away,  
 And glimpses to the April day.  
 In kindly shower and sunshine bud  
 The branches of the dull gray wood;  
 Out from its sunned and sheltered nooks  
 The blue eye of the violet looks;  
 The southwest wind is warmly blowing,  
 And odors from the springing grass,  
 The pine-tree and the sassafras,  
 Are with it on its errands going.

A band is marching through the wood  
 Where rolls the Kennebec his flood—  
 The warriors of the wilderness,  
 Painted, and in their battle dress;  
 And with them one whose bearded cheek,  
 And white and wrinkled brow, bespeak  
 A wanderer from the shores of France.  
 A few long locks of scattering snow  
 Beneath a battered morion flow,  
 And from the rivets of the vest  
 Which girds in steel his ample breast,  
 The slanted sunbeams glance.  
 In the harsh outlines of his face  
 Passion and sin have left their trace;  
 Yet, save worn brow and thin gray hair,  
 No signs of weary age are there.  
 His step is firm, his eye is keen,  
 Nor years in broil and battle spent,  
 Nor toil, nor wounds, nor pain have bent  
 The lordly frame of old Castine.

No purpose now of strife and blood  
 Urges the hoary veteran on:  
 The fire of conquest, and the mood  
 Of chivalry have gone.

A mournful task is his—to lay  
 Within the earth the bones of those  
 Who perished in that fearful day,  
 When Norridgewock became the prey  
 Of all unsparing foes.  
 Sadly and still, dark thoughts between,  
 Of coming vengeance mused Castine,  
 Of the fallen chieftain Bomazeen,  
 Who bade for him the Norridgewocks  
 Dig up their buried tomahawks  
 For firm defiance or swift attack;  
 And him whose friendship formed the tie  
 Which held the stern self-exile back  
 From lapsing into savagery;  
 Whose garb and tone and kindly glance  
 Recalled a younger, happier day,  
 And prompted memory's fond essay,  
 To bridge the mighty waste which lay  
 Between his wild home and that gray,  
 Tall château of his native France,  
 Whose chapel bell, with far-heard din  
 Ushered his birth hour gayly in,  
 And counted with its solemn toll,  
 The masses for his father's soul.

Hark! from the foremost of the band  
 Suddenly bursts the Indian yell;  
 For now on the very spot they stand  
 Where the Norridgewocks fighting fell.  
 No wigwam smoke is curling there;  
 The very earth is scorched and bare:  
 And they pause and listen to catch a sound  
 Of breathing life—but there comes not one,  
 Save the fox's bark and the rabbit's bound;  
 But here and there, on the blackened ground,  
 White bones are glistening in the sun.  
 And where the house of prayer arose,  
 And the holy hymn, at daylight's close,  
 And the aged priest stood up to bless  
 The children of the wilderness,  
 There is naught save ashes sodden and dank;  
 And the birchen boats of the Norridgewock,  
 Tethered to tree and stump and rock,  
 Rotting along the river bank!  
 Blessed Mary!—who is she  
 Leaning against that maple tree?  
 The sun upon her face burns hot,  
 But the fixed eyelid moveth not;  
 The squirrel's chirp is shrill and clear  
 From the dry bough above her ear;  
 Dashing from rock and root its spray,  
 Close at her feet the river rushes;

The black-bird's wing against her brushes,  
 And sweetly through the hazel bushes  
 The robin's mellow music gushes ;—  
 God save her ! will she sleep alway ?

Castine hath bent him over the sleeper :  
 "Wake, daughter—wake !"—but she stirs no limb :  
 The eye that looks on him is fixed and dim ;  
 And the sleep she is sleeping shall be no deeper,  
 Until the angel's oath is said,  
 And the final blast of the trump goes forth  
 To the graves of the sea and the graves of earth.  
 RUTH BONYTHON IS DEAD !

## THE BRIDAL OF PENNACOOK.\*

WE had been wandering for many days  
 Through the rough northern country. We had seen  
 The sunset, with its bars of purple cloud,  
 Like a new heaven, shine upward from the lake  
 Of Winnepiseogee ; and had felt  
 The sunrise breezes, midst the leafy aisles  
 Which stoop their summer beauty to the lips  
 Of the bright waters. We had checked our steeds,  
 Silent with wonder, where the mountain wall  
 Is piled to heaven ; and, through the narrow rift  
 Of the vast rocks, against whose rugged feet  
 Beats the mad torrent with perpetual roar,  
 Where noonday is as twilight, and the wind  
 Comes burdened with the everlasting moan  
 Of forests and of far-off waterfalls,  
 We had looked upward where the summer sky,  
 Tasselled with clouds light-woven by the sun,  
 Sprung its blue arch above the abutting crags  
 O'er-roofing the vast portal of the land  
 Beyond the wall of mountains. We had passed  
 The high source of the Saco ; and, bewildered  
 In the dwarf spruce-belts of the Crystal Hills,  
 Had heard above us, like a voice in the cloud,

\* Winnepurkit, otherwise called George, Sachem of Saugus married a daughter of Passaconaway, the great Pennacook chieftain, in 1662. The wedding took place at Pennacook (now Concord, N. H.), and the ceremonies closed with a great feast. According to the usages of the chiefs, Passaconaway ordered a select number of his men to accompany the newly-married couple to the dwelling of the husband, where in turn there was another great feast. Some time after, the wife of Winnepurkit expressing a desire to visit her father's house, was permitted to go accompanied by a brave escort of her husband's chief men. But when she wished to return, her father sent a messenger to Saugus, informing her husband, and asking him to come and take her away. He returned for answer that he had escorted his wife to her father's house in a style that became a chief, and that now if she wished to return, her father must send her back in the same way. This Passaconaway refused to do, and it is said that here terminated the connection of his daughter with the Saugus chief.—*Vide Morton's New Canaan.*

The horn of Fabyan sounding ; and atop  
 Of old Agiochook had seen the mountains  
 Piled to the northward, shagged with wood, and thick  
 As meadow mole hills—the far sea of Casco,  
 A white gleam on the horizon of the east ;  
 Fair lakes, embosomed in the woods and hills ;  
 Moosehillock's mountain range, and Kearsarge  
 Lifting his Titan forehead to the sun !

And we had rested underneath the oaks  
 Shadowing the bank, whose grassy spires are shaken  
 By the perpetual beating of the falls  
 Of the wild Ammonoosuc. We had tracked  
 The winding Pemigewasset, overhung  
 By beechen shadows, whitening down its rocks,  
 Or lazily gliding through its intervals,  
 From waving rye-fields sending up the gleam  
 Of sunlit waters. We had seen the moon  
 Rising behind Umbagog's eastern pines  
 Like a great Indian camp-fire ; and its beams  
 At midnight spanning with a bridge of silver  
 The Merrimack by Uncanoonuc's falls.

There were five souls of us whom travel's chance  
 Had thrown together in these wild north hills :—  
 A city lawyer, for a month escaping  
 From his dull office, where the weary eye  
 Saw only hot brick walls and close thronged streets—  
 Briefless as yet, but with an eye to see  
 Life's sunniest side, and with a heart to take  
 Its chances all as God-sends ; and his brother,  
 Pale from long pulpit studies, yet retaining  
 The warmth and freshness of a genial heart,  
 Whose mirror of the beautiful and true,  
 In Man and Nature, was as yet undimmed  
 By dust of theologic strife, or breath  
 Of sect, or cobwebs of scholastic lore ;  
 Like a clear crystal calm of water, taking  
 The hue and image of o'erleaning flowers,  
 Sweet human faces, white clouds of the noon,  
 Slant starlight glimpses through the dewy leaves,  
 And tenderest moonrise. 'Twas, in truth, a study,  
 To mark his spirit, alternating between  
 A decent and professional gravity  
 And an irreverent mirthfulness, which often  
 Laughed in the face of his divinity,  
 Plucked off the sacred ephod, quite unshrined  
 The oracle, and for the pattern priest  
 Left us the man. A shrewd, sagacious merchant,  
 To whom the soiled sheet found in Crawford's inn,  
 Giving the latest news of city stocks  
 And sales of cotton had a deeper meaning  
 Than the great presence of the awful mountains

Glorified by the sunset ;—and his daughter,  
 A delicate flower on whom had blown too long  
 Those evil winds, which, sweeping from the ice  
 And winnowing the fogs of Labrador,  
 Shed their cold blight round Massachusetts' bay,  
 With the same breath which stirs Spring's opening leaves  
 And lifts her half-formed flower-bell on its stem,  
 Poisoning our seaside atmosphere.

It chanced

That as we turned upon our homeward way,  
 A drear northeastern storm came howling up  
 The valley of the Saco ; and that girl  
 Who had stood with us upon Mount Washington,  
 Her brown locks ruffled by the wind which whirled  
 In gusts around its sharp cold pinnacle,  
 Who had joined our gay trout-fishing in the streams  
 Which lave that giant's feet ; whose laugh was heard  
 Like a bird's carol on the sunrise breeze  
 Which swelled our sail amidst the lake's green islands,  
 Shrank from its harsh, chill breath, and visibly drooped  
 Like a flower in the frost. So, in that quiet inn  
 Which looks from Conway on the mountains piled  
 Heavily against the horizon of the north,  
 Like summer thunderclouds, we made our home :  
 And while the mist hung over dripping hills,  
 And the cold wind-driven raindrops, all day long  
 Beat their sad music upon roof and pane,  
 We strove to cheer our gentle invalid.  
 The lawyer in the pauses of the storm  
 Went angling down the Saco, and, returning,  
 Recounted his adventures and mishaps ;  
 Gave us the history of his scaly clients,  
 Mingling with ludicrous yet apt citations  
 Of barbarous law Latin, passages  
 From Izaak Walton's Angler, sweet and fresh  
 As the flower-skirted streams of Staffordshire  
 Where, under aged trees, the southwest wind  
 Of soft June mornings fanned the thin, white hair  
 Of the sage fisher. And, if truth be told,  
 Our youthful candidate forsook his sermons,  
 His commentaries, articles and creeds  
 For the fair page of human loveliness—  
 The missal of young hearts, whose sacred text  
 Is music, its illumining sweet smiles.  
 He sang the songs she loved ; and in his low,  
 Deep earnest voice, recited many a page  
 Of poetry—the holiest, tenderest lines  
 Of the sad bard of Olney—the sweet songs,  
 Simple and beautiful as Truth and Nature,  
 Of him whose whitened locks on Rydal Mount  
 Are lifted yet by morning breezes blowing  
 From the green hills, immortal in his lays.

And for myself, obedient to her wish,  
 I searched our landlord's proffered library :  
 A well-thumbed Bunyan, with its nice wood pictures  
 Of scaly fiends and angels not unlike them—  
 Watts' unmelodious psalms—Astrology's  
 Last home, a musty file of Almanacs,  
 And an old chronicle of border wars  
 And Indian history. And, as I read  
 A story of the marriage of the Chief  
 Of Saugus to the dusky Weetamoo,  
 Daughter of Passaconaway, who dwelt  
 In the old time upon Merrimack,  
 Our fair one, in the playful exercise  
 Of her prerogative—the right divine  
 Of youth and beauty,—bade us versify  
 The legend, and with ready pencil sketched  
 Its plan and outlines, laughingly assigning  
 To each his part, and barring our excuses  
 With absolute will. So, like the cavaliers  
 Whose voices still are heard in the Romance  
 Of silver-tongued Boccaccio, on the banks  
 Of Arno, with soft tales of love beguiling  
 The ear of languid beauty, plague-exiled  
 From stately Florence, we rehearsed our rhymes  
 To their fair auditor, and shared by turns  
 Her kind approval and her playful censure.

It may be that these fragments owe alone  
 To the fair setting of their circumstances—  
 The associations of time, scene and audience—  
 Their place amid the pictures which fill up  
 The chambers of my memory. Yet I trust  
 That some, who sigh, while wandering in thought,  
 Pilgrims of Romance o'er the olden world,  
 That our broad land—our sea-like lakes, and mountains  
 Piled to the clouds,—our rivers overhung  
 By forests which have known no other change  
 For ages, than the budding and the fall  
 Of leaves—our valleys lovelier than those  
 Which the old poets sang of—should but figure  
 On the apocryphal chart of speculation  
 As pastures, wood-lots, mill-sites, with the privileges,  
 Rights and appurtenances, which make up  
 A Yankee Paradise—unsung, unknown,  
 To beautiful tradition ; even their names,  
 Whose melody yet lingers like the last  
 Vibration of the red man's requiem,  
 Exchanged for syllables significant  
 Of cotton-mill and rail-car,—will look kindly  
 Upon this effort to call up the ghost  
 Of our dim Past, and listen with pleased ear  
 To the responses of the questioned Shade :

## I.—THE MERRIMACK.

OH, child of that white-crested mountain whose springs  
Gush forth in the shade of the cliff-eagle's wings,  
Down whose slopes to the lowlands thy wild waters shine,  
Leaping gray walls of rock, flashing through the dwarf pine.

From that cloud-curtained cradle so cold and so lone,  
From the arms of that wintry-locked mother of stone,  
By hills hung with forests, through vales wide and free,  
Thy mountain-born brightness glanced down to the sea!

No bridge arched thy waters save that where the trees  
Stretched their long arms above thee and kissed in the breeze:  
No sound save the lapse of the waves on thy shores,  
The plunging of otters, the light dip of oars.

Green-tufted, oak-shaded, by Amoskeag's fall  
Thy twin Uncanoonucs rose stately and tall,  
Thy Nashua meadows lay green and unshorn,  
And the hills of Pentucket were tasselled with corn.

But thy Pennacook valley was fairer than these,  
And greener its grasses and taller its trees,  
Ere the sound of an axe in the forest had rung,  
Or the mower his scythe in the meadows had swung.

In their sheltered repose looking out from the wood  
The bark-built wigwams of Pennacook stood,  
There glided the corn-dance—the Council fire shone,  
And against the red war-post the hatchet was thrown.

There the old smoked in silence their pipes, and the young  
To the pike and the white perch their baited lines flung;  
There the boy shaped his arrows, and there the shy maid  
Wove her many-hued baskets and bright wampum braid.

Oh, Stream of the Mountains! if answer of thine  
Could rise from thy waters to question of mine,  
Methinks through the din of thy thronged banks a moan  
Of sorrow would swell for the days which have gone.

Not for thee the dull jar of the loom and the wheel,  
The gliding of shuttles, the ringing of steel;  
But that old voice of waters, of bird and of breeze,  
The dip of the wild-fowl, the rustling of trees!

## II.—THE BASHABA.\*

LIFT we the twilight curtains of the Past,  
And turning from familiar sight and sound

\* This was the name which the Indians of New England gave to two or three of their principal chiefs, to whom all their inferior sagamores acknowledged allegiance. Passaconaway seems to have been one of these chiefs. His residence was at Pennacook.—*Mass. Hist. Coll.*

Sadly and full of reverence let us cast  
 A glance upon tradition's shadowy ground,  
 Led by the few pale lights, which, glimmering round  
 That dim, strange land of Eld, seem dying fast;  
 And that which history gives not to the eye,  
 The faded coloring of Time's tapestry,  
 Let fancy, with her dream-dipped brush supply.

Roof of bark and walls of pine,  
 Through whose chinks the sunbeams shine,  
 Tracing many a golden line  
 On the ample floor within;

Where upon that earth-floor stark,  
 Lay the gaudy mats of bark,  
 With the bear's hide, rough and dark,  
 And the red-deer's skin.

Window-tracery, small and slight,  
 Woven of the willow white,  
 Lent a dimly-checked light,  
 And the night-stars glimmered down,  
 Where the lodge-fire's heavy smoke,  
 Slowly through an opening broke,  
 In the low roof, ribbed with oak,  
 Sheathed with hemlock brown.

Gloomed behind the changeless shade,  
 By the solemn pine-wood made;  
 Through the rugged palisade,  
 In the open foreground planted,  
 Glimpses came of rowers rowing,  
 Stir of leaves and wild flowers blowing,  
 Steel-like gleams of water flowing,  
 In the sunlight slanted.

Here the mighty Bashaba,  
 Held his long-unquestioned sway,  
 From the White Hills, far away,  
 To the great sea's sounding shore;  
 Chief of chiefs, his regal word  
 All the river Sachems heard,  
 At his call the war-dance stirred,  
 Or was still once more.

There his spoils of chase and war,  
 Jaw of wolf and black bear's paw,

vol. iii., pp. 21, 22. "He was regarded," says Hubbard, "as a great sorcerer, and his fame was widely spread. It was said of him that he could cause a green leaf to grow in winter, trees to dance, water to burn, etc. He was, undoubtedly, one of those shrewd and powerful men whose achievements are always regarded by a barbarous people as the result of supernatural aid. The Indians gave to such the names of Powahs or Panisees."

"The Panisees are men of great courage and wisdom, and to these the Devill appeareth more familiarly than to others."—*Winslow's Relation*.

Panther's skin and eagle's claw,  
 Lay beside his axe and bow ;  
 And, adown the roof-pole hung,  
 Loosely on a snake-skin strung,  
 In the smoke his scalp-locks swung  
 Grimly to and fro.

Nightly down the river going,  
 Swifter was the hunter's rowing,  
 When he saw that lodge-fire glowing  
 O'er the waters still and red ;  
 And the squaw's dark eye burned brighter,  
 And she drew her blanket tighter,  
 As, with quicker step and lighter,  
 From that door she fled.

For that chief had magic skill,  
 And a Panisee's dark will,  
 Over powers of good and ill,  
 Powers which bless and powers which ban—  
 Wizard lord of Pennacook,  
 Chiefs upon their war-path shook,  
 When they met the steady look  
 Of that wise dark man.

Tales of him the gray squaw told,  
 When the winter night-wind cold  
 Pierced her blanket's thickest fold,  
 And the fire burned low and small,  
 Till the very child a-bed,  
 Drew its bear-skin over head,  
 Shrinking from the pale lights shed  
 On the trembling wall.

All the subtle spirits hiding  
 Under earth or wave, abiding  
 In the caverned rock, or riding  
 Misty clouds or morning breeze ;  
 Every dark intelligence,  
 Secret soul, and influence  
 Of all things which outward sense  
 Feels, or hears or sees,—

These the wizard's skill confessed,  
 At his bidding banned or blessed,  
 Stormful woke or lulled to rest  
 Wind and cloud, and fire and flood ;  
 Burned for him the drifted snow,  
 Bade through ice fresh lilies blow,  
 And the leaves of summer grow  
 Over winter's wood !

Not untrue that tale of old !  
 Now, as then, the wise and bold

All the powers of Nature hold  
 Subject to their kingly will ;  
 From the wondering crowds ashore,  
 Treading life's wild waters o'er,  
 As upon a marble floor,  
 Moves the strong man still.

Still, to such, life's elements  
 With their sterner laws dispense,  
 And the chain of consequence,  
 Broken in their pathway lies ;  
 Time and change their vassals making,  
 Flowers from icy pillows waking,  
 Tresses of the sunrise shaking  
 Over midnight skies.

Still, to earnest souls, the sun  
 Rests on towered Gibeon,  
 And the moon of Ajalon  
 Lights the battle-grounds of life ;  
 To his aid the strong reverses,  
 Hidden powers and giant forces,  
 And the high stars in their courses  
 Mingle in his strife !

### III.—THE DAUGHTER.

THE soot-black brows of men—the yell  
 Of women thronging round the bed—  
 The tinkling charm of ring and shell—  
 The Powah whispering o'er the dead !—  
 All these the Sachem's home had known,  
 When, on her journey long and wild  
 To the dim World of Souls, alone,  
 In her young beauty passed the mother of his child.

Three bow-shots from the Sachem's dwelling  
 They laid her in the walnut shade,  
 Where a green hillock gently swelling  
 Her fitting mound of burial made.  
 There trailed the vine in Summer hours—  
 The tree-perched squirrel dropped his shell—  
 On velvet moss and pale-hued flowers,  
 Woven with leaf and spray, the softened sunshine fell !

The Indian's heart is hard and cold—  
 It closes darkly o'er its care,  
 And, formed in Nature's sternest mold,  
 Is slow to feel, and strong to bear.  
 The war-paint on the Sachem's face,  
 Unwet with tears, shone fierce and red,  
 And, still in battle or in chase,  
 Dry leaf and snow-rime crisped beneath his foremost tread.

Yet, when her name was heard no more,  
 And when the robe her mother gave,  
 And small, light moccasin she wore,  
 Had slowly wasted on her grave,  
 Unmarked of him the dark maids sped  
 Their sunset dance and moonlit play ;  
 No other shared his lonely bed,  
 No other fair young head upon his bosom lay.

A lone, stern man. Yet, as sometimes  
 The tempest-smitten tree receives  
 From one small root the sap which climbs  
 Its topmost spray and crowning leaves,  
 So from his child the Sachem drew  
 A life of Love and Hope, and felt  
 His cold and rugged nature through  
 The softness and the warmth of her young being melt.

A laugh which in the woodland rang  
 Bemocking April's gladdest bird—  
 A light and graceful form which sprang  
 To meet him when his step was heard—  
 Eyes by his lodge-fire flashing dark,  
 Small fingers stringing bead and shell  
 Or weaving mats of bright-hued bark,—  
 With these the household-god\* had graced his wigwam wall.

Child of the forest !—strong and free,  
 Slight-robed, with loosely flowing hair,  
 She swam the lake or climbed the tree,  
 Or struck the flying bird in air.  
 O'er the heaped drifts of Winter's moon  
 Her snow-shoes tracked the hunter's way ;  
 And dazzling in the Summer noon  
 The blade of her light oar threw off its shower of spray !

Unknown to her the rigid rule,  
 The dull restraint, the chiding frown,  
 The weary torture of the school,  
 The taming of wild nature down.  
 Her only lore, the legends told  
 Around the hunter's fire at night ;  
 Stars rose and set, and seasons rolled,  
 Flowers bloomed and snowflakes fell, unquestioned in her sight.

Unknown to her the subtle skill  
 With which the artist-eye can trace  
 In rock and tree and lake and hill  
 The outlines of divinest grace ;  
 Unknown the fine soul's keen unrest

\* "The Indians," says Roger Williams, "have a god whom they call Wetuomanit, who presides over the household."

Which sees, admires, yet yearns away ;  
 Too closely on her mother's breast  
 To note her smiles of love the child of Nature lay !

It is enough for such to be  
 Of common, natural things a part,  
 To feel with bird and stream and tree  
 The pulses of the same great heart ;  
 But we, from Nature long exiled  
 In our cold homes of Art and Thought,  
 Grieve like the stranger-tended child,  
 Which seeks its mother's arms, and sees but feels them not,

The garden rose may richly bloom  
 In cultured soil and genial air,  
 To cloud the light of Fashion's room  
 Or droop in Beauty's midnight hair,  
 In lonelier grace, to sun and dew  
 The sweet-briar on the hillside shows  
 Its single leaf and fainter hue,  
 Untrained and wildly free, yet still a sister rose !

Thus o'er the heart of Weetamoo  
 Their mingling shades of joy and ill  
 The instincts of her nature threw,—  
 The savage was a woman still.  
 Midst outlines dim of maiden schemes,  
 Heart-colored prophecies of life,  
 Rose on the ground of her young dreams  
 The light of a new home—the lover and the wife !

#### IV.—THE WEDDING.

COOL and dark fell the Autumn night,  
 But the Bashaba's wigwam glowed with light,  
 For down from its roof by green withes hung,  
 Flaring and smoking the pine-knots swung.

And along the river great wood fires  
 Shot into the night their long red spires,  
 Showing behind the tall, dark wood  
 Flashing before on the sweeping flood.

In the changeful wind, with shimmer and shade,  
 Now high, now low, that fire-light played,  
 On tree-leaves wet with evening dews,  
 On gliding water and still canoes.

The trapper that night on Turee's brook  
 And the weary fisher on Contoocook  
 Saw over the marshes and through the pine,  
 And down on the river the dance-lights shine.

## THE BRIDAL OF PENNACOOK.

41

For the Saugus Sachem had come to woo  
The Bashaba's daughter Weetamoo,  
And laid at her father's feet that night  
His softest furs and wampum white.

From the Crystal Hills to the far South East  
The river Sagamores came to the feast ;  
And chiefs whose homes the sea-winds shook,  
Sat down on the mats of Pennacook.

They came from Supapee's shore of rock,  
From the snowy sources of Snooganock,  
And from rough Coös whose thick woods shake  
Their pine-cones in Umbagog lake.

From Ammonoosuck's mountain pass  
Wild as his home came Chepewass ;  
And the Keenomps of the hills which throw  
Their shade on the smile of Manito.

With pipes of peace and bows unstrung,  
Glowing with paint came old and young,  
In wampum and furs and feathers arrayed  
To the dance and feast the Bashaba made.

Bird of the air and beast of the field,  
All which the woods and waters yield  
On dishes of birch and hemlock piled  
Garnished and graced that banquet wild.

Steaks of the brown bear fat and large  
From the rocky slopes of the Kearsarge ;  
Delicate trout from Babboosuck brook,  
And salmon spear'd in the Contoocook ;

Squirrels which fed where nuts fell thick  
In the gravelly bed of the Otternic,  
And small wild hens in reed-snares caught  
From the banks of Sondagardee brought ;

Pike and perch from the Suncook taken,  
Nuts from the trees of the Black Hills shaken,  
Cramberries picked in the Squamscot bog,  
And grapes from the vines of Piscataquog :

And, drawn from that great stone vase which stands  
In the river scooped by a spirit's hands,\*  
Garnished with spoons of shell and horn,  
Stood the birchen dishes of smoking corn.

\* There are rocks in the River at the Falls of Amoskeag, in the cavities of which, tradition says, the Indians formerly stored and concealed their corn.

Thus bird of the air and beast of the field,  
 All which the woods and the waters yield,  
 Furnished in that olden day  
 The bridal feast of the Bashaba.

And merrily when that feast was done  
 On the fire-lit green the dance begun,  
 With squaws' shrill stave, and deeper hum  
 Of old men beating the Indian drum.

Painted and plumed, with scalp locks flowing,  
 And red arms tossing and black eyes glowing,  
 Now in the light and now in the shade  
 Around the fires the dancers played.

The step was quicker, the song more shrill,  
 And the beat of the small drums louder still  
 Whenever within the circle drew  
 The Saugus Sachem and Weetamoo.

The moons of forty winters had shed  
 Their snow upon that chieftain's head,  
 And toil and care, and battle's chance  
 Had seamed his hard dark countenance.

A fawn beside the bison grim—  
 Why turns the bride's fond eye on him,  
 In whose cold look is naught beside  
 The triumph of a sullen pride?

Ask why the graceful grape entwines  
 The rough oak with her arm of vines;  
 And why the gray rock's rugged cheek  
 The soft lips of the mosses seek:

Why, with wise instinct, Nature seems  
 To harmonize her wide extremes,  
 Linking the stronger with the weak,  
 The haughty with the soft and meek!

#### V.—THE NEW HOME.

A WILD and broken landscape, spiked with firs,  
 Roughening the bleak horizon's northern edge,  
 Steep, cavernous hillside, where black hemlock spurs  
 And sharp, gray splinters of the wind-swept ledge  
 Pierced the thin-glaz'd ice, or bristling rose,  
 Where the cold rim of the sky sunk down upon the snows.

And eastward cold, wide marshes stretched away,  
 Dull, dreary flats without a bush or tree,  
 O'er-crossed by icy creeks, where twice a day  
 Gurgled the waters of the moon-struck sea;

And faint with distance came the stifled roar,  
The melancholy lapse of waves on that low shore.

No cheerful village with its mingling smokes,  
No laugh of children wrestling in the snow,  
No camp-fire blazing through the hillside oaks,  
No fishers kneeling on the ice below ;  
Yet midst all desolate things of sound and view,  
Through the long winter moons smiled dark-eyed Weetamoo.

Her heart had found a home ; and freshly all  
Its beautiful affections overgrew  
Their rugged prop. As o'er some granite wall  
Soft vine leaves open to the moistening dew  
And warm bright sun, the love of that young wife  
Found on a hard cold breast the dew and warmth of life.

The steep bleak hills, the melancholy shore,  
The long dead level of the marsh between,  
A coloring of unreal beauty wore  
Through the soft golden mist of young love seen,  
For o'er those hills and from that dreary plain,  
Nightly she welcomed home her hunter chief again.

No warmth of heart, no passionate burst of feeling  
Repaid her welcoming smile, and parting kiss,  
No fond and playful dalliance half concealing,  
Under the guise of mirth, its tenderness ;  
But, in their stead, the warrior's settled pride,  
And vanity's pleased smile with homage satisfied.

Enough for Weetamoo, that she alone  
Sat on his mat and slumbered at his side ;  
That he whose fame to her young ear had flown,  
Now looked upon her proudly as his bride ;  
That he whose name the Mohawk trembling heard  
Vouchsafed to her at times a kindly look or word.

For she has learned the maxims of her race,  
Which teach the woman to become a slave  
And feel herself the pardonless disgrace  
Of love's fond weakness in the wise and brave—  
The scandal and the shame which they incur,  
Who give to woman all which man requires of her.

She passed the winter moons. The sun at last  
Broke link by link the frost chain of the rills,  
And the warm breathings of the southwest passed  
Over the hoar rime of the Saugus hills,  
The gray and desolate marsh grew green once more,  
And the birch-tree's tremulous shade fell round the  
Sachem's door.

Then from far Pennacook swift runners came,  
 With gift and greeting for the Saugus chief ;  
 Beseeching him in the great Sachem's name,  
 That, with the coming of the flower and leaf,  
 The song of birds, the warm breeze and the rain,  
 Young Weetamoo might greet her lonely sire again.

And Winnepurkit called his chiefs together,  
 And a grave council in his wigwam met,  
 Solemn and brief in words, considering whether  
 The rigid rules of forest etiquette  
 Permitted Weetamoo once more to look  
 Upon her father's face and green-banked Pennacook.

With interludes of pipe-smoke and strong water,  
 The forest sages pondered, and at length,  
 Concluded in a body to escort her  
 Up to her father's home of pride and strength,  
 Impressing thus on Pennacook a sense  
 Of Winnepurkit's power and regal consequence.

So through old woods which Aukeetamit's \* hand,  
 A soft and many-shaded greenness lent,  
 Over high breezy hills, and meadow land  
 Yellow with flowers, the wild procession went,  
 Till rolling down its wooded banks between,  
 A broad, clear, mountain stream, the Merrimack was seen.

The hunter leaning on his bow undrawn—  
 The fisher lounging on the pebbled shores,  
 Squaws in the clearing dropping the seed-corn,  
 Young children peering through the wigwam doors,  
 Saw with delight, surrounded by her train  
 Of painted Saugus braves, their Weetamoo again.

#### VI.—AT PENNACOOK.

THE hills are dearest which our childish feet  
 Have climbed the earliest ; and the streams most sweet,  
 Are ever those at which our young lips drank,  
 Stooped to their waters o'er the grassy bank :

Midst the cold dreary sea-watch, Home's hearth-light  
 Shines round the helmsman plunging through the night ;  
 And still, with inward eye, the traveller sees  
 In close, dark, stranger streets his native trees.

The homesick dreamer's brow is nightly fanned  
 By breezes whispering of his native land,  
 And, on the stranger's dim and dying eye,  
 The soft, sweet pictures of his childhood lie !

\* The Spring God.—See Roger Williams's *Key*, etc.

Joy then for Weetamoo, to sit once more  
A child upon her father's wigwam floor !  
Once more with her old fondness to beguile  
From his cold eye the strange light of a smile.

The long bright days of Summer swiftly passed,  
The dry leaves whirled in Autumn's rising blast,  
And evening cloud and whitening sunrise rime  
Told of the coming of the winter time.

But vainly looked, the while, young Weetamoo,  
Down the dark river for her chief's canoe ;  
No dusky messenger from Saugus brought  
The grateful tidings which the young wife sought.

At length a runner, from her father sent  
To Winnepurkit's sea-cooled wigwam went :  
" Eagle of Saugus,—in the woods the dove,  
Mourns for the shelter of thy wings of love."

But the dark chief of Saugus turned aside  
In the grim anger of hard-hearted pride ;  
" I bore her as became a chieftain's daughter,  
Up to her home beside the gliding water.

" If now no more a mat for her is found  
Of all which line her father's wigwam round,  
Let Pennacook call out his warrior train  
And send her back with wampum gifts again."

The baffled runner turned upon his track,  
Bearing the words of Winnepurkit back.  
" Dog of the Marsh," cried Pennacook, " no more  
Shall child of mine sit on his wigwam floor.

" Go—let him seek some meaner squaw to spread  
The stolen bear-skin of his beggar's bed :  
Son of a fish-hawk !—let him dig his clams  
For some vile daughter of the Agawams,

" Or coward Nipmucks !—may his scalp dry black  
In Mohawk smoke, before I send her back."  
He shook his clenched hand toward the ocean wave,  
While hoarse assent his listening council gave.

Alas poor bride !—can thy grim sire impart  
His iron hardness to thy woman's heart ?  
Or cold self-torturing pride like his atone  
For love denied and life's warm beauty flown ?

On Autumn's gray and mournful grave the snow  
Hung its white wreaths ; with stifled voice and low

The river crept, by one vast bridge o'ercrossed,  
Built by the hoar-locked artisan of Frost.

And many a Moon in beauty newly born  
Pierced the red sunset with her silver horn,  
Or, from the east across her azure field,  
Rolled the wide brightness of her full-orbed shield.

Yet Winnepurkit came not—on the mat  
Of the scorned wife her dusky rival sat,  
And he, the while, in Western woods afar—  
Urged the long chase, or trod the path of war.

Dry up thy tears, young daughter of a chief!  
Waste not on him the sacredness of grief;  
Be the fierce spirit of thy sire thine own,  
His lips of scorning, and his heart of stone.

What heeds the warrior of a hundred fights,  
The storm-worn watcher through long hunting nights,  
Cold, crafty, proud, of woman's weak distress,  
Her home-bound grief and pining loneliness?

#### VII.—THE DEPARTURE.

THE wild March rains had fallen fast and long  
The snowy mountains of the North among,  
Making each vale a water-course—each hill  
Bright with the cascade of some new made rill.

Gnawed by the sunbeams, softened by the rain,  
Heaved underneath by the swollen current's strain,  
The ice-bridge yielded, and the Merrimack  
Bore the huge ruin crashing down its track.

On that strong turbid water, a small boat  
Guided by one weak hand was seen to float,  
Evil the fate which loosed it from the shore,  
Too early voyager with too frail an oar!

Down the vexed center of that rushing tide,  
The thick huge ice-blocks threatening either side,  
The foam-white rocks of Amoskeag in view,  
With arrowy swiftness sped that light canoe.

The trapper, moistening his moose's meat  
On the wet bank by Uncanoonuc's feet,  
Saw the swift boat flash down the troubled stream—  
Slept he, or waked he?—was it truth or dream?

The straining eye bent fearfully before,  
The small hand clenching on the useless oar,  
The bead-wrought blanket trailing o'er the water—  
He knew them all—woe for the Sachem's daughter!

Sick and aweary of her lonely life,  
 Heedless of peril the still faithful wife  
 Had left her mother's grave, her father's door,  
 To seek the wigwam of her chief once more.

Down the white rapids like a sear leaf whirled,  
 On the sharp rocks and piled up ices hurled,  
 Empty and broken, circled the canoe  
 In the vexed pool below—but, where was Weetamoo?

#### VIII.—SONG OF INDIAN WOMEN.

THE Dark eye has left us,  
 The spring-bird has flown,  
 On the pathway of spirits  
 She wanders alone.  
 The song of the wood-dove has died on our shore  
*Mat wonck kunna-monee!*\*—we hear it no more!

Oh, dark water Spirit!  
 We cast on thy wave  
 These firs which may never  
 Hang over her grave;  
 Bear down to the lost one the robes that she wore,  
*Mat wonck kunna-monee!*—We see her no more!

Of the strange land she walks in  
 No Powah has told:  
 It may burn with the sunshine,  
 Or freeze with the cold.  
 Let us give to our lost one the robes that she wore,  
*Mat wonck kunna-monee!*—We see her no more!

The path she is treading  
 Shall soon be our own;  
 Each gliding in shadow  
 Unseen and alone!—  
 In vain shall we call on the souls gone before—  
*Mat wonck kunna-monee!*—They hear us no more!

Oh mighty Sowanna!†  
 Thy gateways unfold,  
 From thy wigwam of sunset  
 Lift curtains of gold!  
 Take home the poor Spirit whose journey is o'er  
*Mat wonck kunna-monee!*—We see her no more!

So sang the Children of the Leaves beside  
 The broad, dark river's coldly-flowing tide,

\* "Mat wonck kunna-monee." We shall see thee or her no more.—*Vide* Roger Williams's *Key to the Indian Language*.

† "The Great South West God."—See Roger Williams's *Observations*, etc.

Now low, now harsh, with sob-like pause and swell  
 On the high wind their voices rose and fell.  
 Nature's wild music—sounds of wind-swept trees,  
 The scream of birds, the wailing of the breeze,  
 The roar of waters, steady, deep and strong,  
 Mingled and murmured in that farewell song.

## LEGENDARY.

### THE MERRIMACK.

[“The Indians speak of a beautiful river, far to the South, which they call Merrimack.”—  
 SEUR DE MONTS, 1604.]

STREAM of my fathers! sweetly  
 still  
 The sunset rays thy valley fill;  
 Poured slantwise down the long  
 defile,  
 Wave, wood, and spire beneath  
 them smile.  
 I see the winding Powow fold  
 The green hill in its belt of gold,  
 And following down its wavy  
 line,  
 Its sparkling waters blend with  
 thine.  
 There's not a tree upon thy side,  
 Nor rock, which thy returning  
 tide  
 As yet hath left abrupt and stark  
 Above thy evening water-mark;  
 No calm cove with its rocky hem,  
 No isle whose emerald swells be-  
 gem  
 Thy broad, smooth current; not  
 a sail  
 Bowed to the freshening ocean  
 gale;  
 No small boat with its busy oars,  
 Nor gray wall sloping to thy  
 shores;  
 Nor farmhouse with its maple  
 shade,  
 Or rigid poplar colonnade,  
 But lies distinct and full in sight,  
 Beneath this gush of sunset  
 light.  
 Centuries ago, that harbor-bar,

Stretching its length of foam afar,  
 And Salisbury's beach of shining  
 sand,  
 And yonder island's wave-  
 smoothed strand,  
 Saw the adventurer's tiny sail  
 Flit, stooping from the eastern  
 gale;\*  
 And o'er these woods and waters  
 broke  
 The cheer from Britain's hearts  
 of oak,  
 As brightly on the voyager's eye,  
 Weary of forest, sea, and sky,  
 Breaking the dull continuous  
 wood,  
 The Merrimack rolled down his  
 flood;  
 Mingling that clear pellucid  
 brook,  
 Which channels vast Agiochook  
 When springtime's sun and  
 shower unlock  
 The frozen fountains of the rock,  
 And more abundant waters given  
 From that pure lake, “The Smile  
 of Heaven,”†  
 Tributes from vale and mountain  
 side—  
 With ocean's dark, eternal tide!

On yonder rocky cape, which  
 braves  
 The stormy challenge of the  
 waves,

\* The celebrated Captain Smith, after resigning the government of the colony in Virginia, in his capacity of “Admiral of New England,” made a careful survey of the coast from Pensacota to Cape Cod, in the summer of 1614.

† Lake Winnipiseogee—*The Smile of the Great Spirit*—the source of one of the branches of the Merrimack.

Midst tangled vine and dwarfish  
wood,  
The hardy Anglo-Saxon stood,  
Planting upon the topmost crag  
The staff of England's battle-flag;  
And, while from out its heavy  
fold  
Saint George's crimson cross un-  
rolled,  
Midst roll of drum and trumpet  
blare,  
And weapons brandishing in air,  
He gave to that lone promontory  
The sweetest name in all his  
story ;\*  
Of her, the flower of Islam's  
daughters,  
Whose harems look on Stamboul's  
waters—  
Who, when the chance of war  
had bound  
The Moslem chain his limbs  
around,  
Wreathed o'er with silk that iron  
chain,  
Soothed with her smiles his hours  
of pain,  
And fondly to her youthful slave  
A dearer gift than freedom gave.

But look!—the yellow light no  
more  
Streams down on wave and ver-  
dant shore ;  
And clearly on the calm air swells  
The twilight voice of distant bells.  
From Ocean's bosom, white and  
thin  
The mists come slowly rolling in ;  
Hills, woods, the river's rocky  
rim,  
Amidst the sea-like vapor swim,  
While yonder lonely coast-light  
set  
Within its wave-washed minaret,  
Half quenched, a beamless star  
and pale,  
Shines dimly through its cloudy  
veil!

Home of my fathers!—I have  
stood

Where Hudson rolled his lordly  
flood :  
Seen sunrise rest and sunset fade  
Along his frowning Palisade ;  
Looked down the Appalachian  
peak  
On Juniata's silver streak ;  
Have seen along his valley gleam  
The Mohawk's softly winding  
stream ;  
The level light of sunset shine  
Through broad Potomac's hem of  
pine ;  
And autumn's rainbow-tinted  
banner  
Hang lightly o'er the Susque-  
hanna ;  
Yet, wheresoe'er his step might  
be,  
Thy wandering child looked back  
to thee !  
Heard in his dreams thy river's  
sound  
Of murmuring on its pebbly  
bound,  
The unforgotten swell and roar  
Of waves on thy familiar shore ;  
And saw, amidst the curtained  
gloom  
And quiet of his lonely room,  
Thy sunset scenes before him  
pass ;  
As, in Agrippa's magic glass,  
The loved and lost arose to view,  
Remembered groves in greenness  
grew,  
Bathed still in childhood's morn-  
ing dew,  
Along whose bowers of beauty  
swept  
Whatever Memory's mourners  
wept,  
Sweet faces, which the charnel  
kept,  
Young, gentle eyes, which long  
had slept ;  
And while the gazer leaned to  
trace,  
More near, some dear familiar  
face,  
He wept to find the vision flown—  
A phantom and a dream alone !

\* Captain Smith gave to the promontory, now called Cape Ann, the name of Tragabizanda, in memory of his young and beautiful mistress of that name, who, while he was a captive at Constantinople, like Desdemona, "loved him for the dangers he had passed."

## THE NORSEMEN.

[Some three or four years since, a fragment of a statue, rudely chiselled from dark gray stone, was found in the town of Bradford, on the Merrimack. Its origin must be left entirely to conjecture. The fact that the ancient Northmen visited New England, some centuries before the discoveries of Columbus, is now very generally admitted.]

GIFT from the cold and silent  
Past !

A relic to the present cast ;  
Left on the ever-changing strand  
Of shifting and unstable sand,  
Which wastes beneath the steady  
chime

And beating of the waves of  
Time !

Who from its bed of primal rock  
First wrenched thy dark, un-  
shapely block ?

Whose hand, of curious skill un-  
taught,

Thy rude and savage outline  
wrought ?

The waters of my native stream  
Are glancing in the sun's warm  
beam :

From sail-urged keel and flashing  
oar

The circles widen to its shore ;  
And cultured field and peopled  
town

Slope to its willowed margin  
down.

Yet, while this morning breeze is  
bringing

The mellow sound of church-bells  
ringing,

And rolling wheel, and rapid  
jar

Of the fire-winged and steedless  
car,

And voices from the wayside  
near

Come quick and blended on my  
ear,

A spell is in this old gray stone—  
My thoughts are with the Past  
alone !

A change !—The steepled town no  
more

Stretches along the sail-thronged  
shore ;

Like palace-domes in sunset's  
cloud,

Fade sun-gilt spire and mansion  
proud !

Spectrally rising where they  
stood,

I see the old, primeval wood :  
Dark, shadow-like, on either hand

I see its solemn waste expand :  
It climbs the green and cultured  
hill,

It arches o'er the valley's rill ;  
And leans from cliff and crag, to  
throw

Its wild arms o'er the stream  
below.

Unchanged, alone, the same  
bright river

Flows on, as it will flow forever !  
I listen, and I hear the low

Soft ripple where its waters go ;  
I hear behind the panther's cry,

The wild bird's scream goes thrill-  
ing by,

And shyly on the river's brink  
The deer is stooping down to  
drink.

But hark !—from wood and rock  
flung back,

What sound comes up the Mer-  
rimack ?

What sea-worn barks are those  
which throw

The light spray from each rush-  
ing prow ?

Have they not in the North Sea's  
blast

Bowed to the waves the straining  
mast ?

Their frozen sails the low, pale  
sun

Of Thulé's night has shone upon ;  
Flapped by the sea-wind's gusty  
sweep

Round icy drift, and headland  
steep.

Wild Jutland's wives and Loch-  
lin's daughters

Have watched them fading o'er  
 the waters,  
 Lessening through driving mist  
 and spray,  
 Like white-winged sea-birds on  
 their way!  
 Onward they glide—and now I  
 view  
 Their iron-armed and stalwart  
 crew;  
 Joy glistens in each wild blue  
 eye.  
 Turned to green earth and sum-  
 mer sky:  
 Each broad, seamed breast has  
 cast aside  
 Its cumbering vast of shaggy  
 hide;  
 Bared to the sun and soft warm  
 air,  
 Streams back the Norsemen's  
 yellow hair.  
 I see the gleam of axe and spear,  
 The sound of smitten shields I  
 hear,  
 Keeping a harsh and fitting time  
 To saga's chant, and Runic  
 rhyme;  
 Such lays as Zetland's Skald has  
 sung,  
 His gray and naked isles among;  
 Or muttered low at midnight  
 hour  
 Round Odin's mossy stone of  
 power.  
 The wolf beneath the Arctic  
 moon  
 Has answered to that startling  
 rune;  
 The Gaal has heard its stormy  
 swell,  
 The light Frank knows its sum-  
 mons well;  
 Iona's sable-stoled Culdee  
 Has heard it sounding o'er the  
 sea,  
 And swept with hoary beard and  
 hair  
 His altar's foot in trembling  
 prayer!  
 'Tis past—the 'wilderer vision  
 dies

In darkness on my dreaming  
 eyes!  
 The forest vanishes in air—  
 Hill-slope and vale lie starkly  
 bare;  
 I hear the common tread of men,  
 And hum of work-day life again:  
 The mystic relic seems alone  
 A broken mass of common stone;  
 And if it be the chiselled limb  
 Of Berserkar or idol grim—  
 A fragment of Valhalla's Thor,  
 The stormy Viking's god of War,  
 Of Praga of the Runic lay,  
 Or love awakening Siona,  
 I know not—for no graven line,  
 Nor Druid mark, nor Runic sign,  
 Is left me here, by which to trace  
 Its name, or origin, or place.

Yet, for this vision of the Past,  
 This glance upon its darkness  
 cast,  
 My spirit bows in gratitude  
 Before the Giver of all good,  
 Who fashioned so the human  
 mind,  
 That, from the waste of Time be-  
 hind  
 A simple stone, or mound of earth,  
 Can summon the departed forth;  
 Quicken the Past to life again—  
 The Present lose in what hath  
 been,  
 And in their primal freshness  
 show  
 The buried forms of long ago.  
 As if a portion of that Thought  
 By which the eternal will is  
 wrought,  
 Whose impulse fills anew with  
 breath  
 The frozen solitude of Death,  
 To mortal mind were sometimes  
 lent,  
 To mortal musings sometimes  
 sent,  
 To whisper—even when it seems  
 But Memory's phantasy of  
 dreams—  
 Through the mind's waste of woe  
 and sin,  
 Of an immortal origin!

## CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK.

To the God of all sure mercies let my blessing rise to-day,  
 From the scoffer and the cruel He hath plucked the spoil away,—  
 Yea, He who cooled the furnace around the faithful three,  
 And tamed the Chaldean lions, hath set His handmaid free!

Last night I saw the sunset melt through my prison bars,  
 Last night across my damp earth-floor fell the pale gleam of stars;  
 In the coldness and the darkness all through the long night time,  
 My grated casement whitened with Autumn's early rime.

Alone, in that dark sorrow, hour after hour crept by:  
 Star after star looked palely in and sank adown the sky;  
 No sound amid night's stillness, save that which seemed to be  
 The dull and heavy beating of the pulses of the sea;

All night I sat unsleeping, for I knew that on the morrow  
 The ruler and the cruel priest would mock me in my sorrow,  
 Dragged to their place of market, and bargained for and sold,  
 Like a lamb before the shambles, like a heifer from the fold!

Oh, the weakness of the flesh was there—the shrinking and the shame;  
 And the low voice of the Tempter like whispers to me came:  
 “Why sit'st thou thus forlornly!” the wicked murmur said,  
 “Damp walls thy bower of beauty, cold earth thy maiden bed?”

“Where be the smiling faces, and voices soft and sweet,  
 Seen in thy father's dwelling, heard in the pleasant street?  
 Where be the youths, whose glances the summer Sabbath through  
 Turned tenderly and timidly unto thy father's pew?”

“Why sit'st thou here, Cassandra?—Bethink thee with what mirth  
 Thy happy schoolmates gather around the warm bright hearth;  
 How the crimson shadows tremble on foreheads white and fair,  
 On eyes of merry girlhood, half hid in golden hair.

“Not for thee the hearth-fire brightens, not for thee kind words are  
 spoken,  
 Not for thee the nuts of Wenham woods by laughing boys are broken,  
 No first-fruits of the orchard within thy lap are laid,  
 For thee no flowers of Autumn the youthful hunters braid.

“Oh! weak, deluded maiden!—by crazy fancies led,  
 With wild and raving railers an evil path to tread;  
 To leave a wholesome worship, and teaching pure and sound;  
 And mate with maniac women, loose-haired and sack-cloth-bound.

“Mad scoffers of the priesthood, who mock at things divine,  
 Who rail against the pulpit, and holy bread and wine;  
 Sore from their cart-tail scourgings, and from the pillory lame,  
 Rejoicing in their wretchedness, and glorying in their shame.

"And what a fate awaits thee?—a sadly toiling slave,  
 Dragging the slowly lengthening chain of bondage to the grave!  
 Think of thy woman's nature, subdued in hopeless thrall,  
 The easy prey of any, the scoff and scorn of all!"

Oh!—ever as the Tempter spoke, and feeble Nature's fears  
 Wrung drop by drop the scalding flow of unavailing tears,  
 I wrestled down the evil thoughts, and strove in silent prayer,  
 To feel, oh, Helper of the weak!—that Thou indeed wert there!

I thought of Paul and Silas, within Philippi's cell,  
 And how from Peter's sleeping limbs the prison-shackles fell,  
 Till I seemed to hear the trailing of an angel's robe of white,  
 And to feel a blessed presence invisible to sight.

Bless the Lord for all His mercies!—for the peace and love I felt,  
 Like dew of Hermon's holy hill, upon my spirit melt;  
 When, "Get behind me, Satan!" was the language of my heart,  
 And I felt the Evil Tempter with all his doubts depart.

Slow broke the gray cold morning; again the sunshine fell,  
 Flecked with the shade of bar and grate within my lonely cell;  
 The hoar frost melted on the wall, and upward from the street  
 Came careless laugh and idle word, and tread of passing feet.

At length the heavy bolts fell back, my door was open cast,  
 And slowly at the sheriff's side, up the long street I passed;  
 I heard the murmur round me, and felt, but dared not see,  
 How, from every door and window, the people gazed on me.

And doubt and fear fell on me, shame burned upon my cheek,  
 Swam earth and sky around me, my trembling limbs grew weak:  
 "Oh, Lord! support thy handmaid; and from her soul cast out  
 The fear of man, which brings a snare—the weakness and the doubt."

Then the dreary shadows scattered like a cloud in morning's breeze,  
 And a low deep voice within me seemed whispering words like these:  
 "Though thy earth be as the iron, and thy heaven a brazen wall,  
 Trust still His loving kindness whose power is over all."

We paused at length, where at my feet the sunlit waters broke  
 On glaring reach of shining beach, and shingly wall of rock;  
 The merchant-ships lay idly there, in hard clear lines on high,  
 Tracing with rope and slender spar their network on the sky.

And there were ancient citizens, cloak-wrapped and grave and cold,  
 And grim and stout sea-captains with faces bronzed and old,  
 And on his horse, with Rawson, his cruel clerk at hand,  
 Sat dark and haughty Endicott, the ruler of the land.

And poisoning with his evil words the ruler's ready ear,  
 The priest leaned o'er his saddle, with laugh and scoff and jeer;  
 It stirred my soul, and from my lips the seal of silence broke,  
 As if through woman's weakness a warning spirit spoke.

I cried, "The Lord rebuke thee, thou smiter of the meek,  
Thou robber of the righteous, thou trampler of the weak!  
Go light the dark, cold hearth-stones—go turn the prison lock  
Of the poor hearts thou hast hunted, thou wolf amid the flock!"

Dark lowered the brows of Endicott, and with a deeper red  
O'er Rawson's wine-empurpled cheek the flush of anger spread;  
"Good people," quoth the white-lipped priest, "heed not her words  
so wild,  
Her Master speaks within her—the Devil owns his child!"

But gray heads shook, and young brows knit, the while the sheriff read  
That law the wicked rulers against the poor have made,  
Who to their house of Rimmon and idol priesthood bring  
No bended knee of worship, nor gainful offering.

Then to the stout sea-captains the sheriff turning said:  
"Which of ye, worthy seamen, will take this Quaker maid?  
In the Isle of fair Barbadoes, or on Virginia's shore,  
You may hold her at a higher price than Indian girl or Moor."

Grim and silent stood the captains; and when again he cried,  
"Speak out, my worthy seamen!"—no voice, no sign replied;  
But I felt a hard hand press my own, and kind words met my ear:  
"God bless thee, and preserve thee, my gentle girl and dear!"

A weight seemed lifted from my heart, a pitying friend was nigh,  
I felt it in his hard, rough hand, and saw it in his eye;  
And when again the sheriff spoke, that voice, so kind to me,  
Growled back its stormy answer like the roaring of the sea:

"Pile my ships with bars of silver—pack with coins of Spanish gold,  
From the keel-piece up the deck-plank, the roomage of her hold,  
By the living God who made me!—I would sooner in your bay  
Sink ship and crew and cargo, than bear this child away!"

"Well answered, worthy captain, shame on their cruel laws!"  
Ran through the crowd in murmurs loud the people's just applause.  
"Like the herdsmen of Tekoa, in Israel of old,  
Shall we see the poor and righteous again for silver sold?"

I looked on haughty Endicott; with weapon half way drawn,  
Swept round the throng his lion glare of bitter hate and scorn;  
Fiercely he drew his bridle rein, and turned in silence back,  
And sneering priest and baffled clerk rode murmuring in his track.

Hard after them the sheriff looked, in bitterness of soul;  
Thrice smote his staff upon the ground, and crushed his parchment  
roll  
"Good friends," he said, "since both have fled, the ruler and the  
priest,  
Judge ye, if from their further work I be not well released."

Loud was the cheer which, full and clear, swept round the silent bay,  
 As, with kind words and kinder looks, he bade me go my way ;  
 For He who turns the courses of the streamlet of the glen,  
 And the river of great waters, had turned the hearts of men.

Oh, at that hour the very earth seemed changed beneath my eye,  
 A holier wonder round me rose the blue walls of the sky,  
 A lovelier light on rock and hill, and stream and woodland lay,  
 And softer lapsed on sunnier sands the waters of the bay.

Thanksgiving to the Lord of life !—to Him all praises be,  
 Who from the hands of evil men hath set His handmaid free ;  
 All praise to him before whose power the mighty are afraid,  
 Who takes the crafty in the snare, which for the poor is laid !

Sing, oh, my soul, rejoicingly, on evening's twilight calm  
 Uplift the loud thanksgiving—pour forth the grateful psalm ;  
 Let all dear hearts with me rejoice, as did the saints of old,  
 When of the Lord's good angel the rescued Peter told.

And weep and howl, ye evil priests and mighty men of wrong,  
 The Lord shall smite the proud and lay His hand upon the strong.  
 Woe to the wicked rulers in His avenging hour !  
 Woe to the wolves who seek the flocks to raven and devour :

But let the humble ones arise,—the poor in heart be glad,  
 And let the mourning ones again with robes of praise be clad,  
 For He who cooled the furnace, and smoothed the stormy wave,  
 And tamed the Chaldean lions, is mighty still to save !

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### FUNERAL TREE OF THE SOKOKIS.\*

AROUND Sebago's lonely lake  
 There lingers not a breeze to break  
 The mirror which its waters make.

The solemn pines along its shore,  
 The firs which hang its gray rocks o'er,  
 Are painted on its glassy floor.

The sun looks o'er, with hazy eye,  
 The snowy mountain-tops which lie  
 Piled coldly up against the sky.

\* Polan, a chief of the Sokokis Indians, the original inhabitants of the country lying between Agamenticus and Casco Bay, was killed in a skirmish at Windham, on the Sebago lake, in the spring of 1756. He claimed all the lands on both sides of the Presumpscot River to its mouth at Casco, as his own. He was shrewd, subtle, and brave. After the white men had retired, the surviving Indians "swayed" or bent down a young tree until its roots were turned up, placed the body of their chief beneath them, and then released the tree to spring back to its former position.

Dazzling and white ! save where the bleak,  
Wild winds have bared some splintering peak,  
Or snow-slide left its dusky streak.

Yet green are Saco's banks below,  
And belts of spruce and cedar show,  
Dark fringing round those cones of snow.

The earth hath felt the breath of spring,  
Though yet on her deliverer's wing  
The lingering frosts of winter cling.

Fresh grasses fringe the meadow-brooks,  
And mildly from its sunny nooks  
The blue eye of the violet looks.

And odors from the springing grass,  
The sweet birch and the sassafras,  
Upon the scarce-felt breezes pass.

Her tokens of renewing care  
Hath Nature scattered everywhere,  
In bud and flower, and warmer air.

But in their hour of bitterness,  
What reck the broken Sokokis,  
Beside their slaughtered chief, of this ?

The turf's red stain is yet undried—  
Scarce have the death-shot echoes died  
Along Sebago's wooded side :

And silent now the hunters stand,  
Grouped darkly, where a swell of land  
Slopes upward from the lake's white sand.

Fire and the axe have swept it bare,  
Save one lone beech, unclosing there  
Its light leaves in the vernal air.

With grave, cold looks, all sternly mute,  
They break the damp turf at its foot,  
And bare its coiled and twisted root.

They heave the stubborn trunk aside,  
The firm roots from the earth divide—  
The rent beneath yawns dark and wide.

And there the fallen chief is laid,  
In tasselled garb of skins arrayed,  
And girded with his wampum-braid,

The silver cross he loved is pressed  
Beneath the heavy arms, which rest  
Upon his scarred and naked breast.\*

'Tis done : the roots are backward sent,  
The beechen tree stands up unbent—  
The Indian's fitting monument !

When of that sleeper's broken race  
Their green and pleasant dwelling-place  
Which knew them once, retains no trace ;

O ! long may sunset's light be shed  
As now upon that beech's head—  
A green memorial of the dead !

There shall his fitting requiem be,  
In northern winds, that, cold and free,  
Howl nightly in that funeral tree.

To their wild wail the waves which break  
Forever round that lonely lake  
A solemn undertone shall make !

And who shall deem the spot unblest,  
Where nature's younger children rest,  
Lulled on their sorrowing mother's breast?

Deem ye that mother loveth less  
These bronzed forms of the wilderness  
She foldeth in her long caress ?

As sweet o'er them her wild flowers blow,  
As if with fairer hair and brow  
The blue-eyed Saxon slept below.

What though the places of their rest  
No priestly knee hath ever pressed—  
No funeral rite nor prayer hath blessed ?

What though the bigot's ban be there,  
And thoughts of wailing and despair,  
And cursing in the place of prayer !\*

Yet Heaven hath angels watching round  
The Indian's lowliest forest-mound—  
And *they* have made it holy ground.

\* The Sokokis were early converts to the Catholic faith. Most of them, prior to the year 1756, had removed to the French settlements on the St. François.

\* The brutal and unchristian spirit of the early settlers of New England toward the red man is strikingly illustrated in the conduct of the man who shot down the Sokokis chief. He used to say he always noticed the anniversary of that exploit, as "the day on which he sent the devil a present."—Williamson's *History of Maine*.

There ceases man's frail judgment ; all  
His powerless bolts of cursing fall  
Unheeded on that grassy pall.

O, peeled, and hunted, and reviled,  
Sleep on, dark tenant of the wild !  
Great Nature owns her simple child !

And Nature's God, to whom alone  
The secret of the heart is known—  
The hidden language traced thereon ;

Who from its many cumberings  
Of form and creed, and outward things,  
To light the naked spirit brings ;

Not with our partial eye shall scan—  
Not with our pride and scorn shall ban  
The spirit of our brother man !

### ST. JOHN.

“To the winds give our banner !  
Bear homeward again !”  
Cried the Lord of Acadia,  
Cried Charles of Estienne ;  
From the prow of his shallop  
He gazed, as the sun,  
From its bed in the ocean,  
Streamed up the St. John.

O'er the blue western waters  
That shallop had passed,  
Where the mists of Penobscot  
Clung damp on her mast.  
St. Saviour\* had look'd  
On the heretic sail.  
As the songs of the Huguenot  
Rose on the gale.

The pale, ghostly fathers  
Remembered her well  
And had cursed her while pass-  
ing,  
With taper and bell,  
But the men of Monhegan,†  
Of Papists abhor'd,  
Had welcomed and feasted  
The heretic Lord.

They had loaded his shallop  
With dun-fish and ball,  
With stores for his larder,  
And steel for his wall.  
Pemequid, from her bastions  
And turrets of stone,  
Had welcomed his coming  
With banner and gun.

And the prayers of the elders  
Had followed his way,  
As homeward he glided,  
Down Pentecost Bay.  
Oh ! well sped La Tour !  
For, in peril and pain,  
His lady kept watch  
For his coming again.

O'er the Isle of the Pheasant  
The morning sun shone,  
On the plane trees which shaded  
The shores of St. John.  
“Now, why from yon battle-  
ments  
Speaks not my love !  
Why waves there no banner  
My fortress above ?”

\* The settlement of the Jesuits on the island of Mount Desert was called St. Saviour.

† The isle of Monhegan was one of the first settled on the coast of Maine.

Dark and wild, from his deck  
 St. Estienne gazed about,  
 On fire-wasted dwellings,  
 And silent redoubt ;  
 From the low, shattered walls  
 Which the flame had o'errun,  
 There floated no banner,  
 There thunder'd no gun !

But, beneath the low arch  
 Of its doorway there stood  
 A pale priest of Rome,  
 In his cloak and his hood.  
 With the bound of a lion,  
 La Tour sprang to land,  
 On the throat of the Papist  
 He fastened his hand.

"Speak, son of the Woman,  
 Of scarlet and sin !  
 What wolf has been prowling  
 My castle within ?"  
 From the grasp of the soldier  
 The Jesuit broke,  
 Half in scorn, half in sorrow,  
 He smiled as he spoke :

"No wolf, Lord of Estienne,  
 Has ravaged thy hall,  
 But thy red-handed rival,  
 With fire, steel, and ball !  
 On an errand of mercy  
 I hitherward came,  
 While the walls of thy castle  
 Yet spouted with flame.

"Pentagoet's dark vessels  
 Were moored in the bay,  
 Grim sea-lions, roaring  
 Aloud for their prey."  
 "But what of my lady ?"  
 Cried Charles of Estienne :  
 "On the short-crumbled turret  
 Thy lady was seen :

"Half-veiled in the smoke-cloud,  
 Her hand grasped thy pennon,  
 While her dark tresses swayed  
 In the hot breath of cannon !  
 But woe to the heretic,  
 Evermore woe !  
 When the son of the church  
 And the cross is his foe !

"In the track of the shell,  
 In the path of the ball,  
 Pentagoet swept over  
 The breach of the wall !  
 Steel to steel, gun to gun,  
 One moment—and then  
 Alone stood the victor,  
 Alone with his men !

"Of its sturdy defenders,  
 Thy lady alone  
 Saw the cross-blazon'd banner  
 Float over St. John."  
 "Let the dastard look to it !"  
 Cried fiery Estienne,  
 "Were D'Aulney King Louis,  
 I'd free her again !"

"Alas, for thy lady !  
 No service from thee  
 Is needed by her  
 Whom the Lord hath set free :  
 Nine days, in stern silence,  
 Her thralldom she bore,  
 But the tenth morning came,  
 And Death opened her door !"

As if suddenly smitten  
 La Tour stagger'd back ;  
 His hand grasped his sword-hilt,  
 His forehead grew black.  
 He sprang on the deck  
 Of his shallop again :  
 "We cruise now for vengeance !  
 Give way !" cried Estienne,

"Massachusetts shall hear  
 Of the Huguenot's wrong,  
 And from island and creek-side  
 Her fishers shall throng !  
 Pentagoet shall rue  
 What his Papists have done,  
 When his palisades echo  
 The Puritan's gun !"

O ! the loveliest of heavens  
 Hung tenderly o'er him,  
 There were waves in the sun  
 shine,  
 And green isles before him :  
 But a pale hand was beckoning  
 The Huguenot on ;  
 And in blackness and ashes  
 Behind was St. John !

## PENTUCKET.

[The village of Haverhill, on the Merrimack, called by the Indians Pentucket, was for nearly seventeen years a frontier town, and during thirty years endured all the horrors of savage warfare. In the year 1708, a combined body of French and Indians, under the command of De Challions, and Hertel de Rouville, the famous and bloody sacker of Deerfield, made an attack upon the village, which at that time contained only thirty houses. Sixteen of the villagers were massacred, and a still larger number made prisoners. About thirty of the enemy also fell, and among them Hertel de Rouville. The minister of the place, Benjamin Rolfe, was killed by a shot through his own door.]

How sweetly on the wood-girt town  
The mellow light of sunset shone!  
Each small, bright lake, whose waters still  
Mirror the forest and the hill,  
Reflected from its waveless breast  
The beauty of a cloudless West,  
Glorious as if a glimpse were given  
Within the western gates of Heaven,  
Left, by the spirit of the star  
Of sunset's holy hour, ajar!

Beside the river's tranquil flood  
The dark and low-wall'd dwellings stood,  
Where many a rood of open land  
Stretch'd up and down on either hand,  
With corn-leaves waving freshly green  
The thick and blacken'd stumps between.  
Behind, unbroken, deep and dread,  
The wild, untravel'd forest spread,  
Back to those mountains, white and cold,  
Of which the Indian trapper told,  
Upon whose summits never yet  
Was mortal foot in safety set.  
Quiet and calm, without a fear  
Of danger darkly lurking near,  
The weary laborer left his plough—  
The milkmaid carrol'd by her cow—  
From cottage door and household hearth  
Rose songs of praise, or tones of mirth.  
At length the murmur died away,  
And silence on that village lay—  
So slept Pompeii, tower and hall,  
Ere the quick earthquake swallow'd all,  
Undreaming of the fiery fate  
Which made its dwellings desolate!

Hours pass'd away. By moonlight sped  
The Merrimack along his bed.  
Bathed in the pallid lustre, stood  
Dark cottage-wall and rock and wood,  
Silent, beneath that tranquil beam,  
As the hush'd grouping of a dream.

Yet on the still air crept a sound—  
No bark of fox—nor rabbit's bound—  
Nor stir of wings—nor waters flowing—  
Nor leaves in midnight breezes blowing.

Was that the tread of many feet,  
Which downward from the hillside beat?  
What forms were those which darkly stood  
Just on the margin of the wood?—  
Charr'd tree-stumps in the moonlight dim,  
Or paling rude, or leafless limb?  
No—through the trees fierce eyeballs glow'd,  
Dark human forms in sunshine show'd,  
Wild from their native wilderness,  
With painted limbs and battle-dress!  
A yell, the dead might wake to hear,  
Swell'd on the night air, far and clear—  
Then smote the Indian tomahawk  
On crashing door and shattering lock—  
Then rang the rifle-shot—and then  
The shrill death-scream of stricken men—  
Sank the red axe in woman's brain,  
And childhood's cry arose in vain—  
Bursting through roof and window came,  
Red, fast and fierce, the kindled flame;  
And blended fire and moonlight glared  
On still dead men and weapons bared.

The morning sun looked brightly through  
The river willows, wet with dew.  
No sound of combat fill'd the air,—  
No shout was heard,—nor gun-shot there:  
Yet still the thick and sullen smoke  
From smouldering ruins slowly broke;  
And on the greensward many a stain,  
And, here and there, the mangled slain  
Told how that midnight bolt had sped,  
Pentucket, on thy fated head!

Even now the villager can tell  
Where Rolfe beside his hearth-stone fell,  
Still show the door of wasting oak  
Through which the fatal death-shot broke,  
And point the curious stranger where  
De Rouville's corse lay grim and bare—  
Whose hideous head, in death still fear'd,  
Bore not a trace of hair or beard—  
And still, within the churchyard ground,  
Heaves darkly up the ancient mound,  
Whose grass-grown surface overlies  
The victims of that sacrifice.

## THE FAMILIST'S HYMN.

[The "Pilgrims" of New England, even in their wilderness home, were not exempted from the sectarian contentions which agitated the mother country after the downfall of Charles the First, and of the established Episcopacy. The Quakers, Baptists, and Catholics were banished, on pain of death, from the Massachusetts Colony. One Samuel Gorton, a bold and eloquent declaimer, after preaching for a time in Boston, against the doctrines of the Puritans, and declaring that their churches were mere human devices, and their sacrament and baptism an abomination, was driven out of the State's jurisdiction, and compelled to seek a residence among the savages. He gathered round him a considerable number of converts, who, like the primitive Christians, shared all things in common. His opinions, however, were so troublesome to the leading clergy of the Colony, that they instigated an attack upon his "Family" by an armed force, which seized upon the principal men in it, and brought them into Massachusetts, where they were sentenced to be kept at hard labor in several towns (one only in each town), during the pleasure of the General Court, they being forbidden, under severe penalties, to utter any of their religious sentiments, except to such ministers as might labor for their conversion. They were unquestionably sincere in their opinions, and, whatever may have been their errors, deserved to be ranked among those who have in all ages suffered for the freedom of conscience.]

FATHER! to thy suffering poor  
Strength and grace and faith  
impart,  
And with Thy own love restore  
Comfort to the broken heart!  
Oh, the failing ones confirm  
With a holier strength of zeal!—  
Give Thou not the feeble worm  
Helpless to the spoiler's heel!  
Father! for Thy holy sake  
We are spoiled and hunted thus;  
Joyful, for Thy truth we take  
Bonds and burthens unto us:  
Poor, and weak, and robbed of all,  
Weary with our daily task,  
That Thy truth may never fall  
Through our weakness, Lord,  
we ask.

Round our fired and wasted homes  
Flits the forest-bird unscared,  
And at noon the wild beast comes  
Where our frugal meal was  
shared;  
For the song of praises there  
Shrieks the crow the livelong  
day,  
For the sound of evening prayer  
Howls the evil beast of prey!

Sweet the songs we loved to sing  
Underneath Thy holy sky—  
Words and tones that used to bring  
Tears of joy in every eye,—  
Dear the wrestling hours of prayer,  
When we gathered knee to knee,

Blameless youth and hoary hair,  
Bow'd, O God, alone to Thee.

As Thine early children, Lord,  
Shared their wealth and daily  
bread,  
Even so, with one accord,  
We, in love, each other fed.  
Not with us the miser's hoard,  
Not with us his grasping hand;  
Equal round a common board,  
Drew our meek and brother  
band!

Safe our quiet Eden lay  
When the war-whoop stirred the  
land,  
And the Indian turn'd away  
From our home his bloody hand.  
Well that forest-ranger saw,  
That the burthen and the curse  
Of the white man's cruel law  
Rested also upon us.

Torn apart, and driven forth  
To our toiling hard and long,  
Father! from the dust of earth  
Lift we still our grateful song!  
Grateful—that in bonds we share  
In Thy love which maketh free;  
Joyful—that the wrongs we bear,  
Draw us nearer, Lord, to Thee!

Grateful!—that where'er we toil—  
By Wachuset's wooded side,

On Nantucket's sea-worn isle,  
 Or by wild Neponset's tide—  
 Still, in spirit, we are near,  
 And our evening hymns which  
     rise  
 Separate and discordant here,  
 Meet and mingle in the skies!

Let the scoffer scorn and mock,  
 Let the proud and evil priest  
 Rob the needy of his flock,  
 For his wine-cup and his feast,—  
 Redden not Thy bolts in store  
 Through the blackness of Thy  
     skies?  
 For the sighing of the poor  
 Wilt Thou not, at length, arise?

Worn and wasted, oh, how long,  
 Shall Thy trodden poor com-  
     plain?

In Thy name they bear the wrong,  
 In Thy cause the bonds of pain!  
 Melt oppression's heart of steel,  
 Let the haughty priesthood see,  
 And their blinded followers feel,  
 That in us they mock at Thee!

In Thy time, O Lord of hosts,  
 Stretch abroad that hand to save  
 Which of old, on Egypt's coasts,  
 Smote apart the Red Sea's wave!  
 Lead us from this evil land,  
 From the spoiler set us free,  
 And once more our gather'd band,  
 Heart to heart, shall worship  
     Thee!

## THE FOUNTAIN.

[On the declivity of a hill, in Salisbury, Essex County, is a beautiful fountain of clear water, gusling out from the very roots of a majestic and venerable oak. It is about two miles from the junction of the Powow River with the Merrimack.]

TRAVELER! on thy journey toiling  
 By the swift Powow,  
 With the summer sunshine falling  
 On thy heated brow,  
 Listen, while all else is still  
 To the brooklet from the hill.

Wild and sweet the flowers are  
     blowing  
 By that streamlet's side,  
 And a greener verdure showing  
 Where its waters glide—  
 Down the hill-slope murmuring  
     on,  
 Over root and mossy stone.

Where yon oak his broad arms  
     flingeth  
 O'er the sloping hill,  
 Beautiful and freshly springeth  
 That soft-flowing rill,  
 Through its dark roots wreath'd  
     and bare,  
 Gushing up to sun and air.

Brighter waters sparkled never  
 In that magic well,  
 Of whose gift of life forever  
 Ancient legends tell,—  
 In the lonely desert wasted,  
 And by mortal lip untasted.

Waters which the proud Castilian\*  
 Sought with longing eyes,  
 Underneath the bright pavilion  
 Of the Indian skies;  
 Where his forest pathway lay  
 Through the blooms of Florida.

Years ago a lonely stranger,  
 With the dusky brow  
 Of the outcast forest-ranger,  
 Crossed the swift Powow;  
 And betook him to the rill,  
 And the oak upon the hill.

O'er his face of moody sadness  
 For an instant shone

\* De Soto, in the sixteenth century, penetrated into the wilds of the new world in search of gold and the fountain of perpetual youth.

Something like a gleam of glad-  
ness,

As he stooped him down  
To the fountain's grassy side  
And his eager thirst supplied.

With the oak its shadow throwing  
O'er his mossy seat,  
And the cool, sweet waters flowing  
Softly at his feet,  
Closely by the fountain's rim  
That lone Indian seated him.

Autumn's earliest frost had given  
To the woods below  
Hues of beauty, such as Heaven  
Lendeth to its bow;  
And the soft breeze from the west  
Scarcely broke their dreamy rest.

Far behind was Ocean striving  
With his chains of sand;  
Southward, sunny glimpses giving,  
'Twixt the swells of land,  
Of its calm and silvery track,  
Rolled the tranquil Merrimack.

Over village, wood and meadow,  
Gazed that stranger man  
Sadly, till the twilight shadow  
Over all things ran,  
Save where spire and westward  
pane  
Flashed the sunset back again.

Gazing thus upon the dwelling  
Of his warrior sires,  
Where no lingering trace was  
telling  
Of their wigwam fires,  
Who the gloomy thoughts might  
know  
Of that wandering child of woe?

Naked lay, in sunshine glowing,  
Hills that once had stood,  
Down their sides the shadows  
throwing

Of a mighty wood,  
Where the deer his covert kept,  
And the eagle's pinion swept!

Where the birch canoe had glided  
Down the swift Powow,  
Dark and gloomy bridges strided  
Those clear waters now;  
And where once the beaver swam,  
Jarred the wheel and frowned the  
dam.

For the wood-bird's merry singing,  
And the hunter's cheer,  
Iron clang and hammer's ringing  
Smote upon his ear;  
And the thick and sullen smoke  
From the blackened forges broke.

Could it be, his fathers ever,  
Loved to linger here?  
These bare hills—this conquer'd  
river—  
Could they hold them dear,  
With their native loveliness  
Tamed and tortured into this?

Sadly, as the shades of even  
Gathered o'er the hill,  
While the western half of Heaven  
Blushed with sunset still,  
From the fountain's mossy seat  
Turned the Indian's weary feet.

Year on year hath flown forever,  
But he came no more  
To the hillside or the river  
Where he came before.  
But the villager can tell  
Of that strange man's visit well.

And the merry children, laden  
With their fruits or flowers—  
Roving boy and laughing maiden,  
In their school-day hours,  
Love the simple tale to tell  
Of the Indian and his well.

## THE EXILES.

[The incidents upon which the following ballad has its foundation, occurred about the year 1660. Thomas Macey was one of the first, if not *the* first white settler of Nantucket. A quaint description of his singular and perilous voyage, in his own handwriting, is still preserved.]

THE goodman sat beside his door  
One sultry afternoon,  
With his young wife singing at his  
side  
An old and goodly tune.

A glimmer of heat was in the air,—  
The dark green woods were still;  
And the skirts of a heavy thunder-  
cloud  
Hung over the western hill.

Black, thick, and vast, arose that  
cloud  
Above the wilderness,  
As some dark world from upper air  
Were stooping over this.

At times, the solemn thunder  
pealed,  
And all was still again,  
Save a low murmur in the air  
Of coming wind and rain.

Just as the first big raindrop fell,  
A weary stranger came,  
And stood before the farmer's door,  
With travel soiled and lame.

Sad seemed he, yet sustaining hope  
Was in his quiet glance,  
And peace, like autumn's moon-  
light, clothed  
His tranquil countenance.

A look, like that his Master wore  
In Pilate's council-hall:  
It told of wrongs—but of a love  
Meekly forgiving all.

“Friend! wilt thou give me shelter  
here?”

The stranger meekly said;  
And, leaning on his oaken staff,  
The goodman's features read.

“My life is hunted—evil men  
Are following in my track;  
The traces of the torturer's whip  
Are on my aged back.

“And much, I fear, 'twill peril  
thee  
Within thy doors to take  
A hunted seeker of the Truth,  
Oppressed for conscience' sake.”

Oh, kindly spoke the goodman's  
wife—  
“Come in, old man!” quoth  
she,—  
“We will not leave thee to the  
storm,  
Whoever thou may'st be.”

Then came the aged wanderer in,  
And silent sat him down:  
While all within grew dark as  
night  
Beneath the storm-cloud's frown.

But while the sudden lightning's  
blaze  
Filled every cottage nook,  
And with the jarring thunder-roll  
The loosened casement shook,

A heavy tramp of horses' feet  
Came sounding up the lane,  
And half a score of horse, or more,  
Came plunging through the rain.

“Now, Goodman Macey, ope thy  
door,—  
We would not be house-breakers;  
A rueful deed thou'st done this  
day,  
In harboring banished Quakers.”

Out looked the cautious goodman  
then,  
With much of fear and awe,

For there, with broad wig drenched  
with rain,  
The parish priest he saw.

"Open thy door, thou wicked  
man,  
And let thy pastor in,  
And give God thanks, if forty  
stripes  
Repay thy deadly sin."

"What seek ye?" quoth the good-  
man,—  
"The stranger is my guest;  
He is worn with toil and grievous  
wrong,—  
Pray let the old man rest."

"Now, out upon thee, canting  
knave!"  
And strong hands shook the  
door,  
"Believe me, Macey," quoth the  
priest,—  
"Thou'lt rue thy conduct sore."

Then kindled Macey's eye of fire:  
"No priest who walks the earth,  
Shall pluck away the stranger-  
guest  
Made welcome to my hearth."

Down from his cottage wall he  
caught  
The matchlock, hotly tried  
At Preston-pans and Marston-moor,  
By fiery Ireton's side;

Where Puritan, and Cavalier,  
With shout and psalm contended;  
And Rupert's oath, and Crom-  
well's prayer,  
With battle-thunder blended.

Up rose the ancient stranger then:  
"My spirit is not free  
To bring the wrath and violence  
Of evil men on thee :

"And for thyself, I pray forbear,—  
Bethink thee of thy Lord,

Who healed again the smitten ear,  
And sheathed his follower's  
sword.

"I go, as to the slaughter led :  
Friends of the poor, farewell!"  
Beneath his hand the oaken door  
Back on its hinges fell.

"Come forth, old gray-beard, yea  
and nay;"  
The reckless scoffers cried,  
As to a horseman's saddle-bow  
The old man's arms were tied.

And of his bondage hard and long  
In Boston's crowded jail,  
Where suffering woman's prayer  
was heard,  
With sickening childhood's wail,

It suits not with our tale to tell :  
Those scenes have passed away—  
Let the dim shadows of the past  
Brood o'er that evil day.

"Ho, sheriff!" quoth the ardent  
priest—  
"Take Goodman Macey too;  
The sin of this day's heresy,  
His back or purse shall rue."

And priest and sheriff, both to-  
gether  
Upon his threshold stood,  
When Macey, through another  
door,  
Sprang out into the wood.

"Now, goodwife, haste thee!"  
Macey cried,  
She caught his manly arm :—  
Behind, the parson urged pursuit,  
With outcry and alarm,

Ho! speed the Maceys, neck or  
naught,—  
The river course was near :—  
The plashing on its pebbled shore  
Was music to their ear.

A gray rock, tasselled o'er with  
birch,

Above the waters hung,  
And at its base, with every wave,  
A small light wherry swung.

A leap—they gain the boat—and  
there

The goodman wields his oar :  
“Ill luck betide them all”—he  
cried,—  
“The laggards upon the shore.”

Down through the crashing under-  
wood,

The burly sheriff came:—  
“Stand, goodman Macey—yield  
thyself;  
Yield in the King’s own name.”

“Now out upon thy hangman’s  
face!”

Bold Macey answered then,—  
“Whip *women* on the village green  
But meddle not with *men*.”

The priest came panting to the  
shore,—

His grave cocked hat was gone :  
Behind him, like some owl’s nest,  
hung  
His wig upon a thorn.

“Come back—come back!” the  
parson cried,

“The church’s curse beware.”  
“Curse and thou wilt,” said Macey,  
“but  
Thy blessing prithee spare.”

“Vile scoffer!” cried the baffled  
priest,—

“Thou’lt yet the gallows see.”  
“Who’s born to be hanged, will  
not be drowned,”  
Quoth Macey merrily;

“And so, sir sheriff and priest,  
good-bye!”

He bent him to his oar,  
And the small boat glided quietly  
From the twain upon the shore.

Now in the west, the heavy clouds  
Scattered and fell asunder,  
While feebler came the rush of rain,  
And fainter growled the thun-  
der.

And through the broken clouds,  
the sun  
Looked out serene and warm,  
Painting its holy symbol-light  
Upon the passing storm.

Oh, beautiful! that rainbow span,  
O’er dim Crane-neck was bend-  
ed;—  
One bright foot touched the eastern  
hills,  
And one with ocean blended.

By green Pentucket’s southern  
slope  
The small boat glided fast,—  
The watchers of “the Block-house”  
saw  
The strangers as they passed.

That night a stalwart garrison  
Sat shaking in their shoes,  
To hear the dip of Indian oars,—  
The glide of birch canoes,

The fisher-wives of Salisbury,  
(The men were all away),  
Looked out to see the stranger oar  
Upon their waters play.

Deer-Island’s rocks and fir-trees  
threw  
Their sunset-shadows o’er them,  
And Newbury’s spire and weather-  
cock  
Peered o’er the pines before them.

Around the Black Rocks, on their  
left,  
The marsh lay broad and green;  
And on their right, with dwarf  
shrubs crowned,  
Plum Island’s hills were seen.

With skilful hand and wary eye  
The harbor-bar was crossed;—

A plaything of the restless wave,  
The boat on ocean tossed.

The glory of the sunset heaven  
On land and water lay,—  
On the steep hills of Agawam,  
On cape, and bluff, and bay.

They passed the gray rocks of Cape  
Ann,  
And Gloucester's harbor-bar;  
The watch-fire of the garrison  
Shone like a setting star.

How brightly broke the morning  
On Massachusetts' Bay!  
Blue wave, and bright green island,  
Rejoicing in their day.

On passed the bark in safety  
Round isle and headland steep—  
No tempest broke above them,  
No fog-cloud veiled the deep.

Far round the bleak and stormy  
Cape  
The vent'rous Macey passed,  
And on Nantucket's naked isle,  
Drew up his boat at last.

And how, in log-built cabin,  
They braved the rough sea-  
weather;

And there, in peace and quietness,  
Went down life's vale together:

How others drew around them,  
And how their fishing sped,  
Until to every wind of heaven  
Nantucket's sails were spread:

How pale want alternated  
With plenty's golden smile;  
Behold, is it not written  
In the annals of the isle?

And yet that isle remaineth  
A refuge of the free,  
As when true-hearted Macey  
Beheld it from the sea.

Free as the winds that winnow  
Her shrubless hills of sand—  
Free as the waves that batter  
Along her yielding land.

Than hers, at duty's summons,  
No loftier spirit stirs,—  
Nor falls o'er human suffering  
A readier tear than hers.

God bless the sea-beat island!—  
And grant for evermore,  
That charity and freedom dwell,  
As now upon her shore!

### THE NEW WIFE AND THE OLD.

[The following Ballad is founded upon one of the marvellous legends connected with the famous General M., of Hampton, N. H., who was regarded by his neighbors as a Yankee Faust, in league with the adversary. I give the story, as I heard it when a child, from a venerable family visitant.]

DARK the halls, and cold the feast—  
Gone the bridesmaids, gone the  
priest!  
All is over—all is done,  
Twain of yesterday are one!  
Blooming girl and manhood gray,  
Autumn in the arms of May!

Hushed within and hushed with-  
out,  
Dancing feet and wrestlers' shout;

Dies the bonfire on the hill;  
All is dark and all is still,  
Save the starlight, save the breeze  
Moaning through the grave-yard  
trees;  
And the great sea-waves below,  
Like the night's pulse, beating  
slow.

From the brief dream of a bride  
She hath wakened, at his side.

With half uttered shriek and start—  
Feels she not his beating heart?  
And the pressure of his arm,  
And his breathing near and warm?

Lightly from the bridal bed  
Springs that fair dishevelled head,  
And a feeling, new, intense,  
Half of shame, half innocence,  
Maiden fear and wonder speaks  
Through her lips and changing  
cheeks.

From the oaken mantel glowing  
Faintest light the lamp is throwing  
On the mirror's antique mould,  
High-backed chair, and wainscot  
old,  
And, through faded curtains steal-  
ing,  
His dark sleeping face revealing.

Listless lies the strong man there,  
Silver-streaked his careless hair;  
Lips of love have left no trace  
On that hard and haughty face;  
And that forehead's knitted  
thought  
Love's soft hand hath not un-  
wrought.

"Yet," she sighs, "he loves me  
well,  
More than these calm lips will tell.  
Stooping to my lowly state,  
He hath made me rich and great,  
And I bless him, though he be  
Hard and stern to all save me!"

While she speaketh, falls the light  
O'er her fingers small and white;  
Gold and gem, and costly ring  
Back the timid lustre fling—  
Love's selectest gifts, and rare,  
His proud hand had fastened there.

Gratefully she marks the glow  
From those tapering lines of snow;  
Fondly o'er the sleeper bending  
His black hair with golden blend-  
ing.

In her soft and light caress,  
Cheek and lip together press.

Ha!—that start of horror!—Why  
That wild stare and wilder cry,  
Full of terror, full of pain?  
Is there madness in her brain?  
Hark! that gasping, hoarse and  
low :  
"Spare me—spare me—let me go!"

God have mercy!—Icy cold  
Spectral hands her own enfold,  
Drawing silently from them  
Love's fair gifts of gold and gem,  
"Waken! save me!" still as death  
At her side he slumbereth.

Ring and bracelet all are gone,  
And that ice-cold hand withdrawn;  
But she hears a murmur low,  
Full of sweetness, full of woe,  
Half a sigh and half a moan :  
"Fear not! give the dead her  
own!"

Ah!—the dead wife's voice she  
knows!  
That cold hand whose pressure  
froze,  
Once in warmest life had borne  
Gem and band her own hath worn,  
"Wake thee! wake thee!" Lo,  
his eyes  
Open with a dull surprise.

In his arms the strong man folds  
her,  
Closer to his breast he holds her;  
Trembling limbs his own are meet-  
ing,  
And he feels her heart's quick  
beating :  
"Nay, my dearest, why this fear?"  
"Hush!" she saith, "the dead is  
here!"

"Nay, a dream—an idle dream."  
But before the lamp's pale gleam  
Tremblingly her hand she raises,—  
There no more the diamond blazes,

Clasp of pearl, or ring of gold,—  
 "Ah!" she sighs, "her hand was  
 cold!"

Broken words of cheer he saith,  
 But his dark lip quivereth,  
 And as o'er the past he thinketh,  
 From his young wife's arms he  
 shrinketh;

Can those soft arms round him lie,  
 Underneath his dead wife's eye?

She her fair young head can rest  
 Soothed and child-like on his breast,  
 And in trustful innocence  
 Draw new strength and courage  
 thence;

He, the proud man, feels within  
 But the cowardice of sin!

She can murmur in her thought  
 Simple prayers her mother taught,  
 And his blessed angels call,  
 Whose great love is over all;

He, alone, in prayerless pride,  
 Meets the dark Past at her side!

One, who living shrank with dread,  
 From his look, or word, or tread,  
 Unto whom her early grave  
 Was as freedom to the slave,  
 Moves him at this midnight hour,  
 With the dead's unconscious power!

Ah, the dead, the unforgot!  
 From their solemn homes of  
 thought,

Where the cypress shadows blend  
 Darkly over foe and friend,  
 Or in love or sad rebuke,  
 Back upon the living look.

And the tenderest ones and weak-  
 est,

Who their wrongs have borne the  
 meekest,

Lifting from those dark, still places,  
 Sweet and sad-remembered faces,  
 O'er the guilty hearts behind  
 An unwitting triumph find.

## VOICES OF FREEDOM.

### TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

[TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE, the black chieftain of Hayti, was a slave on the plantation "de Libertas," belonging to M. BAYOU. When the rising of the negroes took place, in 1791, TOUSSAINT refused to join them until he had aided M. BAYOU and his family to escape to Baltimore. The white man had discovered in TOUSSAINT many noble qualities, and had instructed him in some of the first branches of education; and the preservation of his life was owing to the negro's gratitude for this kindness.]

In 1797, TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE was appointed, by the French government, General-in-Chief of the armies of St. Domingo, and, as such, signed the Convention with General MAITLAND, for the evacuation of the island by the British. From this period until 1801, the island, under the government of TOUSSAINT was happy, tranquil, and prosperous. The miserable attempt of NAPOLEON to reëstablish slavery in St. Domingo, although it failed of its intended object, proved fatal to the negro chieftain. Treacherously seized by LE CLERC, he was hurried on board a vessel by night, and conveyed to France, where he was confined in a cold subterranean dungeon, at Besançon, where, in April, 1803, he died. The treatment of TOUSSAINT finds a parallel only in the murder of the Duke D'ENGHIEN. It was the remark of GODWIN, in his Lectures, that the West India Islands, since their first discovery by COLUMBUS, could not boast of a single name which deserves comparison with that of TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.]

'Twas night. The tranquil moonlight smile  
 With which Heaven dreams of Earth, shed down  
 Its beauty on the Indian isle—  
 On broad green field and white-walled town;

An inland waste of rock and wood,  
 In searching sunshine, wild and rude,  
 Rose, mellowed through the silver gleam,  
 Soft as the landscape of a dream,  
 All motionless and dewy wet,  
 Tree, vine, and flower in shadow met:  
 The myrtle with its snowy bloom,  
 Crossing the nightshade's solemn gloom—  
 The white cecropia's silver rind  
 Relieved by deeper green behind,—  
 The orange with its fruit of gold,—  
 The lithe paullinia's verdant fold,—  
 The passion-flower, with symbol holy,  
 Twining its tendrils long and lowly,—  
 The rhexias dark, and cassia tall,  
 And proudly rising over all,  
 The kingly palm's imperial stem,  
 Crowned with its leafy diadem,—  
 Star-like, beneath whose sombre shade,  
 The fiery-winged cucullo played!

Yes—lovely was thine aspect, then,  
 Fair island of the Western Sea!  
 Lavish of beauty, even when  
 Thy brutes were happier than thy men,  
 For they, at least, were free!  
 Regardless of thy glorious clime,  
 Unmindful of thy soil of flowers,  
 The toiling negro sighed, that Time  
 No faster sped his hours.  
 For, by the dewy moonlight still,  
 He fed the weary-turning mill,  
 Or bent him in the chill morass,  
 To pluck the long and tangled grass,  
 And hear above his scar-worn back  
 The heavy slave-whip's frequent crack;  
 While in his heart one evil thought  
 In solitary madness wrought,—  
 One baleful fire surviving still  
 The quenching of the immortal mind—  
 One sterner passion of his kind,  
 Which even fetters could not kill,—  
 The savage hope, to deal, ere long,  
 A vengeance bitterer than his wrong!

Hark to that cry!—long, loud, and shrill,  
 From field and forest, rock and hill,  
 Thrilling and horrible it rang,  
 Around, beneath, above;—  
 The wild beast from his cavern sprang—  
 The wild bird from her grove!

Nor fear, nor joy, nor agony  
 Were mingled in that midnight cry;  
 But, like the lion's growl of wrath,  
 When falls that hunter in his path,  
 Whose barbed arrow, deeply set,  
 Is rankling in his bosom yet,  
 It told of hate, full, deep, and strong,—  
 Of vengeance kindling out of wrong;  
 It was as if the crimes of years—  
 The unrequited toil—the tears—  
 The shame and hate, which liken well  
 Earth's garden to the nether hell,  
 Had found in Nature's self a tongue,  
 On which the gathered horror hung;  
 As if from cliff, and stream, and glen,  
 Burst, on the startled ears of men,  
 That voice which rises unto God,  
 Solemn and stern—the cry of blood!  
 It ceased—and all was still once more,  
 Save ocean chafing on his shore,  
 The sighing of the wind between  
 The broad banana's leaves of green,  
 Or bough by restless plumage shook,  
 Or murmuring voice of mountain brook,

Brief was the silence. Once again  
 Pealed to the skies that frantic yell—  
 Glowed on the heavens a fiery stain,  
 And flashes rose and fell;  
 And, painted on the blood-red sky,  
 Dark, naked arms were tossed on high;  
 And, round the white man's lordly hall,  
 Trode, fierce and free, *the brute he made*;  
 And those who crept along the wall,  
 And answered to his lightest call  
 With more than spaniel dread—  
 The creatures of his lawless beck—  
 Were trampling on his very neck!  
 And, on the night-air, wild and clear,  
 Rose woman's shriek of more than fear;  
 For bloodied arms were round her thrown,  
 And dark cheeks pressed against her own!

Then, injured Afric!—for the shame  
 Of thy own daughters, vengeance came  
 Full on the scornful hearts of those,  
 Who mocked thee in thy nameless woes,  
 And to thy hapless children gave  
 One choice—pollution, or the grave!

Where then was he, whose fiery zeal  
 Had taught the trampled heart to feel,

Until despair itself grew strong,  
 And vengeance fed its torch from wrong ?  
 Now—when the thunderbolt is speeding:  
 Now—when oppression's heart is bleeding,  
 Now—when the latent curse of Time  
     Is raining down in fire and blood—  
 That curse which, through long years of crime,  
     Has gathered, drop by drop, its flood—  
 Why strikes he not, the foremost one,  
 Where murder's sternest deeds are done ?

He stood the aged palms beneath,  
     That shadowed o'er his humble door,  
 Listening, with half-suspended breath,  
 To the wild sounds of fear and death—  
     Toussaint L'Ouverture !  
 What marvel that his heart beat high !  
     The blow for freedom had been given ;  
 And blood had answered to the cry  
     Which earth sent up to Heaven !  
 What marvel, that a fierce delight  
 Smiled grimly o'er his brow of night,  
 As groan, and shout, and bursting flame,  
 Told where the midnight tempest came,  
 With blood and fire along its van,  
 And death behind !—he was a MAN !

Yes, dark-souled chieftain!—if the light  
     Of mild Religion's heavenly ray  
 Unveiled not to thy mental sight  
     The lowlier and the purer way,  
 In which the Holy Sufferer trod,  
     Meekly amidst the sons of crime,—  
 That calm reliance upon God  
     For justice, in his own good time,—  
 That gentleness, to which belongs  
 Forgiveness for its many wrongs.  
 Even as the primal martyr, kneeling  
 For mercy on the evil-dealing,—  
 Let not the favored white man name  
 Thy stern appeal, with words of blame.  
 Has *he* not, with the light of heaven  
     Broadly around him, made the same ?  
 Yea, on his thousand war-fields striven,  
     And gloried in his ghastly shame ?—  
 Kneeling amidst his brother's blood,  
 To offer mockery unto God,  
 As if the High and Holy One  
 Could smile on deeds of murder done!—  
 As if a human sacrifice  
 Were purer in his Holy eyes,

Though offered up by Christian hands,  
Than the foul rites of Pagan lands!

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Sternly, amidst his household band,  
His carbine grasped within his hand,  
The white man stood, prepared and still,  
Waiting the shock of maddened men,  
Unchained, and fierce as tigers, when  
The horn winds through their caverned hill.  
And one was weeping in his sight—

The sweetest flower of all the isle,—  
The bride who seemed but yesternight  
Love's fair embodied smile.

And, clinging to her trembling knee,  
Looked up the form of infancy,  
With tearful glance in either face,  
The secret of its fear to trace.

"Ha—stand, or die!" The white man's eye

His steady musket gleamed along,  
As a tall Negro hastened nigh,

With fearless step and strong.

"What, ho, Toussaint!" A moment more,  
His shadow crossed the lighted floor.

"Away," he shouted; "fly with me,—

The white man's bark is on the sea;—

Her sails must catch the seaward wind,

For sudden vengeance sweeps behind.

Our brethren from their grave have spoken,

The yoke is spurned—the chain is broken;

On all the hills our fires are glowing—

Through all the vales red blood is flowing!

No more the mocking White shall rest

His foot upon the Negro's breast;

No more, at morn or eve, shall drip

The warm blood from the driver's whip;

Yet, though Toussaint has vengeance sworn

For all the wrongs his race have borne,—

Though for each drop of Negro blood

The white man's veins shall pour a flood;

Not all alone the sense of ill

Around his heart is lingering still.

Nor deeper can the white man feel

The generous warmth of grateful zeal.

Friends of the Negro! fly with me—

The path is open to the sea:

Away, for life!"—He spoke, and pressed

The young child to his manly breast,

As, headlong, through the cracking cane,

Down swept the dark insurgent train—

Drunken and grim, with shout and yell

Howled through the dark, like sounds from hell!

Far out, in peace, the white man's sail  
 Swayed free before the sunrise gale.  
 Cloud-like that island hung afar,  
 Along the bright horizon's verge,  
 O'er which the curse of servile war  
 Rolled its red torrent, surge on surge.  
 And he—the Negro champion—where  
 In the fierce tumult, struggled he?  
 Go trace him by the fiery glare  
 Of dwellings in the midnight air—  
 The yells of triumph and despair—  
 The streams that crimson to the sea!

Sleep calmly in thy dungeon-tomb,  
 Beneath Besançon's alien sky,  
 Dark Haytien!—for the time shall come,  
 Yea, even now is nigh—  
 When, everywhere, thy name shall be  
 Redeemed from *color's infamy*;  
 And men shall learn to speak of thee,  
 As one of earth's great spirits, born  
 In servitude, and nursed in scorn,  
 Casting aside the weary weight  
 And fetters of its low estate,  
 In that strong majesty of soul,  
 Which knows no color, tongue or clime—  
 Which still hath spurned the base control  
 Of tyrants through all time!  
 Far other hands than mine may wreath  
 The laurel round thy brow of death,  
 And speak thy praise, as one whose word  
 A thousand fiery spirits stirred,—  
 Who crushed his foeman as a worm—  
 Whose step on human hearts fell firm:—\*  
 Be mine the better task to find  
 A tribute for thy lofty mind,  
 Amidst whose gloomy vengeance shone  
 Some milder virtues all thine own,—

\* The reader may, perhaps, call to mind the beautiful sonnet of William Wordsworth, addressed to Toussaint L'Ouverture, during his confinement in France.

"Toussaint!—thou most unhappy man of men!  
 Whether the whistling rustic tends his plough  
 Within thy hearing, or thou liest now  
 Buried in some deep dungeon's earless den;  
 Oh, miserable chieftain!—where and when  
 Wilt thou find patience?—Yet, die not; do thou  
 Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:  
 Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,  
 Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind  
 Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies,—  
 There's not a breathing of the common wind  
 That will forget thee: thou hast great allies,  
 Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
 And love, and man's unconquerable mind."

Some gleams of feeling pure and warm,  
 Like sunshine on a sky of storm,—  
 Proofs that the Negro's heart retains  
 Some nobleness amidst its chains,—  
 That kindness to the wronged is never  
 Without its excellent reward,—  
 Holy to human-kind, and ever  
 Acceptable to God.

### THE SLAVE SHIPS.

"That fatal, that perfidious bark,  
 Built i' the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark."

*Milton's Lycidas.*

[The French ship *LE RODEUR*, with a crew of twenty-two men, and with one hundred and sixty negro slaves, sailed from Bonny, in Africa, April, 1819. On approaching the line, a terrible malady broke out—an obstinate disease of the eyes—contagious, and altogether beyond the resources of medicine. It was aggravated by the scarcity of water among the slaves (only half a wine-glass per day being allowed to an individual), and by the extreme impurity of the air in which they breathed. By the advice of the physician, they were brought upon deck occasionally; but some of the poor wretches, locking themselves in each other's arms, leaped overboard, in the hope, which so universally prevails among them, of being swiftly transported to their own homes in Africa. To check this, the captain ordered several, who were stopped in the attempt, to be shot, or hanged, before their companions. The disease extended to the crew; and one after another were smitten with it, until only one remained unaffected. Yet even this dreadful condition did not preclude calculation: to save the expense of supporting slaves rendered unsalable, and to obtain grounds for a claim against the underwriters, *thirty-six of the negroes, having become blind, were thrown into the sea and drowned!*

In the midst of their dreadful fears lest the solitary individual, whose sight remained unaffected, should also be seized with the malady, a sail was discovered. It was the Spanish slaver, *LEON*. The same disease had been there; and, horrible to tell, all the crew had become blind! Unable to assist each other, the vessels parted. The Spanish ship has never since been heard of. The *RODEUR* reached Gaudaloupe on the 21st of June; the only man who had escaped the disease, and had thus been enabled to steer the slaver into port, caught it in three days after its arrival.—*Speech of M. Benjamin Constant, in the French Chamber of Deputies, June 17, 1820.*]

"ALL ready?" cried the captain;  
 "Ay, ay!" the seamen said;  
 "Heave up the worthless lubbers—  
 The dying and the dead."  
 Up from the slave-ship's prison  
 Fierce, bearded heads were  
 thrust—  
 "Now let the sharks look to it—  
 Toss up the dead ones first!"

Corpse after corpse came up,—  
 Death had been busy there;  
 Where every blow is mercy,  
 Why should the spoiler spare?  
 Corpse after corpse they cast  
 Sullenly from the ship,  
 Yet bloody with the traces  
 Of fetter-link and whip.

Gloomily stood the captain,  
 With his arms upon his breast,

With his cold brow sternly knotted,  
 And his iron lip compressed.  
 "Are all the dead dogs over?"  
 Growled through that matted  
 lip—  
 "The blind ones are no better,  
 Let's lighten the good ship."

Hark! from the ship's dark bosom,  
 The very sounds of hell!  
 The ringing clank of iron—  
 The maniac's short, sharp yell!—  
 The hoarse, low curse, throat-  
 stifled—  
 The starving infant's moan—  
 The horror of a breaking heart  
 Poured through a mother's  
 groan!

Up from that loathsome prison  
 The stricken blind ones came:

Below, had all been darkness—

Above, was still the same.

Yet the holy breath of heaven

Was sweetly breathing there,

And the heated brow of fever

Cooled in the soft sea air.

“Overboard with them, ship-  
mates!”

Cutlass and dirk were plied ;

Fettered and blind, one after one,

Plunged down the vessel's side.

The sabre smote above—

Beneath, the lean shark lay,

Waiting with wide and bloody jaw

His quick and human prey.

God of the earth ! what cries

Rang upward unto Thee ?

Voices of agony and blood,

From ship-deck and from sea.

The last dull plunge was heard—

The last wave caught its stain—

And the unsated shark looked up

For human hearts in vain.

\* \* \* \* \*

Red glowed the western waters—

The setting sun was there,

Scattering alike on wave and cloud

His fiery mesh of hair.

Amidst a group in blindness,

A solitary eye

Gazed, from the burdened slaver's  
deck,

Into that burning sky.

“A storm,” spoke out the gazer,

“Is gathering and at hand—

Curse on't—I'd give my other eye

For one firm rood of land.”

And then he laughed—but only

His echoed laugh replied—

For the blinded and the suffering

Alone were at his side.

Night settled on the waters,

And on a stormy heaven,

While fiercely on that lone ship's  
track

The thunder-gust was driven.

“A sail!—thank God, a sail!”

And, as the helmsman spoke,

Up through the stormy murmur,

A shout of gladness broke.

Down came the stranger vessel

Unheeding on her way,

So near, that on the slaver's deck

Fell off her driven spray.

“Ho! for the love of mercy—

We're perishing and blind !”

A wail of utter agony

Came back upon the wind :

“Help us ! for we are stricken

With blindness every one ;

Ten days we've floated fearfully,

Unnoting star or sun.

Our ship's the slaver Leon—

We've but a score on board—

Our slaves are all gone over—

Help—for the love of God !”

On livid brows of agony

The broad red lightning shone—

But the roar of wind and thunder

Stifled the answering groan.

Wailed from the broken waters

A last despairing cry,

As, kindling in the stormy light,

The stranger ship went by.

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In the sunny Guadaloupe

A dark-hulled vessel lay—

With a crew who noted never

The nightfall or the day.

The blossom of the orange

Was white by every stream,

And tropic leaf, and flower, and  
bird

Were in the warm sunbeam.

And the sky was bright as ever,

And the moonlight slept as well

On the palm trees by the hillside,

And the streamlet of the dell ;

And the glances of the Creole

Were still as archly deep,

And her smiles as full as ever

Of passion and of sleep.

But vain were bird and blossom,

The green earth and the sky,

And the smile of human faces,

To the slaver's darkened eye ;

At the breaking of the morning,

At the starlit evening time,

O'er a world of light and beauty.

Fell the blackness of his crime.

## STANZAS.

["The despotism which our fathers could not bear in their native country is expiring, and the sword of justice in her reformed hands has applied its exterminating edge to slavery. Shall the United States—the free United States, which could not bear the bonds of a king, cradle the bondage which a king is abolishing? Shall a Republic be less free than a Monarchy? Shall we, in the vigor and buoyancy of our manhood, be less energetic in righteousness than a kingdom in its age?"—*Dr. Follen's Address.*

"Genius of America!—Spirit of our free institutions—where art thou?—How art thou fallen, O Lucifer! son of the morning—how art thou fallen from Heaven! Hell from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming!—The kings of the earth cry out to thee, Aha! Aha!—ART THOU BECOME LIKE UNTO US?"—*Speech of Samuel J. May.*]

Our fellow countrymen in chains!  
 Slaves—in a land of light and law!  
 Slaves—crouching on the very plains  
 Where rolled the storm of Freedom's war!  
 A groan from Eutaw's haunted wood—  
 A wail where Camden's martyrs fell—  
 By every shrine of patriot blood,  
 From Moultrie's wall and Jasper's well!

By storied hill and hallowed grot,  
 By mossy wood and marshy glen,  
 Whence rang of old the rifle-shot,  
 And hurrying shout of Marion's men!  
 The groan of breaking hearts is there—  
 The falling lash—the fetter's clank!  
*Slaves*—*SLAVES* are breathing in that air,  
 Which old De Kalb and Sumter drank!

What, ho!—*our* countrymen in chains!  
 The whip on *WOMAN'S* shrinking flesh!  
*Our* soil yet reddening with the stains,  
 Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh  
 What! mothers from their children riven!  
 What! God's own image bought and sold!  
*AMERICANS* to market driven,  
 And bartered as the brute for gold!

Speak! shall their agony of prayer  
 Come thrilling to our hearts in vain?  
 To us whose fathers scorned to bear  
 The paltry *menace* of a chain;  
 To us, whose boast is loud and long  
 Of holy Liberty and Light—  
 Say, shall these writhing slaves of Wrong  
 Plead vainly for their plundered Right?

What! shall we send, with lavish breath,  
 Our sympathies across the wave,  
 Where Manhood, on the field of death,  
 Strikes for his freedom, or a grave?

Shall prayers go up, and hymns be sung  
 For Greece, the Moslem fetter spurning,  
 And millions hail with pen and tongue  
*Our* light on all her altars burning ?

Shall Belgium feel, and gallant France,  
 By Vendôme's pile and Schoenbrun's wall,  
 And Poland, gasping on her lance,  
 The impulse of our cheering call ?  
 And shall the SLAVE, beneath our eye,  
 Clank o'er *our* fields his hateful chain ?  
 And toss his fettered arms on high,  
 And groan for Freedom's gift, in vain ?

Oh, say, shall Prussia's banner be  
 A refuge for the stricken slave ?  
 And shall the Russian serf go free  
 By Baikal's lake and Neva's wave ?  
 And shall the wintry-bosomed Dane  
 Relax the iron hand of pride,  
 And bid his bondman cast the chain  
 From fettered soul and limb, aside ?

Shall every flap of England's flag  
 Proclaim that all around are free,  
 From "farthest Ind" to each blue crag  
 That beetles o'er the Western Sea ?  
 And shall we scoff at Europe's kings,  
 When Freedom's fire is dim with us,  
 And round our country's altar clings  
 The damning shade of Slavery's curse ?

Go—let us ask of Constantine  
 To loose his grasp on Poland's throat ;  
 And beg the lord of Mahmoud's line  
 To spare the struggling Suliote—  
 Will not the scorching answer come  
 From turbaned Turk, and scornful Russ  
 "Go, loose your fettered slaves at home,  
 Then turn, and ask the like of us !"

Just God ! and shall we calmly rest,  
 The Christian's scorn—the heathen's mirth—  
 Content to live the lingering jest  
 And by-word of a mocking Earth ?  
 Shall our own glorious land retain  
 That curse which Europe scorns to bear ?  
 Shall our own brethren drag the chain  
 Which not even Russia's menials wear ?

Up, then, in Freedom's manly part,  
 From gray-beard eld to fiery youth,  
 And on the nation's naked heart  
 Scatter the living coals of Truth !

Up—while ye slumber, deeper yet  
 The shadow of our fame is growing !  
 Up—while ye pause, our sun may set  
 In blood, around our altars flowing !

Oh ! rouse ye, ere the storm comes forth—  
 The gathered wrath of God and man—  
 Like that which wasted Egypt's earth,  
 When hail and fire above it ran.  
 Hear ye no warnings in the air ?  
 Feel ye no earthquake underneath ?  
 Up—up—why will ye slumber where  
 The sleeper only wakes in death ?

Up *now* for Freedom !—not in strife  
 Like that your sterner fathers saw—  
 The awful waste of human life—  
 The glory and the guilt of war :  
 But break the chain—the yoke remove,  
 And smite to earth Oppression's rod,  
 With those mild arms of Truth and Love,  
 Made mighty through the living God !

Down let the shrine of Molock sink,  
 And leave no traces where it stood ;  
 Nor longer let its idol drink  
 His daily cup of human blood :  
 But rear another altar there,  
 To Truth and Love and Mercy given,  
 And Freedom's gift, and Freedom's prayer,  
 Shall call an answer down from Heaven !

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### THE YANKEE GIRL.

SHE sings by her wheel, at that low cottage-door,  
 Which the long evening shadow is stretching before,  
 With a music as sweet as the music which seems  
 Breathed softly and faint in the ear of our dreams !

How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye,  
 Like a star glancing out from the blue of the sky !  
 And lightly and freely her dark tresses play  
 O'er a brow and a bosom as lovely as they !

Who comes in his pride to that low cottage-door—  
 The haughty and rich to the humble and poor ?  
 'Tis the great Southern planter—the master who waves  
 His whip of dominion o'er hundreds of slaves.

“Nay, Ellen—for shame ! Let those Yankee fools spin,  
 Who would pass for our slaves with a change of their skins ;

Let them toil as they will at the loom or the wheel,  
Too stupid for shame, and too vulgar to feel!

"But thou art too lovely and precious a gem  
To be bound to their burdens and sullied by them—  
For shame, Ellen, shame!—cast thy bondage aside,  
And away to the South, as my blessing and pride.

"Oh, come where no winter thy footsteps can wrong,  
But where flowers are blossoming all the year long,  
Where the shade of the palm-tree is over my home,  
And the lemon and orange are white in their bloom!

"Oh, come to my home, where my servants shall all  
Depart at thy bidding and come at thy call;  
They shall heed thee as mistress with trembling and awe,  
And each wish of thy heart shall be felt as a law."

Oh, could ye have seen her—that pride of our girls—  
Arise and cast back the dark wealth of her curls,  
With a scorn in her eye which the gazer could feel,  
And a glance like the sunshine that flashes on steel!

"Go back, haughty Southron! thy treasures of gold  
Are dim with the blood of the hearts thou hast sold;  
Thy home may be lovely, but round it I hear  
The crack of the whip and the footsteps of fear!

"And the sky of thy South may be brighter than ours,  
And greener thy landscapes, and fairer thy flowers;  
But, dearer the blast round our mountains which raves,  
Than the sweet summer zephyr which breathes over slaves!

"Full low at thy bidding thy negroes may kneel,  
With the iron of bondage on spirit and heel;  
Yet know that the Yankee girl sooner would be  
In fetters with them, than in freedom with thee!"

---

TO W. L. G.

CHAMPION of those who groan be-  
neath

Oppression's iron hand:  
In view of penury, hate and death,  
I see thee fearless stand,  
Still bearing up thy lofty brow,  
In the steadfast strength of  
truth,  
In manhood sealing well the vow  
And promise of thy youth.

Go on!—for thou hast chosen well;  
On in the strength of God!

Long as one human heart shall  
swell

Beneath the tyrant's rod,  
Speak in a slumbering nation's  
ear,  
As thou hast ever spoken,  
Until the dead in sin shall hear—  
The fetter's link be broken!

I love thee with a brother's love,  
I feel my pulses thrill,  
To mark thy spirit soar above  
The cloud of human ill.

My heart hath leaped to answer  
thine,  
And echo back thy words,  
As leaps the warrior's at the shine  
And flash of kindred swords!

They tell me thou art rash and  
vain—

A searcher after fame—  
That thou art striving but to gain  
A long-enduring name—  
That thou hast nerved the Afric's  
hand,  
And steeled the Afric's heart,  
To shake aloft his vengeful brand,  
And rend his chain apart.

Have I not known thee well, and  
read

Thy mighty purpose long !

And watched the trials which have  
made

Thy human spirit strong ?  
And shall the slanderer's demon  
breath

Avail with one like me,  
To dim the sunshine of my faith  
And earnest trust in thee ?

Go on—the dagger's point may  
glare

Amid thy pathway's gloom—  
The fate which sternly threatens  
there

Is glorious martyrdom !  
Then onward with a martyr's  
zeal—

Press on to thy reward—  
The hour when man shall only  
kneel

Before his Father—God.

### SONG OF THE FREE.

[ " Living, I shall assert the right of FREE DISCUSSION ; dying, I shall assert it ; and, should I leave no other inheritance to my children, by the blessing of God I will leave them the inheritance of FREE PRINCIPLES, and the example of a manly and independent defence of them."—*Daniel Webster.* ]

PRIDE of New England !  
Soul of our fathers !  
Shrink we all craven-like,  
When the storm gathers ?  
What though the tempest be  
Over us lowering,  
Where's the New Englander  
Shamefully cowering ?  
Graves green and holy  
Around us are lying,—  
Free were the sleepers all,  
Living and dying !

Back with the Southerner's  
Padlocks and scourges !  
Go—let him fetter down  
Ocean's free surges !  
Go—let him silence  
Winds, clouds, and waters—  
Never New England's own  
Free sons and daughters !  
Free as our rivers are  
Ocean-ward going—  
Free as the breezes are  
Over us blowing.

Up to our altars, then,  
Haste we, and summon  
Courage and loveliness,  
Manhood and woman !  
Deep let our pledges be :  
Freedom forever !  
Truce with oppression,  
Never, oh ! never !  
By our own birthright-gift,  
Granted of Heaven—  
Freedom for heart and lip,  
Be the pledge given !

If we have whispered truth,  
Whisper no longer ;  
Speak as the tempest does,  
Stern and stronger ;  
Still be the tones of truth,  
Louder and firmer,  
Startling the haughty South  
With the deep murmur :  
God and our charter's right,  
Freedom forever !  
Truce with oppression,  
Never, oh ! never !

## THE HUNTERS OF MEN.

Written on reading the report of the proceedings of the American Colonization Society, at its annual meeting in 1834.

HAVE ye heard of our hunting, o'er mountain and glen,  
Through cane-crake and forest—the hunting of men?  
The lords of our land to this hunting have gone,  
As the fox-hunter follows the sound of the horn:  
Hark!—the cheer and the hallo!—the crack of the whip,  
And the yell of the hound as he fastens his grip!  
All blithe are our hunters, and noble their match—  
Though hundreds are caught, there are millions to catch.  
So speed to their hunting, o'er mountain and glen,  
Through cane-brake and forest—the hunting of men!

Gay luck to our hunters!—how nobly they ride  
In the glow of their zeal, and the strength of their pride!—  
The priest with his cassock flung back on the wind,  
Just screening the politic statesman behind—  
The saint and the sinner, with cursing and prayer—  
The drunk and the sober, ride merrily there.  
And woman—kind woman—wife, widow, and maid—  
For the good of the hunted, is lending her aid:  
Her foot's in the stirrup—her hand on the rein—  
How blithely she rides to the hunting of men!

Oh! goodly and grand is our hunting to see,  
In this “land of the brave and this home of the free.”  
Priest, warrior, and statesman, from Georgia to Maine,  
All mounting the saddle—all grasping the rein—  
Right merrily hunting the black man, whose sin  
Is the curl of his hair and the hue of his skin!  
Woe, now, to the hunted who turns him at bay!  
Will our hunters be turned from their purpose and prey?  
Will their hearts fail within them?—their nerves tremble, when  
All roughly they ride to the hunting of men?

Ho!—ALMS for our hunters! all weary and faint  
Wax the curse of the sinner and prayer of the saint.  
The horn is wound faintly—the echoes are still,  
Over cane-brake and river, and forest and hill.  
Haste—alms for our hunters! the hunted once more  
Have turned from their flight with their backs to the shore:  
What right have *they* here in the home of the white,  
Shadowed o'er by *our* banner of Freedom and Right?  
Ho!—alms for the hunters! or never again  
Will they ride in their pomp to the hunting of men!

ALMS—ALMS for our hunters! why *will* ye delay,  
When their pride and their glory are melting away?  
The parson has turned; for, on charge of his own,  
Who goeth a warfare, or hunting, alone?

The politic statesman looks back with a sigh—  
 There is doubt in his heart—there is fear in his eye.  
 Oh! haste, lest that doubting and fear shall prevail,  
 And the head of his steed take the place of the tail.  
 Oh! haste, ere he leave us! for who will ride then,  
 For pleasure or gain, to the hunting of men?

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### CLERICAL OPPRESSORS.

[In the Report of the celebrated pro-slavery meeting in Charleston S. C., on the 4th of the 9th month, 1835, published in the "Courier" of that city, it is stated, "*The CLERGY of all denominations attended in a body, LENDING THEIR SANCTION TO THE PROCEEDINGS, and adding by their presence to the impressive character of the scene!*" ]

JUST God!—and these are they  
 Who minister at Thine altar, God of Right!  
 Men who their hands with prayer and blessing lay  
 On Israel's Ark of light!

What! preach and kidnap men?  
 Give thanks—and rob Thy own afflicted poor?  
 Talk of Thy glorious liberty, and then  
 Bolt hard the captive's door?

What! servants of Thy own  
 Merciful Son, who came to seek and save  
 The homeless and the outcast,—fettering down  
 The tasked and plundered slave!

Pilate and Herod, friends!  
 Chief priests and rulers, as of old, combine!  
 Just God and holy! is that church, which lends  
 Strength to the spoiler, Thine?

Paid hypocrites, who turn  
 Judgment aside, and rob the Holy Book  
 Of those high words of truth which search and burn  
 In warning and rebuke;

Feed fat, ye locusts, feed!  
 And, in your tasselled pulpits, thank the Lord  
 That, from the toiling bondsman's utter need,  
 Ye pile your own full board.

How long, O Lord! how long  
 Shall such a priesthood barter truth away,  
 And, in Thy name, for robbery and wrong  
 At Thy own altars pray?

Is not Thy hand stretched forth  
 Visibly in the heavens, to awe and smite?  
 Shall not the living God of all the earth,  
 And heaven above, do right?

Woe, then, to all who grind  
 Their brethren of a common Father down!  
 To all who plunder from the immortal mind  
 Its bright and glorious crown!

Woe to the priesthood! woe  
 To those whose hire is with the price of blood—  
 Perverting, darkening, changing as they go,  
 The searching truths of God!

Their glory and their might  
 Shall perish; and their very names shall be  
 Vile before all the people, in the light  
 Of a world's liberty.

Oh! speed the moment on  
 When Wrong shall cease—and Liberty, and Love,  
 And Truth, and Right, throughout the earth be known  
 As in their home above.

## THE CHRISTIAN SLAVE.

[In a late publication of L. F. TASISTRO, "Random Shots and Southern Breezes," is a description of a slave auction at New Orleans, at which the auctioneer recommended the woman on the stand as "A GOOD CHRISTIAN!"]

A CHRISTIAN! going, gone!  
 Who bids for God's own image?—for His grace  
 Which that poor victim of the market-place  
 Hath in her suffering won?

My God! can such things be?  
 Hast thou not said that whatso'er is done  
 Unto Thy weakest and Thy humblest one,  
 Is even done to Thee?

In that sad victim, then,  
 Child of Thy pitying love, I see Thee stand—  
 Once more the jest-word of a mocking band,  
 Bound, sold, and scourged again!

A Christian up for sale!  
 Wet with her blood your whips—o'ertask her frame,  
 Make her life loathsome with your wrong and shame.  
*Her* patience shall not fail!

A heathen hand might deal  
 Back on your heads the gathered wrong of years,  
 But her low, broken prayer and nightly tears  
 Ye neither heed nor feel.

Con well thy lesson o'er,  
 Thou *prudent* teacher—tell the toiling slave

No dangerous tale of Him who came to save  
The outcast and the poor.

But wisely shut the ray  
Of God's free Gospel from her simple heart,  
And to her darkened mind alone impart  
One stern command—"OBEY!"\*

So shalt thou deftly raise  
The market price of human flesh; and while  
On thee, their pampered guest, the planters smile  
Thy church shall praise.

Grave, reverend men shall tell  
From Northern pulpits how thy work was blest,  
While in that vile South Sodom, first and best,  
Thy poor disciples sell.

Oh, shame! the Moslem thrall,  
Who, with his master, to the Prophet kneels,  
While turning to the sacred Kebla feels  
His fetters break and fall.

Cheers for the turbaned Bey  
Of robber-peopled Tunis! he hath torn  
The dark slave-dungeons open, and hath borne  
Their inmates into day:

But our poor slave in vain  
Turns to the Christian shrine his aching eyes—  
Its rites will only swell his market price,  
And rivet on his chain.†

God of all right! how long  
Shall priestly robbers at Thine altar stand,  
Lifting in prayer to Thee, the bloody hand  
And haughty brow of wrong?

Oh, from the fields of cane,  
From the low rice-swamp, from the trader's cell—  
From the black slave-ship's foul and loathsome hell,  
And coffle's weary chain,—

Hoarse, horrible, and strong,  
Rises to Heaven that agonizing cry,  
Filling the arches of the hollow sky,  
HOW LONG, OH GOD, HOW LONG?

\* There is in Liberty County, Georgia, an Association for the religious instruction of Negroes. Their seventh annual report contains an address by the *Rev. Josiah Spry Law*, from which we extract the following:—"There is a growing interest, in this community, in the religious instruction of Negroes. There is a conviction that religious instruction promotes the *quiet and order* of the people, and the pecuniary *interest* of the owners."

† We often see advertisements in the Southern papers, in which individual slaves, or several of a lot, are recommended as "*pious*," or as "*members of churches*." Lately we saw a slave advertised, who, among other qualifications, was described as "*a Baptist preacher*."

## STANZAS FOR THE TIMES.

Is this the land our fathers loved,  
 The freedom which they toiled to win?  
 Is this the soil whereon they moved?  
 Are these the graves they slumber in?  
 Are *we* the sons by whom are borne  
 The mantles which the dead have worn?

And shall we crouch above these graves,  
 With craven soul and fettered lip?  
 Yoke in with marked and branded slaves,  
 And tremble at the driver's whip?  
 Bend to the earth our pliant knees,  
 And speak—but as our masters please?

Shall outraged Nature cease to feel?  
 Shall mercy's tears no longer flow?  
 Shall ruffian threats of cord and steel—  
 The dungeon's gloom—the assassin's blow,  
 Turn back the spirit roused to save  
 The Truth, our Country, and the Slave?

Of human skulls that shrine was made,  
 Round which the priests of Mexico  
 Before their loathsome idol prayed—  
 Is Freedom's altar fashioned so?  
 And must we yield to Freedom's God,  
 As offering meet, the negro's blood?

Shall tongues be mute, when deeds are wrought  
 Which well might shame extremest hell?  
 Shall freemen lock the indignant thought?  
 Shall Pity's bosom cease to swell?  
 Shall Honor bleed?—Shall Truth succumb?  
 Shall pen, and press, and soul be dumb?

No—by each spot of haunted ground,  
 Where Freedom weeps her children's fall—  
 By Plymouth's rock, and Bunker's mound—  
 By Griswold's stained and shattered wall—  
 By Warren's ghost—by Langdon's shade—  
 By all the memories of our dead!

By their enlarging souls, which burst  
 The bands and fetters round them set—  
 By the free Pilgrim spirit nursed  
 Within our inmost bosoms, yet,—  
 By all above—around—below—  
 Be ours the indignant answer—NO!

No—guided by our country's laws,  
 For truth, and right, and suffering man,  
 Be ours to strive in Freedom's cause,  
 As Christians *may*—as freemen *can*!  
 Still pouring on unwilling ears  
 That truth oppression only fears.

What! shall we guard our neighbor still,  
 While woman shrieks beneath his rod,  
 And while he tramples down at will  
 The image of a common God!  
 Shall watch and ward be round him set,  
 Of Northern nerve and bayonet?

And shall we know and share with him  
 The danger and the growing shame?  
 And see our Freedom's light grow dim,  
 Which should have filled the world with flame?  
 And, writhing, feel, where'er we turn,  
 A world's reproach around us burn?

Is 't not enough that this is borne?  
 And asks our hearty neighbor more?  
 Must fetters which his slaves have worn,  
 Clank round the Yankee farmer's door?  
 Must he be told, beside his plough,  
 What he must speak, and when, and how?

Must he be told his freedom stands  
 On Slavery's dark foundations strong—  
 On breaking hearts and fettered hands,  
 On robbery, and crime, and wrong?  
 That all his fathers taught is vain—  
 That Freedom's emblem is the chain?

Its life—its soul, from slavery drawn?  
 False—foul—profane! Go—teach as well  
 Of holy Truth from Falsehood born!  
 Of Heaven refreshed by airs from Hell!  
 Of Virtue in the arms of Vice!  
 Of Demons planting Paradise!

Rail on, then, "brethren of the South"—  
 Ye shall not hear the truth the less—  
 No seal is on the Yankee's mouth,  
 No fetters on the Yankee press!  
 From our Green Mountains to the Sea,  
 One voice shall thunder—WE ARE FREE!

## LINES

Written on reading the spirited and manly remarks of Governor RITNER, of Pennsylvania, in his Message of 1836, on the subject of Slavery.

THANK God for the token!—one lip is still free—  
 One spirit untrammelled—unbending one knee !  
 Like the oak of the mountain, deep-rooted and firm,  
 Erect, when the multitude bends to the storm ;  
 When traitors to Freedom, and Honor, and God,  
 Are bowed at an Idol polluted with blood ;  
 When the recreant North has forgotten her trust,  
 And the lip of her honor is low in the dust,—  
 Thank God, that one arm from the shackle has broken !  
 Thank God, that one man, as a *freeman*, has spoken !

O'er thy crags, Alleghany, a blast has been blown !  
 Down thy tide, Susquehanna, the murmur has gone !  
 To the land of the South—of the charter and chain—  
 Of Liberty sweetened with Slavery's pain ;  
 Where the cant of Democracy dwells on the lips  
 Of the forgers of fetters, and wielders of whips !  
 Where " chivalric " honor means really no more  
 Than scourging of women, and robbing the poor !  
 Where the Moloch of Slavery sitteth on high,  
 And the words which he utters are—WORSHIP, OR DIE !

Right onward, oh, speed it ! Wherever the blood  
 Of the wronged and the guiltless is crying to God ;  
 Wherever a slave in his fetters is pining ;  
 Wherever the lash of the driver is twining ;  
 Wherever from kindred, torn rudely apart,  
 Comes the sorrowful wail of the broken of heart ;  
 Wherever the shackles of tyranny bind,  
 In silence and darkness, the God-given mind ;  
 There, God speed it onward!—its truth will be felt—  
 The bonds shall be loosened—the iron shall melt !

And oh, will the land where the free soul of PENN  
 Still lingers and breathes over mountain and glen—  
 Will the land where a BENEZET's spirit went forth  
 To the peeled, and the meted, and outcast of Earth—  
 Where the words of the Charter of Liberty first  
 From the soul of the sage and the patriot burst—  
 Where first for the wronged and the weak of their kind,  
 The Christian and statesman their efforts combined—  
 Will that land of the free and the good wear a chain ?  
 Will the call to the rescue of Freedom be vain ?

No, RITNER!—her " Friends," at thy warning shall stand  
 Erect for the truth, like their ancestral band ;  
 Forgetting the feuds and the strife of past time,  
 Counting coldness injustice, and silence a crime ;

Turning back from the cavil of creeds, to unite  
 Once again for the poor in defence of the Right;  
 Breasting calmly, but firmly, the full tide of Wrong,  
 Overwhelmed, but not borne on its surges along;  
 Unappalled by the danger, the shame, and the pain,  
 And counting each trial for Truth as their gain!

And that bold-hearted yeomanry, honest and true,  
 Who, haters of fraud, give to labor its due;  
 Whose fathers, of old, sang in concert with thine,  
 On the banks of Swetara, the songs of the Rhine—  
 The German-born pilgrims, who first dared to brave  
 The scorn of the proud in the cause of the slave: \*—  
 Will the sons of such men yield the lords of the South  
 One brow for the brand—for the padlock one mouth?  
 They cater to tyrants?—they rivet the chain,  
 Which their fathers smote off, on the negro again?

No, never!—one voice, like the sound in the cloud,  
 When the roar of the storm waxes loud and more loud,  
 Wherever the foot of the freeman hath pressed  
 From the Delaware's marge to the Lake of the West,  
 On the South-going breezes shall deepen and grow  
 Till the land it sweeps over shall tremble below!  
 The voice of a PEOPLE—uprisen—awake—  
 Pennsylvania's watchword, with Freedom at stake,  
 Thrilling up from each valley, flung down from each height,  
 "OUR COUNTRY AND LIBERTY!—GOD FOR THE RIGHT!"

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### LINES.

Written on reading the famous "PASTORAL LETTER" of the Massachusetts General Association, 1837.

So, this is all—the utmost reach  
 Of priestly power the mind to fetter!  
 When laymen think—when women preach—  
 A war of words—a "Pastoral Letter!" \*  
 Now, shame upon ye, parish Popes!  
 Was it thus with those, your predecessors,  
 Who sealed with racks, and fire, and ropes  
 Their loving kindness to transgressors?  
 A "Pastoral Letter," grave and dull—  
 Alas! in hoof and horns and features,  
 How different is your Brookfield bull,  
 From him who bellows from St. Peter's!  
 Your pastoral rights and powers from harm,  
 Think ye, Can words alone preserve them?  
 Your wiser fathers taught the arm  
 And sword of temporal power to serve them.

\* It is a remarkable fact that the first testimony of a religious body against negro slavery was that of a Society of German "Friends" in Pennsylvania.

Oh, glorious days—when church and state  
 Were wedded by your spiritual fathers!  
 And on submissive shoulders sat  
 Your Wilsons and your Cotton Mathers.  
 No vile "itinerant" then could mar  
 The beauty of your tranquil Zion,  
 But at his peril of the scar  
 Of hangman's whip and branding-iron.

Then, wholesome laws relieved the church  
 Of heretic and mischief-maker,  
 And priest and bailiff joined in search,  
 By turns, of Papist, witch, and Quaker!  
 The stocks were at each church's door,  
 The gallows stood on Boston Common,  
 A Papist's ears the pillory bore,—  
 The gallows-rope, a Quaker woman!

Your fathers dealt not as ye deal  
 With "non-professing" frantic teachers;  
 They bored the tongue with red-hot steel,  
 And flayed the backs of female preachers."  
 Old Newbury, had her fields a tongue,  
 And Salem's streets, could tell their story,  
 Of fainting woman dragged along,  
 Gashed by the whip, accursed and gory!

And will ye ask me, why this taunt  
 Of memories sacred from the scorner?  
 And why with reckless hand I plant  
 A nettle on the graves ye honor?  
 Not to reproach New England's dead  
 This record from the past I summon,  
 Of manhood to the scaffold led,  
 And suffering and heroic woman.

No—for yourselves alone, I turn  
 The pages of intolerance over,  
 That, in their spirit, dark and stern,  
 Ye haply may your own discover!  
 For, if ye claim the "pastoral right"  
 To silence Freedom's voice of warning,  
 And from your precincts shut the light  
 Of Freedom's day around ye dawning;

If when an earthquake voice of power,  
 And signs in earth and heaven are showing  
 That, forth, in its appointed hour,  
 The Spirit of the Lord is going!  
 And, when that Spirit, Freedom's light  
 On kindred, tongue, and people breaking,  
 Whose slumbering millions, at the sight,  
 In glory and in strength are waking!

When for the sighing of the poor,  
 And for the needy, God hath risen,  
 And chains are breaking, and a door  
 Is opening for the souls in prison !  
 If then ye would, with puny hands,  
 Arrest the very work of Heaven,  
 And bind anew the evil bands  
 Which God's right arm of power hath riven—

What marvel that, in many a mind,  
 Those darker deeds of bigot madness  
 Are closely with your own combined,  
 Yet " less in anger than in sadness " ?  
 What marvel, if the people learn  
 To claim the right of free opinion ?  
 What marvel, if at times they spurn  
 The ancient yoke of your dominion ?

Oh, how contrast, with such as ye,  
 A LEAVITT'S free and generous bearing !  
 A PERRY'S calm integrity,  
 A PHELP'S zeal and Christian daring !  
 A FOLLENS' soul of sacrifice,  
 And MAY'S with kindness overflowing !  
 How green and lovely in the eyes  
 Of freemen are their graces growing !

Ay, there's a glorious remnant yet,  
 Whose lips are wet at Freedom's fountains,  
 The coming of whose welcome feet  
 Is beautiful upon our mountains !  
 Men, who the gospel tidings bring  
 Of Liberty and Love forever,  
 Whose joy is one abiding spring,  
 Whose peace is as a gentle river !

But ye, who scorn the thrilling tale  
 Of Carolina's high-souled daughters,  
 Which echoes here the mournful wail  
 Of sorrow from Edisto's waters,  
 Close while ye may the public ear—  
 With malice vex, with slander wound them—  
 The pure and good shall throng to hear,  
 And tried and manly hearts surround them.

Oh, ever may the power which led  
 Their way to such a fiery trial,  
 And strengthened womanhood to tread  
 The wine-press of such self-denial,  
 Be round them in an evil land,  
 With wisdom and with strength from Heaven,  
 With Miriam's voice, and Judith's hand,  
 And Deborah's song for triumph given !

And what are ye who strive with God,  
 Against the ark of his salvation,  
 Moved by the breath of prayer abroad,  
 With blessings for a dying nation?  
 What, but the stubble and the hay  
 To perish, even as flax consuming,  
 With all that bars His glorious way,  
 Before the brightness of His coming?

And thou sad Angel, who so long  
 Hast waited for the glorious token,  
 That Earth from all her bonds of wrong  
 To liberty and light has broken—  
 Angel of Freedom! soon to thee  
 The sounding trumpet shall be given,  
 And over Earth's full jubilee  
 Shall deeper joy be felt in Heaven!

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LINES.

Written for the Meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society, at Chatham Street Chapel, N. Y., held on the 4th of the 7th month, 1834.

O THOU, whose presence went before  
 Our fathers in their weary way,  
 As with thy chosen moved of yore  
 The fire by night—the cloud by day!

When from each temple of the free,  
 A nation's song ascends to Heaven,  
 Most Holy Father! unto Thee  
 May not our humble prayer be given?

Thy children all—though hue and form  
 Are varied in thine own good will—  
 With Thy own holy breathings warm,  
 And fashioned in Thine image still

We thank Thee, Father!—hill and plain  
 Around us wave their fruits once more,  
 And clustered vine, and blossomed grain,  
 Are bending round each cottage door.

And peace is here; and hope and love  
 Are round us as a mantle thrown,  
 And unto Thee, supreme above,  
 The knee of prayer is bowed alone.

But oh, for those this day can bring,  
 As unto us, no joyful thrill—  
 For those who, under Freedom's wing,  
 Are bound in Slavery's fetters still:

For those to whom Thy living word  
 Of light and love is never given—  
 For those whose ears have never heard  
 The promise and the hope of Heaven!

For broken heart, and clouded mind,  
 Whereon no human mercies fall—  
 Oh, be Thy gracious love inclined,  
 Who, as a father, pitiest all!

And grant, O Father! that the time  
 Of Earth's deliverance may be near,  
 When every land, and tongue, and clime,  
 The message of Thy love shall hear—

When, smitten as with fire from heaven,  
 The captive's chain shall sink in dust,  
 And to his fettered soul be given  
 The glorious freedom of the just!

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#### LINES

Written for the celebration of the Third Anniversary of British Emancipation, at the Broadway Tabernacle, N. Y., "First of August," 1837.

O HOLY FATHER!—just and true  
 Are all Thy works and words and ways,  
 And unto Thee alone are due  
 Thanksgiving and eternal praise!  
 As children of Thy gracious care,  
 We veil the eye—we bend the knee,  
 With broken words of praise and prayer,  
 Father and God, we come to Thee.

For Thou hast heard, O God of Right,  
 The sighing of the island slave;  
 And stretched for him the arm of might,  
 Not shortened that it could not save.  
 The laborer sits beneath his vine,  
 The shackled soul and hand are free—  
 Thanksgiving!—for the work is Thine!  
 Praise!—for the blessing is of Thee!

And oh, we feel Thy presence here—  
 Thy awful arm in judgment bare!  
 Thine eye hath seen the bondman's tear—  
 Thine ear hath heard the bondman's prayer!  
 Praise!—for the pride of man is low,  
 The counsels of the wise are naught,  
 The fountains of repentance flow;  
 What hath our God in mercy wrought?

Speed on Thy work, Lord God of Hosts!  
 And when the bondman's chain is riven,  
 And swells from all our guilty coasts  
 The anthem of the free to Heaven,  
 Oh, not to those whom Thou hast led,  
 As with Thy cloud and fire before,  
 But unto Thee, in fear and dread,  
 Be praise and glory evermore.

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LINES

Written for the Anniversary celebration of the First of August, at Milton, 1840.

A FEW brief years have passed away  
 Since Britain drove her million slaves  
 Beneath the tropic's fiery ray:  
 God willed their freedom; and to-day  
 Life blooms above those island graves!

He spoke! across the Carib sea,  
 We heard the clash of breaking chains,  
 And felt the heart-throb of the free,  
 The first, strong pulse of liberty  
 Which thrilled along the bondman's veins.

Though long delayed, and far, and slow,  
 The Briton's triumph shall be ours:  
 Wears slavery here a prouder brow  
 Than that which twelve short years ago  
 Scowled darkly from her island bowers?

Mighty alike for good or ill  
 With mother-land, we fully share  
 The Saxon strength—the nerve of steel—  
 The tireless energy of will,—  
 The power to do, the pride to dare.

What she has done can we not do?  
 Our hour and men are both at hand;  
 The blast which Freedom's angel blew  
 O'er her green islands, echoes through  
 Each valley of our forest land.

Hear it, old Europe! we have sworn  
 The death of slavery.—When it falls  
 Look to your vassals in their turn,  
 Your poor dumb millions, crushed and worn,  
 Your prisons and your palace walls!

Oh kingly mockers!—scoffing show  
 What deeds in Freedom's name we do;  
 Yet know that every taunt ye throw  
 Across the waters, goads our slow  
 Progression toward the right and true.

Not always shall your outraged poor,  
 Appalled by democratic crime,  
 Grind as their fathers ground before,—  
 The hour which sees our prison door  
 Swing wide shall be *their* triumph time.

On then, my brothers! every blow  
 Ye deal is felt the wide earth through;  
 Whatever here uplifts the low  
 Or humbles Freedom's hateful foe,  
 Blesses the Old World through the New.

Take heart! The promised hour draws near—  
 I hear the downward beat of wings,  
 And Freedom's trumpet sounding clear—  
 Joy to the people!—woe and fear  
 To new world tyrants, old world kings!

### THE FAREWELL

OF A VIRGINIA SLAVE MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTERS, SOLD INTO  
 SOUTHERN BONDAGE.

GONE, gone—sold and gone,  
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
 Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings,  
 Where the noisome insect stings,  
 Where the fever demon strews  
 Poison with the falling dews,  
 Where the sickly sunbeams glare  
 Through the hot and misty air,—  
 Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
 From Virginia's hills and waters,—  
 Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
 There no mother's eye is near them,  
 There no mother's ear can hear them;  
 Never, when the torturing lash  
 Seams their back with many a gash,  
 Shall a mother's kindness bless them,  
 Or a mother's arms caress them.  
 Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
 From Virginia's hills and waters—  
 Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone.

Oh, when weary, sad, and slow,  
From the fields at night they go,  
Faint with toil, and racked with pain,  
To their cheerless homes again—  
There no brother's voice shall greet them—  
There no father's welcome meet them.

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters—  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From the tree whose shadow lay  
On their childhood's place of play—  
From the cool spring where they drank—  
Rock, and hill, and rivulet bank—  
From the solemn house of prayer,  
And the holy counsels there—

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters,—  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone—  
Toiling through the weary day,  
And at night the spoiler's prey.  
Oh, that they had earlier died,  
Sleeping calmly, side by side,  
Where the tyrant's power is o'er  
And the fetter galls no more!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dark and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters,—  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dark and lone.  
By the holy love He beareth—  
By the bruised reed He spareth—  
Oh, may He, to whom alone  
All their cruel wrongs are known,  
Still their hope and refuge prove,  
With a more than a mother's love,  
Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters,—  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

## ADDRESS

Written for the opening of "PENNSYLVANIA HALL," dedicated to Free Discussion, Virtue, Liberty, and Independence, of the 15th of the 5th month, 1838.

Nor with the splendors of the days of old,  
The spoil of nations, and "barbaric gold"—  
No weapons wrested from the fields of blood,  
Where dark and stern the unyielding Roman stood,  
And the proud eagles of his cohorts saw  
A world, war-wasted, crouching to his law—  
Nor blazoned car—nor banners floating gay,  
Like those which swept along the Appian way,  
When to the welcome of imperial Rome,  
The victor warrior came in triumph home,  
And trumpet-peal, and shoutings wild and high,  
Stirred the blue quiet of the Italian sky;  
But calm and grateful, prayerful and sincere,  
As Christian freemen, only, gathering here,  
We dedicate our fair and lofty Hall,  
Pillar and arch, entablature and wall,  
As Virtue's shrine—as Liberty's abode—  
Sacred to Freedom, and to Freedom's God!

Oh! loftier halls, 'neath brighter skies than these,  
Stood darkly mirrored in the Ægean seas,  
Pillar and shrine—and lifelike statues seen,  
Graceful and pure, the marble shafts between,  
Where glorious Athens from her rocky hill  
Saw Art and Beauty subject to her will—  
And the chaste temple, and the classic grove—  
The hall of sages—and the bowers of love,  
Arch, fane, and column, graced the shores, and gave  
Their shadows to the blue Saronic wave;  
And statelier rose, on Tiber's winding side,  
The Pantheon's dome—the Coliseum's pride—  
The Capitol, whose arches backward flung  
The deep, clear cadence of the Roman tongue,  
Whence stern decrees, like words of fate, went forth  
To the awed nations of a conquered earth,  
Where the proud Cæsars in their glory came,  
And Brutus lightened from his lips of flame!

Yet in the porches of Athena's halls,  
And in the shadows of her stately walls,  
Lurked the sad bondman, and his tears of woe  
Wet the cold marble with unheeded flow;  
And fetters clanked beneath the silver dome  
Of the proud Pantheon of imperious Rome.  
Oh! not for him—the chained and stricken slave—  
By Tiber's shore, or blue Ægina's wave,

In the thronged forum, or the sage's seat,  
 The bold lip pleaded, and the warm heart beat;  
 No soul of sorrow melted at his pain,  
 No tear of pity rusted on his chain!

But this fair Hall, to Truth and Freedom given,  
 Pledged to the Right before all Earth and Heaven,  
 A free arena for the strife of mind,  
 To caste, or sect, or color unconfined,  
 Shall thrill with echoes, such as ne'er of old  
 From Roman hall, or Grecian temple rolled;  
 Thoughts shall find utterance, such as never yet  
 The Propylaea or the Forum met.  
 Beneath its roof no gladiator's strife  
 Shall win applauses with the waste of life;  
 No lordly lictor urge the barbarous game—  
 No wanton Lais glory in her shame.  
 But here the tear of sympathy shall flow,  
 As the ear listens to the tale of woe;  
 Here, in stern judgment of the oppressor's wrong—  
 Shall strong rebukings thrill on Freedom's tongue—  
 No partial justice hold the unequal scale—  
 No pride of caste a brother's rights assail—  
 No tyrant's mandates echo from this wall,  
 Holy to Freedom and the Rights of All!  
 But a fair field, where mind may close with mind,  
 Free as the sunshine and the chainless wind;  
 Where the high trust is fixed on Truth alone,  
 And bonds and fetters from the soul are thrown;  
 Where wealth, and rank, and worldly pomp, and might,  
 Yield to the presence of the True and Right.

And fitting is it that this Hall should stand  
 Where Pennsylvania's Founder led his band,  
 From thy blue waters, Delaware!—to press  
 The virgin verdure of the wilderness.  
 Here, where all Europe with amazement saw  
 The soul's high freedom trammelled by no law;  
 Here, where the fierce and warlike forest-men  
 Gathered in peace, around the home of PENN,  
 Awed by the weapons Love alone had given,  
 Drawn from the holy armory of Heaven;  
 Where Nature's voice against the bondman's wrong  
 First found an earnest and indignant tongue;  
 Where LAY's bold message to the proud was borne  
 And KEITH's rebuke, and FRANKLIN's manly scorn—  
 Fitting it is that here, where Freedom first  
 From her fair feet shook off the Old World's dust,  
 Spread her white pinions to our Western blast,  
 And her free tresses to our sunshine cast,  
 One Hall should rise redeemed from Slavery's ban—  
 One Temple sacred to the Rights of Man!

Oh! if the spirits of the parted come,  
 Visiting angels, to their olden home;  
 If the dead fathers of the land look forth  
 From their far dwellings, to the things of earth—  
 Is it a dream, that with their eyes of love,  
 They gaze now on us from the bowers above?  
 LAY's ardent soul—and BENEZET the mild,  
 Steadfast in faith, yet gentle as a child—  
 Meek-hearted WOOLMAN,—and that brother-band,  
 The sorrowing exiles from their "FATHERLAND,"  
 Leaving their homes in Krieshiem's bowers of vine,  
 And the blue beauty of their glorious Rhine,  
 To seek amidst our solemn depths of wood  
 Freedom from man and holy peace with God;  
 Who first, of all their testimonial gave  
 Against the oppressor,—for the outcast slave,—  
 Is it a dream that such as these look down,  
 And with their blessing our rejoicings crown?

Let us rejoice, that, while the pulpit's door  
 Is barred against the pleaders for the poor;  
 While the church, wrangling upon points of faith,  
 Forgets her bondmen suffering unto death;  
 While crafty traffic and the lust of gain  
 Unite to forge oppression's triple chain,  
 One door is open, and one Temple free—  
 As a resting place for hunted Liberty!  
 Where men may speak, unshackled and unawed,  
 High words of truth, for Freedom and for God.

And when that truth its perfect work hath done,  
 And rich with blessings o'er our land hath gone;  
 When not a slave beneath his yoke shall pine,  
 From broad Potomac to the far Sabine;  
 When unto angel-lips at last is given  
 The silver trump of Jubilee to Heaven;  
 And from Virginia's plains—Kentucky's shades,  
 And through the dim Floridian everglades,  
 Rises, to meet that angel-trumpet's sound,  
 The voice of millions from their chains unbound—  
 Then, though this Hall be crumbling in decay,  
 Its strong walls blending with the common clay,  
 Yet, round the ruins of its strength shall stand  
 The best and noblest of a ransomed land—  
 Pilgrims, like those who throng around the shrine  
 Of Mecca, or of holy Palestine!—  
 A prouder glory shall that ruin own  
 Than that which lingers round the Parthenon.

Here shall the child of after years be taught  
 The work of Freedom which his fathers wrought—  
 Told of the trials of the present hour,  
 Our weary strife with prejudice and power,—

How the high errand quickened woman's soul,  
 And touched her lip as with a living coal—  
 How Freedom's martyrs kept their lofty faith,  
 True and unwavering, unto bonds and death.—  
 The pencil's art shall sketch the ruined Hall,  
 The Muses' garland crown its aged wall,  
 And History's pen for after times record  
 Its consecration unto FREEDOM'S GOD!

## THE MORAL WARFARE.

WHEN Freedom, on her natal day,  
 Within her war-rocked cradle lay,  
 An iron race around her stood,  
 Baptized her infant brow in blood  
 And, through the storm which  
     round her swept,  
 Their constant ward and watching  
     kept.

Then, where our quiet herds re-  
     pose,  
 The roar of baleful battle rose,  
 And brethren of a common tongue  
 To mortal strife as tigers sprung,  
 And every gift on Freedom's  
     shrine  
 Was man for beast, and blood for  
     wine!

Our fathers to their graves have  
     gone;  
 Their strife is past—their triumph  
     won;  
 But sterner trials wait the race  
 Which rises in their honored place—  
 A moral warfare with the crime  
 And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might  
 We gird us for the coming fight,  
 And, strong in Him whose cause is  
     ours  
 In conflict with unholy powers,  
 We grasp the weapons He has  
     given,—  
 The Light, and Truth, and Love of  
     Heaven!

## THE RESPONSE.

[“To agitate the question (Slavery) anew, is not only impolitic, but it is a virtual breach of good faith to our brethren of the South; an unwarrantable interference with their domestic relations and institutions.” “I can never, in the official station which I occupy, consent to countenance a course which may jeopard the peace and harmony of the Union.”—*Governor Porter's Inaugural Message*, 1838.]

No “countenance” of his, forsooth!  
 Who asked it at his vassal hands?  
 Who looked for homage done to Truth,  
 By party's vile and hateful bands?  
 Who dreamed that one by them possessed,  
 Would lay for her his spear in rest?

His “countenance”! well, let it light  
 The human robber to his spoil!—  
 Let those who track the bondsman's flight,  
 Like bloodhounds o'er our once free soil,  
 Bask in its sunshine while they may,  
 And howl its praises on their way;

We ask no boon : our rights we claim—  
 Free press and thought—free tongue and pen—  
 The right to speak in Freedom's name,  
 As Pennsylvanians and as men ;  
 To do, by Lynch law unforbid,  
 What our own Rush and Franklin did.

Ay, there we stand, with planted feet,  
 Steadfast, where those old worthies stood :—  
 Upon us let the tempest beat,  
 Around us swell and surge the flood :  
 We fail or triumph on that spot ;  
 God helping us, we falter not.

"A breach of plighted faith ?" For shame !—  
 Who voted for that "breach" ! Who gave  
 In the state councils, vote and name  
 For freedom for the District slave ?  
 Consistent patriot ! go, forswear,  
 Blot out, "expunge" the record there ! \*

Go, eat thy words. Shall H—C—  
 Turn round—a moral harlequin ?  
 And arch V—B—wipe away  
 The stains of his Missouri sin ?  
 And shall that one unlucky vote  
 Stick, burr-like, in *thy* honest throat ?

No—do thy part in "*putting down*" †  
 The friends of Freedom :—summon out  
 The parson in his saintly gown,  
 To curse the outlawed roundabout,  
 In concert with the Belial brood—  
 The Balaam of "the brotherhood" !

Quench every free discussion light—  
 Clap on the legislative snuffers,  
 And caulk with "resolutions" tight  
 The ghastly rents the Union suffers !  
 Let church and state brand Abolition  
 As heresy and rank sedition.

Choke down, at once, each breathing thing,  
 That whispers of the Rights of Man :—  
 Gag the free girl who dares to sing  
 Of freedom o'er her dairy pan :—  
 Dog the old farmer's steps about,  
 And hunt his cherished treason out.

\* It ought to be borne in mind that DAVID R. PORTER voted in the Legislature to instruct the congressional delegation of Pennsylvania to use their influence for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia.

† "He [Martin Van Buren] thinks the abolitionists may be put down,"—*Richmond (Va.) Enquirer*.

Go, hunt sedition.—Search for that  
 In every pedler's cart of rags ;  
 Pry into every Quaker's hat.  
 And DOCTOR FUSSELL's saddle bags !  
 Lest treason wrap, with all its ills,  
 Around his powders and his pills.

Where Chester's oak and walnut shades  
 With slavery-laden breezes stir,  
 And on the hills, and in the glades  
 Of Bucks and honest Lancaster,  
 Are heads which think and hearts which feel—  
 Flints to the Abolition steel !

Ho ! send ye down a corporal's guard  
 With flow of flag and beat of drum—  
 Storm LINDLEY COATES's poultry yard,  
 Beleaguer THOMAS WHITSON's home !  
 Beat up the Quaker quarters—show  
 Your valor to an unarmed foe ;

Do more. Fill up your loathsome jails  
 With faithful men and women—set  
 The scaffold up in these green vales,  
 And let their verdant turf be wet  
 With blood of unresisting men—  
 Ay, do all this, and more,—WHAT THEN ?

Think ye, one heart of man and child  
 Will falter from his lofty faith,  
 At the mob's tumult, fierce and wild—  
 The prison cell—the shameful death ?  
 No!—nursed in storm and trial long,  
 The weakest of our band is strong !

Oh! while before us visions come  
 Of slave ships on Virginia's coast—  
 Of mothers in their childless home,  
 Like Rachel, sorrowing o'er the lost—  
 The slave-gang scourged upon its way—  
 The bloodhound and his human prey—

We cannot falter! Did we so,  
 The stones beneath would murmur out,  
 And all the winds that round us blow  
 Would whisper of our shame about.  
 No ! let the tempest rock the land,  
 Our faith shall live—our truth shall stand.

True as the Vaudois hemmed around  
 With Papal fire and Roman steel—  
 Firm as the Christian heroine bound  
 Upon Domitian's torturing wheel,  
 We 'bate no breath—we curb no thought—  
 Come what may come, WE FALTER NOT !

## THE WORLD'S CONVENTION

OF THE FRIENDS OF EMANCIPATION, HELD IN LONDON IN 1840.

YES, let them gather!—Summon forth  
 The pledged philanthropy of Earth,  
 From every land, whose hills have heard  
 The bugle blast of Freedom waking;  
 Or shrieking of her symbol-bird  
 From out his cloudy eyrie breaking;  
 Where Justice hath one worshipper,  
 Or truth one altar built to her;  
 Where'er a human eye is weeping  
 O'er wrongs which Earth's sad children know—  
 Where'er a single heart is keeping  
 Its prayerful watch with human woe:  
 Thence let them come, and greet each other,  
 And know in each, a friend and brother!

Yes, let them come! from each green vale  
 Where England's old baronial halls  
 Still bear upon their storied walls  
 The grim crusader's rusted mail,  
 Battered by Paynim spear and brand  
 On Malta's rock or Syria's sand!  
 And mouldering pennon-staves once set  
 Within the soil of Palestine,  
 By Jordan and Gennesaret;  
 Or borne with England's battle line,  
 O'er Acre's shattered turrets stooping,  
 Or, midst the camp their banners drooping,  
 With dew from hallowed Hermon wet,  
 A holier summons now is given  
 Than that gray hermit's voice of old,  
 Which unto all the winds of heaven  
 The banners of the Cross unrolled!  
 Not for the long deserted shrine,—  
 Not for the dull unconscious sod,  
 Which tells not by one lingering sigh  
 That there the hope of Israel trod;—  
 But for the TRUTH, for which alone  
 In pilgrim eyes are sanctified  
 The garden moss, the mountain stone,  
 Whereon His holy sandals pressed—  
 The fountain which His lip hath blessed—  
 Whate'er hath touched His garment's hem  
 At Bethany or Bethlehem,  
 Or Jordan's riverside.  
 For FREEDOM, in the name of Him  
 Who came to raise Earth's drooping poor

To break the chain from every limb—  
 The bolt from every prison door!  
 For these, o'er all the Earth hath passed  
 An ever-deepening trumpet blast,  
 As if an angel's breath had lent  
 Its vigor to the instrument.

And Wales, from Snowden's mountain wall,  
 Shall startle at that thrilling call,  
 As if she heard her bards again;  
 And Erin's "harp on Tara's wall"  
 Give out its ancient strain,  
 Mirthful and sweet, yet sad withal—  
 The melody which Erin loves,  
 When o'er that harp, mid bursts of gladness  
 And slogan cries and lyke-wake sadness,  
 The hand of her O'Connell moves:  
 Scotland, from lake and tarn and rill,  
 And mountain hold, and heathery hill,  
 Shall catch and echo back the note.  
 As if she heard upon her air  
 Once more her Cameronian's prayer  
 And song of Freedom float.  
 And cheering echoes shall reply  
 From each remote dependency,  
 Where Britain's mighty sway is known,  
 In tropic sea or frozen zone;  
 Where'er her sunset flag is furling,  
 Or morning gun-fire's smoke is curling;  
 From Indian Bengal's groves of palm  
 And rosy fields and gales of balm,  
 Where Eastern pomp and power are rolled  
 Through regal Ava's gates of gold;  
 And from the lakes and ancient woods  
 And dim Canadian solitudes,  
 Whence, sternly from her rocky throne,  
 Queen of the North, Quebec looks down;  
 And from those bright and ransomed Isles  
 Where all unwonted Freedom smiles,  
 And the dark laborer still retains  
 The scar of slavery's broken chains!

From the hoar Alps, which sentinel  
 The gateways of the land of Tell,  
 Where morning's keen and earliest glance  
 On Jura's rocky wall is thrown,  
 And from the olive bowers of France  
 And vine groves garlanding the Rhone,—  
 "Friends of the Blacks," as true and tried  
 As those who stood by Oge's side—  
 Brissot and eloquent Grégoire—  
 When with free lip and heart of fire

The Haytien told his country's wrong,  
 Shall gather at that summons strong—  
 Broglie, Passy, and him, whose song  
 Breathed over Syria's holy sod,  
 And in the paths which Jesus trod,  
 And murmured midst the hills which hem  
 Crownless and sad Jerusalem,  
 Hath echoes whereso'er the tone  
 Of Israel's prophet-lyre is known.

Still let them come—from Quito's walls,  
 And from the Orinoco's tide,  
 From Lima's Inca-haunted halls,  
 From Santa Fe and Yucatan,—  
 Men who by swart Guerrero's side  
 Proclaimed the deathless RIGHTS OF MAN,  
 Broke every bond and fetter off,  
 And hailed in every sable serf  
 A free and brother Mexican!  
 Chiefs who across the Andes' chain  
 Have followed Freedom's flowing pennon  
 And seen on Junin's fearful plain,  
 Glare o'er the broken ranks of Spain,  
 The fire-burst of Bolivar's cannon!  
 And Hayti, from her mountain land,  
 Shall send the sons of those who hurled  
 Defiance from her blazing strand—  
 The war-gage from her Pétion's hand,  
 Alone against a hostile world.

Nor all unmindful, thou, the while,  
 Land of the dark and mystic Nile!—  
 Thy Moslem mercy yet may shame  
 All tyrants of a Christian name—  
 When in the shade of Gezeh's pile,  
 Or, where from Abyssinian hills  
 El Gerek's upper fountain fills,  
 Or where from mountains of the Moon  
 El Abiad bears his watery boon,  
 Where'er thy lotos blossoms swim  
 Within their ancient hollowed waters—  
 Where'er is heard thy prophet's hymn,  
 Or song of Nubia's sable daughters,—  
 The curse of SLAVERY and the crime,  
 Thy bequest from remotest time,  
 At thy dark Mehemet's decree  
 For evermore shall pass from thee;  
 And chains forsake each captive's limb  
 Of all those tribes, whose hills around  
 Have echoed back the cymbal sound  
 And victor horn of Ibrahim.

And thou whose glory and whose crime  
 To earth's remotest bound and clime,  
 In mingled tones of awe and scorn,  
 The echoes of a world have borne,  
 My country! glorious at thy birth,  
 A day-star flashing brightly forth—  
 'The herald-sign of Freedom's dawn !  
 Oh! who could dream that saw thee then,  
 And watched thy rising from afar,  
 That vapors from oppression's fen  
 Would cloud the upward-tending star ?  
 Or, that earth's tyrant powers, which heard,  
 Awe-struck, the shout which hailed thy dawning,  
 Would rise so soon, prince, peer, and king,  
 To mock thee with their welcoming,  
 Like Hades when her thrones were stirred  
 To greet the down-cast Star of Morning!  
 "Aha! and art thou fallen thus ?  
 Art THOU become as one of *us* ?"

Land of my fathers!—there will stand,  
 Amidst that world-assembled band,  
 Those owning thy maternal claim  
 Unweakened by thy crime and shame,—  
 The sad reprovers of thy wrong—  
 The children thou hast spurned so long.  
 Still with affection's fondest yearning  
 To their unnatural mother turning.  
 No traitors they!—but tried and leal,  
 Whose own is but thy general weal,  
 Still blending with the patriot's zeal  
 The Christian's love for human kind,  
 To caste and climate unconfined.

A holy gathering!—peaceful all—  
 No threat of war—no savage call  
 For vengeance on an erring brother;  
 But in their stead the God-like plan  
 To teach the brotherhood of man  
 To love and reverence one another,  
 As sharers of a common blood—  
 The children of a common God!—  
 Yet, even at its lightest word,  
 Shall Slavery's darkest depths be stirred;  
 Spain watching from her Moro's keep  
 Her slave-ships traversing the deep,  
 And Rio, in her strength and pride,  
 Lifting, along her mountain side,  
 Her snowy battlements and towers—  
 Her lemon groves and tropic bowers,  
 With bitter hate and sullen fear  
 Its freedom-giving voice shall hear;

And where my country's flag is flowing,  
 On breezes from Mount Vernon blowing  
     Above the Nation's council-halls,  
 Where Freedom's praise is loud and long,  
     While, close beneath the outward walls,  
 The driver plies his reeking thong--  
     The hammer of the man-thief falls,  
 O'er hypocritic cheek and brow  
 The crimson flush of shame shall glow:  
 And all who for their native land  
 Are pledging life and heart and hand--  
 Worn watchers o'er her changing weal,  
 Who for her tarnished honor feel--  
 Through cottage-door and council-hall  
 Shall thunder an awakening call.  
 The pen along its page shall burn  
 With all intolerable scorn--  
 And eloquent rebuke shall go  
 On all the winds that Southward blow;  
 From priestly lips, now sealed and dumb,  
 Warning and dread appeal shall come,  
 Like those which Israel heard from him,  
 The Prophet of the Cherubim--  
 Or those which sad Esaias hurled  
 Against a sin-accursed world!  
 Its wizard-leaves the Press shall fling  
 Unceasing from its iron wing,  
 With characters inscribed thereon,  
     As fearful in the despot's hall  
 As to the pomp of Babylon  
     The fire-sign on the palace wall!  
 And, from her dark iniquities,  
 Methinks I see my country rise:  
 Not challenging the nations round  
     To note her tardy justice done--  
 Her captives from their chains unbound,  
     Her prisons opening to the sun;--  
 But tearfully her arms extending  
 Over the poor and unoffending;  
     Her legal emblem now no longer  
 A bird of prey, with talons reeking,  
 Above the dying captive shrieking,  
 But, spreading out her ample wing--  
 A broad, impartial covering--  
     The weaker sheltered by the stronger!--  
 Oh! then to Faith's anointed eyes  
     The promised token shall be given;  
 And on a nation's sacrifice,  
     Atoning for the sin of years,  
 And wet with penitential tears--  
 The fire shall fall from Heaven!

## NEW HAMPSHIRE.—1845.

God bless New Hampshire!—from her granite peaks  
 Once more the voice of Stark and Langdon speaks.  
 The long bound vassal of the exulting South  
 For very shame her self-forged chain has broken—  
 Torn the black seal of slavery from her mouth,  
 And in the clear tones of her old time spoken!  
 Oh, all undreamed of, all unhopèd-for changes!—  
 The tyrant's ally proves his sternest foe;  
 To all his biddings, from her mountain ranges,  
 New Hampshire thunders an indignant No!  
 Who is it now despairs? Oh, faint of heart,  
 Look upward to those Northern mountains cold,  
 Flouted by Freedom's victor-flag unrolled,  
 And gather strength to bear a manlier part!  
 All is not lost. The angel of God's blessing  
 Encamps with Freedom on the field of fight;  
 Still to her banner, day by day, are pressing,  
 Unlooked for allies, striking for the right!  
 Courage, then, Northern hearts!—Be firm, be true:  
 What one brave State hath done, can ye not also do?

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## THE NEW YEAR.

ADDRESSED TO THE PATRONS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA FREEMAN.

THE wave is breaking on the shore—  
 The echo fading from the chime—  
 Again the shadow moveth o'er  
 The dial-plate of time!

Oh, seer-seen Angel! waiting now  
 With weary feet on sea and shore,  
 Impatient for the last dread vow  
 That time shall be no more!—

Once more across thy sleepless eye  
 The semblance of a smile has passed;  
 The year departing leaves more nigh  
 Time's fearfullest and last.

Oh! in that dying year hath been  
 The sum of all since time began—  
 The birth and death, the joy and pain,  
 Of Nature and of Man.

Spring, with the change of sun and shower,  
 And streams released from winter's chain,

And bursting bud, and opening flower,  
And greenly-growing grain;

And Summer's shade, and sunshine warm,  
And rainbows o'er the hilltops bowed,  
And voices in her rising storm—  
God speaking from his cloud !—

And Autumn's fruits and clustering sheaves,  
And soft, warm days of golden light,  
The glory of her forest leaves,  
And harvest-moon at night;

And Winter with her leafless grove,  
And prisoned stream, and drifting snow,  
The brilliance of her heaven above  
And of her earth below :—

And man—in whom an angel's mind  
With earth's low instincts finds abode—  
The highest of the links which bind  
Brute nature to her God;

His infant eye hath seen the light,  
His childhood's merriest laughter rung,  
And active sports to manlier might  
The nerves of boyhood strung !

And quiet love, and passion's fires,  
Have soothed or burned in manhood's breast,  
And lofty aims and low desires  
By turns disturbed his rest.

The wailing of the newly-born  
Has mingled with the funeral knell;  
And o'er the dying's ear has gone  
The merry marriage-bell.

And Wealth has filled his halls with mirth,  
While Want, in many a humble shed,  
Toiled, shivering by her cheerless hearth,  
The live-long night for bread.

And worse than all—the human slave—  
The sport of lust, and pride, and scorn!  
Plucked off the crown his Maker gave—  
His regal manhood gone!

Oh! still my country! o'er thy plains,  
Blackened with slavery's blight and ban,  
That human chattel drags his chains—  
An uncreated man!

And still, where'er to sun and breeze,  
My country, is thy flag unrolled,  
With scorn, the gazing stranger sees  
A stain on every fold.

Oh, tear the gorgeous emblem down!  
It gathers scorn from every eye,  
And despots smile, and good men frown,  
Whene'er it passes by.

Shame! shame! its starry splendors glow  
Above the slaver's loathsome jail—  
Its folds are ruffling even now  
His crimson flag of sale.

Still round our country's proudest hall  
The trade of human flesh is driven,  
And at each careless hammer-fall  
A human heart is riven.

And this, too, sanctioned by the men,  
Vested with power to shield the right,  
And throw each vile and robber den  
Wide open to the light.

Yet shame upon them!—there they sit,  
Men of the North, subdued and still;  
Meek, pliant poltroons, only fit  
To work a master's will.

Sold—bargained off for Southern votes—  
A passive herd of Northern mules,  
Just braying through their purchased throats  
Whate'er their owner rules.

And he \*—the basest of the base—  
The vilest of the vile—whose name,  
Embalmed in infinite disgrace,  
Is deathless in its shame!—

A tool—to bolt the people's door  
Against the people clamoring there,—  
An ass—to trample on their floor  
A people's right of prayer!

Nailed to the self-made gibbet fast,  
Self-pilloried to the public view—  
A mark for every passing blast  
Of scorn to whistle through;

\* The Northern author of the Congressional rule against receiving petitions of the people on the subject of Slavery.

There let him hang, and hear the boast  
Of Southrons o'er their pliant tool—  
A St. Stylites on his post,  
“Sacred to ridicule!”

Look we at home!—our noble hall,  
To Freedom's holy purpose given,  
Now rears its black and ruined wall,  
Beneath the wintry heaven—

Telling the story of its doom—  
The fiendish mob—the prostrate law—  
The fiery jet through midnight's gloom,  
Our gazing thousands saw.

Look to our State—the poor man's right  
Torn from him:—and the sons of those  
Whose blood in Freedom's sternest fight  
Sprinkled the Jersey snows,

Outlawed within the land of Penn,  
That Slavery's guilty fears might cease.  
And those whom God created men,  
Toil on as brutes in peace.

Yet o'er the blackness of the storm,  
A bow of promise bends on high,  
And gleams of sunshine, soft and warm,  
Break through our clouded sky.

East, West, and North, the shout is heard  
Of freemen rising for the right:  
Each valley hath its rallying word—  
Each hill its signal light.

O'er Massachusetts' rocks of gray,  
The strengthening light of freedom shines,  
Rhode Island's Narragansett Bay—  
And Vermont's snow-hung pines!

From Hudson's frowning palisades  
To Alleghany's laurelled crest,  
O'er lakes and prairies, streams and glades,  
It shines upon the West.

Speed on the light to those who dwell  
In Slavery's land of woe and sin,  
And through the blackness of that hell  
Let Heaven's own light break in.

So shall the Southern conscience quake,  
Before that light poured full and strong,

So shall the Southern heart awake  
To all the bondman's wrong.

And from that rich and sunny land  
The song of grateful millions rise,  
Like that of Israel's ransomed band  
Beneath Arabia's skies:

And all who now are bound beneath  
Our banner's shade—our eagle's wing,  
From Slavery's night of moral death  
To light and life shall spring.

Broken the bondman's chain—and gone  
The master's guilt, and hate, and fear,  
And unto both alike shall dawn,  
A New and Happy Year.

## MASSACHUSETTS TO VIRGINIA.

[Written on reading an account of the proceedings of the citizens of Norfolk, Va., in reference to GEORGE LATIMER, the alleged fugitive slave, the result of whose case in Massachusetts will probably be similar to that of the negro SOMERSET in England, in 1772.]

THE blast from Freedom's Northern hills, upon its Southern way,  
Bears greeting to Virginia from Massachusetts Bay:—  
No word of haughty challenging, nor battle bugle's peal,  
Nor steady tread of marching files, nor clang of horsemen's steel.

No trains of deep-mouthed cannon along our highways go—  
Around our silent arsenals untrodden lies the snow;  
And to the land breeze of our ports, upon their errands far,  
A thousand sails of commerce swell, but none are spread for war.

We hear thy threats, Virginia! thy stormy words and high,  
Swell harshly on the Southern winds which melt along our sky;  
Yet, not one brown, hard hand foregoes its honest labor here—  
No hewer of our mountain oaks suspends his axe in fear.

Wild are the waves which lash the reefs along St. George's bank—  
Cold on the shore of Labrador the fog lies white and dank;  
Through storm, and wave, and blinding mist, stout are the hearts which  
man  
The fishing-smacks of Marblehead, the sea-boats of Cape Ann.

The cold north light and wintry sun glare on their icy forms,  
Bent grimly o'er their straining lines or wrestling with the storms;  
Free as the winds they drive before, rough as the waves they roam,  
They laugh to scorn the slaver's threat against their rocky home.

What means the Old Dominion? Hath she forgot the day  
When o'er her conquered valleys swept the Briton's steel array?

How side by side, with sons of hers, the Massachusetts men  
Encountered Tarleton's charge of fire, and stout Cornwallis, then?

Forgets she how the Bay State, in answer to the call  
Of her old House of Burgesses, spoke out from Faneuil Hall?  
When, echoing back her Henry's cry, came pulsing on each breath  
Of Northern winds, the thrilling sounds of "LIBERTY OR DEATH!"

What asks the Old Dominion? If now her sons have proved  
False to their fathers' memory—false to the faith they loved;  
If she can scoff at Freedom, and its great charter spurn,  
Must we of Massachusetts from truth and duty turn?

We hunt your bondmen, flying from Slavery's hateful hell—  
Our voices, at your bidding, take up the blood-hound's yell—  
We gather, at your summons, above our fathers' graves,  
From Freedom's holy altar-horns to tear your wretched slaves!

Thank God! not yet so vilely can Massachusetts bow;  
The spirit of her early time is with her even now;  
Dream not because her Pilgrim blood moves slow, and calm, and cool,  
She thus can stoop her chainless neck, a sister's slave and tool!

All that a *sister* State should do, all that a *free* State may,  
Heart, hand, and purse we proffer, as in our early day;  
But that one dark loathsome burden ye must stagger with alone,  
And reap the bitter harvest which ye yourselves have sown!

Hold, while ye may, your struggling slaves, and burden God's free air  
With woman's shriek beneath the lash, and manhood's wild despair;  
Cling closer to the "cleaving curse" that writes upon your plains  
The blasting of Almighty wrath against a land of chains.

Still shame your gallant ancestry, the cavaliers of old,  
By watching round the shambles where human flesh is sold—  
Gloat o'er the new-born child, and count his market value, when  
The maddened mother's cry of woe shall pierce the slaver's den!

Lower than plummet soundeth, sink the Virginian name;  
Plant, if ye will, your fathers' graves with rankest weeds of shame;  
Be, if ye will, the scandal of God's fair universe—  
We wash our hands forever, of your sin, and shame, and curse.

A voice from lips whereon the coal from Freedom's shrine hath been,  
Thrilled, as but yesterday, the hearts of Berkshire's mountain men:  
The echoes of that solemn voice are sadly lingering still  
In all our sunny valleys, on every wind-swept hill.

And when the prowling man-thief came hunting for his prey  
Beneath the very shadow of Bunker's shaft of gray,  
How, through the free lips of the son, the father's warning spoke;  
How, from its bonds of trade and sect, the Pilgrim city broke!

A hundred thousand right arms were lifted up on high,—  
A hundred thousand voices sent back their loud reply;

Through the thronged towns of Essex the startling summons rang,  
And up from bench and loom and wheel her young mechanics sprang!

The voice of free, broad Middlesex—of thousands as of one—  
The shaft of Bunker calling to that of Lexington—  
From Norfolk's ancient villages; from Plymouth's rocky bound  
To where Nantucket feels the arms of ocean close her round;—

From rich and rural Worcester, where through the calm repose  
Of cultured vales and fringing woods the gentle Nashua flows,  
To where Wachuset's wintry blasts the mountain larches stir,  
Swelled up to Heaven the thrilling cry of "God save Latimer!"

And sandy Barnstable rose up, wet with the salt sea spray—  
And Bristol sent her answering shout down Narragansett Bay!  
Along the broad Connecticut old Hampden felt the thrill,  
And the cheer of Hampshire's woodmen swept down from Holyoke Hill.

The voice of Massachusetts! Of her free sons and daughters—  
Deep calling unto deep aloud—the sound of many waters!  
Against the burden of that voice what tyrant power shall stand?  
*No fetters in the Bay State! No slave upon her land!*

Look to it well, Virginians! In calmness we have borne,  
In answer to our faith and trust, your insult and your scorn;  
You've spurned our kindest counsels—you've hunted for our lives—  
And shaken round our hearths and homes your manacles and gyves!

We wage no war—we lift no arm—we fling no torch within  
The fire-damps of the quaking mine beneath your soil of sin;  
We leave ye with your bondmen, to wrestle, while ye can,  
With the strong upward tendencies and God-like soul of man!

But for us and for our children, the vow which we have given  
For freedom and humanity, is registered in Heaven;  
*No slave-hunt in our borders—no pirate on our strand!*  
*No fetters in the Bay State—no slave upon our land!*

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## THE RELIC.

[PENNSYLVANIA HALL, dedicated to Free Discussion and the cause of Human Liberty, was destroyed by a mob in 1838. The following was written on receiving a cane wrought from a fragment of the wood-work which the fire had spared.]

TOKEN of friendship true and tried,  
From one whose fiery heart of youth  
With mine has beaten, side by side,  
For Liberty and Truth;  
With honest pride the gift I take,  
And prize it for the giver's sake.

But not alone because it tells  
Of generous hand and heart sincere;

Around that gift of friendship dwells  
 A memory doubly dear—  
 Earth's noblest aim—man's holiest thought,  
 With that memorial frail inwrought !

Pure thoughts and sweet, like flowers unfold  
 And precious memories round it cling,  
 Even as the Prophet's rod of old  
 In beauty blossoming :  
 And buds of feeling pure and good  
 Spring from its cold unconscious wood.

Relic of Freedom's shrine !—a brand  
 Plucked from its burning !—let it be  
 Dear as a jewel from the hand  
 Of a lost friend to me !—  
 Flower of a perished garland left,  
 Of life and beauty unbereft !

Oh ! if the young enthusiast bears,  
 O'er weary waste and sea, the stone  
 Which crumbled from the Forum's stairs,  
 Or round the Parthenon ;  
 Or olive bough from some wild tree  
 Hung over old Thermopylæ :

If leaflets from some hero's tomb,  
 Or moss-wreath torn from ruins hoary,—  
 Or faded flowers whose sisters bloom  
 On fields renowned in story,—  
 Or fragment from the Alhambra's crest,  
 Or the gray rock by druids blessed ;

Sad Erin's shamrock greenly growing  
 Where Freedom led her stalwart kern,  
 Or Scotia's "rough burr thistle" blowing  
 On Bruce's Bannockburn—  
 Or Runnymede's wild English rose,  
 Or lichen plucked from Sempach's snows !—

If it be true that things like these  
 To heart and eye bright visions bring,  
 Shall not far holier memories  
 To this memorial cling ?  
 Which needs no mellowing mist of time  
 To hide the crimson stains of crime !

Wreck of a temple, unprofaned—  
 Of courts where Peace with Freedom trod,  
 Lifting on high, with hands unstained,  
 Thanksgiving unto God ;  
 Where Mercy's voice of love was pleading  
 For human hearts in bondage bleeding !—

Where midst the sound of rushing feet  
 And curses on the night air flung,  
 That pleading voice rose calm and sweet  
 From woman's earnest tongue;  
 And Riot turned his scowling glance,  
 Awed, from her tranquil countenance!

That temple now in ruin lies!—  
 The fire-stain on its shattered wall,  
 And open to the changing skies  
 Its black and roofless hall,  
 It stands before a nation's sight,  
 A grave-stone over buried Right!

But from that ruin, as of old,  
 The fire-scorched stones themselves are crying,  
 And from their ashes white and cold  
 Its timbers are replying!  
 A voice which slavery cannot kill  
 Speaks from the crumbling arches still!

And even this relic from thy shrine,  
 Oh, holy Freedom!—hath to me  
 A potent power, a voice and sign  
 To testify of thee;  
 And, grasping it, methinks I feel  
 A deeper faith, a stronger zeal.

And not unlike that mystic rod,  
 Of old stretched o'er the Egyptian wave,  
 Which opened, in the strength of God,  
 A pathway for the slave,  
 It yet may point the bondman's way,  
 And turn the spoiler from his prey.

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STANZAS FOR THE TIMES.—1844.

[Written on reading the sentence of JOHN L. BROWN of South Carolina, to be executed on the 25th of 4th month, 1844, for the crime of assisting a female slave to escape from bondage. The sentence was afterward commuted.].

Ho! thou who seekest late and long  
 A license from the Holy Book  
 For brutal lust and hell's red wrong,  
 Man of the pulpit, look!—  
 Lift up those cold and atheist eyes,  
 This ripe fruit of thy teaching see;  
 And tell us how to Heaven will rise  
 The incense of this sacrifice—  
 This blossom of the Gallows Tree!—

Search out for SLAVERY's hour of need  
 Some fitting text of sacred writ;\*  
 Give Heaven the credit of a deed  
 Which shames the nether pit.  
 Kneel, smooth blasphemer, unto Him  
 Whose truth is on thy lips a lie,  
 Ask that His bright-winged cherubim  
 May bend around that scaffold grim  
 To guard and bless and sanctify!—

Ho! champion of the people's cause—  
 Suspend thy loud and vain rebuke  
 Of foreign wrong and Old World laws,  
 Man of the Senate, look!—  
 Was this the promise of the free,—  
 The great hope of our early time,—  
 That Slavery's poison vine should be  
 Upborne by Freedom's prayer-nursed tree,  
 O'erclustered with such fruits of crime?—

Send out the summons, East and West,  
 And South and North, let all be there,  
 Where he who pitied the oppressed  
 Swings out in sun and air.  
 Let not a democratic hand  
 The grisly hangman's task refuse;  
 There let each loyal patriot stand  
 Awaiting Slavery's command  
 To twist the rope and draw the noose!

But vain is irony—unmeet  
 Its cold rebuke for deeds which start  
 In fiery and indignant beat  
 The pulses of the heart.  
 Leave studied wit, and guarded phrase;  
 And all that kindled heart can feel  
 Speak out in earnest words which raise,  
 Where'er they fall, an answering blaze,  
 Like flints which strike the fire from steel.

Still let a mousing priesthood ply  
 Their garbled text and gloss of sin,  
 And make the lettered scroll deny  
 Its living soul within;  
 Still let the place-feed titled knave  
 Plead Robbery's right with purchased lips,  
 And tell us that our fathers gave  
 For Freedom's pedestal, a slave,  
 For frieze and moulding, chains and whips!—

\* Three new publications, from the pens of Dr. Junkin, President of Miami College, Alexander McCaine of the Methodist Protestant church, and of a clergyman of the Cincinnati Synod, defending Slavery on Scriptural ground, have recently made their appearance.

But ye who own that higher law  
 Whose tables in the heart are set,  
 Speak out in words of power and awe  
 That God is living yet!  
 Breathe forth once more those tones sublime  
 Which thrilled the burdened prophet's lyre,  
 And in a dark and evil time  
 Smote down on Israel's fast of crime  
 And gift of blood, a rain of fire!

Oh, not for us the graceful lay,  
 To whose soft measures lightly move  
 The Dryad and the woodland Fay,  
 O'erlooked by Mirth and Love;  
 But such a stern and startling strain  
 As Britain's hunted bards flung down  
 From Snowden, to the conquered plain,  
 Where harshly clanked the Saxon chain  
 On trampled field and smoking town.

By Liberty's dishonored name,  
 By man's lost hope, and failing trust,  
 By words and deeds, which bow with shame  
 Our foreheads to the dust,—  
 By the exulting tyrant's sneer,  
 Borne to us from the Old World's thrones,  
 And by their grief, who pining hear,  
 In sunless mines and dungeons drear,  
 How Freedom's land her faith disowns;—

Speak out in *acts*; the time for words  
 Has passed, and deeds alone suffice;  
 In the loud clang of meeting swords  
 The softer music dies!  
 Act—act, in God's name, while ye may,  
 Smite from the church her leprous limb,  
 Throw open to the light of day  
 The bondman's cell, and break away  
 The chains the state has bound on him.

Ho! every true and living soul,  
 To Freedom's perilled altar bear  
 The freeman's and the Christian's whole,  
 Tongue, pen, and vote, and prayer!  
 One last great battle for the Right,—  
 One short, sharp struggle to be free!—  
 To do is to succeed—our fight  
 Is waged in Heaven's approving sight—  
 The smile of God is Victory!

## THE BRANDED HAND.

[CAPTAIN JONATHAN WALKER, of Harwich, Mass., was solicited by several fugitive slaves at Pensacola, Florida, to convey them in his vessel to the British West Indies. Although well aware of the hazard of the enterprise, he attempted to comply with their request. He was seized by an American vessel, consigned to the American authorities at Key West, and by them taken back to Florida—where, after a long and rigorous imprisonment, he was brought to trial. He was sentenced to be branded on the right hand with the letters "S. S." ("Slave Stealer") and amerced in a heavy fine. He was released on the payment of his fine in the 6th month of 1845.]

WELCOME home again, brave seaman! with thy thoughtful brow and  
gray,  
And the old heroic spirit of our earlier, better day—  
With that front of calm endurance, on whose steady nerve, in vain  
Pressed the iron of the prison, smote the fiery shafts of pain!

Is the tyrant's brand upon thee? Did the brutal cravens aim  
To make God's truth thy falsehood, His holiest work thy shame?  
When, all blood-quenched, from the torture the iron was withdrawn,  
How laughed their evil angel the baffled fools to scorn!

*They* change to wrong, the duty which God hath written out  
On the great heart of humanity too legible for doubt!  
*They*, the loathsome moral lepers, blotched from footsole up to crown,  
Give to shame what God hath given unto honor and renown!

Why, that brand is highest honor!—than its traces never yet  
Upon old armorial hatchments was a prouder blazon set;  
And thy unborn generations, as they tread our rocky strand,  
Shall tell with pride the story of their father's BRANDED HAND!

As the Templar home was welcomed, bearing back from Syrian wars  
The scars of Arab lances, and of Paynim scimitars.  
The pallor of the prison and the shackle's crimson span,  
So we meet thee, so we greet thee, truest friend of God and man!

He suffered for the ransom of the dear Redeemer's grave,  
Thou for His living presence in the bound and bleeding slave;  
He for a soil no longer by the feet of angels trod,  
Thou for the true Shechinah, the present home of God!

For, while the jurist sitting with the slave-whip o'er him swung,  
From the tortured truths of freedom the lie of slavery wrung,  
And the solemn priest to Moloch, on each God-deserted shrine,  
Broke the bondman's heart for bread, poured the bondman's blood for  
wine—

While the multitude in blindness to a far-off Saviour knelt,  
And spurned, the while, the temple where a present Saviour dwelt;  
Thou beheld'st Him in the task-field, in the prison shadows dim,  
And thy mercy to the bondman, it was mercy unto Him!

In the lone and long night watches, sky above and wave below,  
Thou did'st learn a higher wisdom than the babbling school-men know;

God's stars and silence taught thee, as His angels only can,  
That the one, sole sacred thing beneath the cope of heaven is Man!

That he who treads profanely on the scrolls of law and creed,  
In the depth of God's great goodness may find mercy in his need;  
But woe to him who crushes the soul with chain and rod,  
And herds with lower natures the awful form of God!

Then lift that manly right hand, bold ploughman of the wave!  
Its branded palm shall prophesy, "SALVATION TO THE SLAVE!"  
Hold up its fire-wrought language, that whoso reads may feel  
His heart swell strong within him, his sinews change to steel.

Hold it up before our sunshine, up against our Northern air—  
Ho! men of Massachusetts, for the love of God look there!  
Take it henceforth for your standard—like the Bruce's heart of yore,  
In the dark strife closing round ye, let that hand be seen before!

And the tyrants of the slave-land shall tremble at that sign,  
When it points its finger Southward along the Puritan line:  
Woe to the State-gorged leeches, and the Church's locust band,  
When they look from slavery's ramparts on the coming of that hand!

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TEXAS.

VOICE OF NEW ENGLAND.

Up the hillside, down the glen,  
Rouse the sleeping citizen;  
Summon out the might of men!

Like a lion growling low—  
Like a night-storm rising slow—  
Like the tread of unseen foe—

It is coming—it is nigh!  
Stand your homes and altars by;  
On your own free thresholds die!

Clang the bells in all your spires;  
On the gray hills of your sires  
Fling to heaven your signal fires!

From Wachuset, lone and bleak,  
Unto Berkshire's tallest peak,  
Let the flame-tongued heralds  
speak!

O! for God and duty stand,  
Heart to heart and hand to hand,  
Round the old graves of the land!

Whoso shrinks or falters now,  
Whoso to the yoke would bow,  
Brand the craven on his brow!

Freedom's soil hath only place  
For a free and fearless race—  
None for traitors false and base.

Perish party—perish clan;  
Strike together while ye can,  
Like the arm of one strong man!

Like that angel's voice sublime,  
Heard above a world of crime.  
Crying of the end of time—

With one heart and with one  
mouth,  
Let the North unto the South  
Speak the word befitting both:

"What though Issachar be strong  
Ye may load his back with wrong  
Overmuch and over long

- "Patience with her cup o'errun,  
With her weary thread outspun,  
Murmurs that her work is done.
- "Make our Union-bond a chain,  
Weak as tow in Freedom's strain  
Link by link shall snap in twain.
- "Vainly shall your sand-wrought  
rope  
Bind the starry cluster up,  
Shattered over heaven's blue  
cope!
- "Give us bright though broken  
rays,  
Rather than eternal haze,  
Clouding o'er the full-orbed-  
blaze!
- "Take your land of sun and bloom;  
Only leave to Freedom room  
For her plough, and forge, and  
loom;
- "Take your slavery-blackened  
vales:  
Leave us but our own free gales,  
Blowing on our thousand sails!
- "Boldly, or with treacherous art,  
Strike the blood-wrought chain  
apart;  
Break the Union's mighty heart;
- "Work the ruin, if ye will:  
Pluck upon your heads an ill  
Which shall grow and deepen  
still!
- "With your bondman's right arm  
bare,  
With his heart of black despair,  
Stand alone, if stand ye dare!
- "Onward with your fell design;  
Dig the gulf and draw the line:  
Fire beneath your feet the mine:
- "Deeply, when the wide abyss  
Yawns between your land and  
this,  
Shall ye feel your helplessness,
- "By the hearth, and in the bed,  
Shaken by a look or tread,  
Ye shall own a guilty dread.
- "And the curse of unpaid toil,  
Downward through your  
generous soil  
Like a fire shall burn and spoil.
- "Our bleak hills shall bud and  
blossom,  
Vines our rocks shall overgrow,  
Plenty in our valleys flow;—
- "And when vengeance clouds your  
skies,  
Hither shall ye turn your eyes,  
As the lost on Paradise!
- "We but ask our rocky strand,  
Freedom's true and brother band,  
Freedom's strong and honest  
hand,—
- "Valleys by the slave untrod,  
And the Pilgrim's mountain sod,  
Blessed of our fathers' God!"
- 
- TO FANEUIL HALL
- MEN!—if manhood still ye claim,  
If the Northern pulse can thrill,  
Roused by wrong or stung by  
shame,  
Freely, strongly still:—  
Let the sounds of traffic die:  
Shut the mill-gate—leave the  
stall—  
Fling the axe and hammer by—  
Throng to Faneuil Hall!
- Wrongs which freemen never  
brooked—  
Dangers grim and fierce as they,  
Which, like couching lions, looked  
On your fathers' way;—  
These your instant zeal demand,  
Shaking with their earthquake-  
call  
Every rood of Pilgrim land—  
Ho, to Faneuil Hall!

From your capes and sandy bars—  
From your mountain-ridges cold,  
Through whose pines the westering  
stars

Stoop their crowns of gold—  
Come, and with your footsteps  
wake

Echoes from that holy wall:  
Once again, for Freedom's sake,  
Rock your fathers' hall!

Up, and tread beneath your feet  
Every cord by party spun;  
Let your hearts together beat  
As the heart of one.

Banks and tariffs, stocks and trade,  
Let them rise or let them fall:  
Freedom asks your common aid—  
Up, to Faneuil Hall!

Up, and let each voice that speaks  
Ring from thence to Southern  
plains,

Sharply as the blow which breaks  
Prison-bolts and chains!

Speak as well becomes the free—  
Dreaded more than steel or ball,  
Shall your calmest utterance be,  
Heard from Faneuil Hall!

Have they wronged us? Let us  
then

Render back nor threats nor  
prayers;

Have they chained our free-born  
men?

LET US UNCHAIN THEIRS!

Up! your banner leads the van,  
Blazoned "Liberty for all!"

Finish what your sires began—  
Up, to Faneuil Hall!

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## TO MASSACHUSETTS.

WRITTEN DURING THE PENDING OF  
THE TEXAS QUESTION.

WHAT though around thee blazes  
No fiery rallying sign?  
From all thy own high places,  
Give heaven the light of thine!

What though unthrilled, unmov-  
ing,

The statesman stands apart,  
And comes no warm approving  
From Mammon's crowded mart?

Still let the land be shaken  
By a summons of thine own!

By all save truth forsaken,  
Why, stand with that alone!  
Shrink not from strife unequal!

With the best is always hope;  
And ever in the sequel  
God holds the right side up!

But when, with thine uniting,  
Come voices long and loud,  
And far-off hills are writing  
Thy fire-words on the cloud:  
When from Penobscot's fountains  
A deep response is heard,  
And across the Western mountains  
Rolls back thy rallying word;

Shall thy line of battle falter,  
With its allies just in view?  
Oh, by hearth and holy altar,  
My Fatherland, be true!  
Fling abroad thy scrolls of Free-  
dom!

Speed them onward far and fast!  
Over hill and valley speed them,  
Like the Sibyl's on the blast!

Lo! the Empire State is shaking  
The shackles from her hand;  
With the rugged North is waking  
The level sunset land!  
On they come—the free battalions!  
East and West and North they  
come,  
And the heart-beat of the millions  
Is the beat of Freedom's drum.

"To the tyrant's plot no favor!  
No heed to place-fed knaves!  
Bar and bolt the door forever  
Against the land of Slaves!"  
Hear it, mother Earth, and hear it,  
The Heavens above us spread!  
The land is roused—its spirit  
Was sleeping, but not dead!

## THE PINE TREE.

LIFT again the stately emblem on the Bay State's rusted shield,  
 Give to Northern winds the Pine Tree on our banner's tattered field,  
 Sons of men who sat in council with their Bibles round the board,  
 Answering England's royal missive with a firm, "THUS SAITH THE  
 LORD!"

Rise again for home and freedom!—set the battle in array!—  
 What the fathers did of old time we their sons must do to-day.

Tell us not of banks and tariffs—cease your paltry pedler cries—  
 Shall the good State sink her honor that your gambling stocks may rise?  
 Would ye barter man for cotton?—That your gains may be the same,  
 Must we kiss the feet of Moloch, pass our children through the flame?  
 Is the dollar only real?—God and truth and right a dream?  
 Weighed against your lying ledgers must our manhood kick the beam?

Oh, my God!—for that free spirit, which of old in Boston town  
 Smote the Province House with terror, struck the crest of Andros down!—  
 For another strong-voiced Adams in the city's streets to cry:  
 "Up for God and Massachusetts!—Set your feet on Mammon's lie!  
 Perish banks and perish traffic—spin your cotton's latest pound—  
 But in Heaven's name keep your honor—keep the heart o' the Bay State  
 sound!"

Where's the MAN for Massachusetts?—Where's the voice to speak her  
 free?—

Where's the hane to light up bonfires from her mountains to the sea?  
 Beats her Pilgrim pulse no longer?—Sits she dumb in her despair?—  
 Has she none to break the silence?—Has she none to do and dare?  
 Oh my God! for one right worthy to lift up her rusted shield,  
 And to plant again the Pine Tree in her banner's tattered field!

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 LINES.

SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO THE CITY OF WASHINGTON IN THE 12TH  
 MONTH OF 1845.

WITH a cold and wintry noon-light,  
 On its roofs and steeples shed,  
 Shadows weaving with the sunlight  
 From the gray sky overhead,  
 Broadly, vaguely, all around me, lies the half-built town out  
 spread.

Through this broad street, restless ever,  
 Ebbs and flows a human tide,  
 Wave on wave a living river;  
 Wealth and fashion side by side;  
 Toiler, idler, slave and master, in the same quick current  
 glide.

Underneath yon dome, whose coping  
 Springs above them, vast and tall,  
 Grave men in the dust are groping  
 For the largest, base and small,  
 Which the hand of Power is scattering, crumbs which from its  
 table fall.

Base of heart! They vilely barter  
 Honor's wealth for party's place:  
 Step by step on Freedom's charter  
 Leaving footprints of disgrace ;  
 For to-day's poor pittance turning from the great hope of their  
 race.

Yet, where festal lamps are throwing  
 Glory round the dancer's hair,  
 Gold-tressed, like an angel's flowing  
 Backward on the sunset air;  
 And the low quick pulse of music beats its measures sweet and  
 rare:

There to-night shall woman's glances,  
 Star-like, welcome give to them,  
 Fawning fools with shy advances  
 Seek to touch their garments' hem,  
 With the tongue of flattery glozing deeds which God and Truth  
 condemn.

From this glittering lie my vision  
 Takes a broader, sadder range,  
 Full before me have arisen  
 Other pictures dark and strange;  
 From the parlor to the prison must the scene and witness change.

Hark ! the heavy gate is swinging  
 On its hinges, harsh and slow ;  
 One pale prison lamp is flinging  
 On a fearful group below  
 Such a light as leaves to terror whatsoe'er it does not show.

Pitying God!—Is that a WOMAN  
 On whose wrists the shackles clash ?  
 Is that shriek she utters human,  
 Underneath the stinging lash ?  
 Are they MEN whose eyes of madness from that sad procession  
 flash ?

Still the dance goes gaily onward!  
 What is it to Wealth and Pride,  
 That without the stars are looking  
 On a scene which earth should hide ?  
 That the SLAVE-SHIP lies in waiting, rocking on Potomac's tide!

Vainly to that mean Ambition  
Which, upon a rival's fall,  
Winds above its old condition,  
With a reptile's slimy crawl,  
Shall the pleading voice of sorrow, shall the slave in anguish  
call.

Vainly to the child of Fashion,  
Giving to ideal woe  
Graceful luxury of compassion,  
Shall the stricken mourner go;  
Hateful seems the earnest sorrow, beautiful the hollow show!

Nay, my words are all too sweeping :  
In this crowded human mart  
Feeling is not dead, but sleeping;  
Man's strong will and woman's heart,  
In the coming strife for Freedom, yet shall bear their generous  
part.

And from yonder sunny valleys,  
Southward in the distance lost,  
Freedom yet shall summon allies  
Worthier than the North can boast,  
With the Evil by their hearth-stones grappling at severer cost.

Now, the soul alone is willing:  
Faint the heart and weak the knee;  
And as yet no lip is thrilling  
With the mighty words "BE FREE!"  
Tarrieth long the land's Good Angel, but his advent is to be!

Meanwhile, turning from the revel  
To the prison-cell my sight,  
For intenser hate of evil,  
For a keener sense of right,  
Shaking off thy dust, I thank thee, City of the Slaves, to-night !

"To thy duty now and ever!  
Dream no more of rest or stay;  
Give to Freedom's great endeavor  
All thou art and hast to-day:"  
Thus, above the city's murmur, saith a Voice or seems to say.

Ye with heart and vision gifted  
To discern and love the right,  
Whose worn faces have been lifted  
To the slowly-growing light,  
Where from Freedom's sunrise drifted slowly back the murk  
of night!—

Ye who through long years of trial  
Still have held your purpose fast.

While a lengthening shade the dial  
 From the westerling sunshine cast,  
 And of hope each hour's denial seemed an echo of the last!—

Oh, my brothers! oh, my sisters!  
 Would to God that ye were near,  
 Gazing with me down the vistas  
 Of a sorrow strange and drear;  
 Would to God that ye were listening to the Voice I seem to hear!

With the storm above us driving,  
 With the false earth mined below—  
 Who shall marvel if thus striving  
 We have counted friend as foe;  
 Unto one another giving in the darkness blow for blow?

Well it may be that our natures  
 Have grown sterner and more hard,  
 And the freshness of their features  
 Somewhat harsh and battle-scarred,  
 And their harmonies of feeling overtaken and rudely jarred.

Be it so. It should not swerve us  
 From a purpose true and brave;  
 Dearer Freedom's rugged service  
 Than the pastime of the slave;  
 Better is the storm above it than the quiet of the grave.

Let us then, uniting, bury  
 All our idle feuds in dust,  
 And to future conflicts carry  
 Mutual faith and common trust;  
 Always he who most forgiveth in his brother is most just.

From the eternal shadow rounding  
 All our sun and starlight here,  
 Voices of our lost ones sounding  
 Bid us be of heart and cheer,  
 Through the silence, down the spaces, falling on the inward ear.

Know we not our dead are looking  
 Downward with a sad surprise,  
 All our strife of words rebuking  
 With their mild and loving eyes?  
 Shall we grieve the holy angels? Shall we cloud their blessed  
 skies?

Let us draw their mantles o'er us  
 Which have fallen in our way;  
 Let us do the work before us,  
 Cheerly, bravely, while we may,  
 Ere the long night-silence cometh, and with us it is not day!

## LINES

## FROM A LETTER TO A YOUNG CLERICAL FRIEND.

A STRENGTH Thy service cannot tire—  
 A faith which doubt can never dim—  
 A heart of love, a lip of fire—  
 Oh! Freedom's God! be Thou to him!  
 Speak through him words of power and fear,  
 As through Thy prophet bards of old,  
 And let a scornful people hear  
 Once more Thy Sinai-thunders rolled.  
 For lying lips Thy blessing seek,  
 And hands of blood are raised to Thee,  
 And on thy children, crushed and weak,  
 The oppressor plants his kneeling knee.  
 Let then, oh, God! Thy servant dare  
 Thy truth in all its power to tell,  
 Unmask the priestly thieves, and tear  
 The Bible from the grasp of hell!  
 From hollow rite and narrow span  
 Of law and sect by Thee released,  
 Oh! teach him that the Christian man  
 Is holier than the Jewish priest.  
 Chase back the shadows, gray and old,  
 Of the dead ages, from his way,  
 And let his hopeful eyes behold  
 The dawn of Thy millennial day;—  
 That day, when fettered limb and mind  
 Shall know the truth which maketh free,  
 And he alone who loves his kind  
 Shall, childlike, claim the love of Thee!

## YORKTOWN.

[DR. THATCHER, surgeon in SCAMMEL's regiment, in his description of the siege of Yorktown, says: "The labor on the Virginia plantations is performed altogether by a species of the human race cruelly wrested from their native country, and doomed to perpetual bondage, while their masters are manfully contending for freedom and the natural rights of man. Such is the inconsistency of human nature." Eighteen hundred slaves were found at Yorktown, after its surrender, and restored to their masters. Well was it said by DR. BARNES, in his late work on Slavery: "No slave was any nearer his freedom after the surrender of Yorktown, than when PATRICK HENRY first taught the notes of liberty to echo among the hills and vales of Virginia." ]

From Yorktown's ruins, ranked and still,  
 Two lines stretch far o'er vale and hill:  
 Who curbs his steed at head of one?  
 Hark! the low murmur: Washington!

Who bends his keen, approving glance  
Where down the gorgeous line of France  
Shine knightly star and plume of snow?  
Thou too art victor, Rochambeau!

The earth which bears this calm array  
Shook with the war-charge yesterday,  
Ploughed deep with hurrying hoof and wheel,  
Shot-sown and bladed thick with steel;  
October's clear and noonday sun  
Paled in the breath-smoke of the gun.  
And down night's double blackness fell,  
Like a dropped star, the blazing shell.

Now all is hushed : the gleaming lines  
Stand moveless as the neighboring pines;  
While through them, sullen, grim, and slow,  
The conquered hosts of England go:  
O'Hara's brow belies his dress,  
Gay Tarlton's troop ride bannerless:  
Shout, from thy fired and wasted homes,  
Thy scourge, Virginia, captive comes!

Nor thou alone: with one glad voice  
Let all thy sister States rejoice;  
Let Freedom, in whatever clime  
She waits with sleepless eye her time,  
Shouting from cave and mountain wood,  
Make glad her desert solitude,  
While they who hunt her quail with fear:  
The New World's chain lies broken here!

But who are they, who, cowering, wait  
Within the shattered fortress gate?  
Dark tillers of Virginia's soil,  
Classed with the battle's common spoil,  
With household stuffs, and fowl, and swine,  
With Indian weed and planters' wine,  
With stolen beeves, and foraged corn—  
Are they not men, Virginian born?

Oh! veil your faces, young and brave!  
Sleep, Scammel, in thy soldier grave!  
Sons of the North-land, ye who set  
Stout hearts against the bayonet,  
And pressed with steady footfall near  
The moated battery's blazing tier,  
Turn your scarred faces from the sight,  
Let shame do homage to the right!

Lo! threescore years have passed; and where  
The Gallic timbrel stirred the air,

With Northern drum-roll, and the clear,  
 Wild horn-blow of the mountaineer,  
 While Britain grounded on that plain  
 The arms she might not lift again,  
 As abject as in that old day  
 The slave still toils his life away.

Oh! fields still green and fresh in story,  
 Old days of pride, old names of glory,  
 Old marvels of the tongue and pen,  
 Old thoughts which stirred the hearts of men,  
 Ye spared the wrong; and over all  
 Behold the avenging shadow fall!  
 Your world-wide honor stained with shame—  
 Your freedom's self a hollow name!

Where's now the flag of that old war?  
 Where flows its stripe? Where burns its star?  
 Bear witness, Palo Alto's day,  
 Dark Vale of Palms, red Monterey,  
 Where Mexic Freedom, young and weak,  
 Fleshes the Northern eagle's beak:  
 Symbol of terror and despair,  
 Of chains and slaves, go seek it there!

Laugh, Prussia, midst thy iron ranks!  
 Laugh, Russia, from thy Neva's banks!  
 Brave sport to see the fledgling born  
 Of Freedom by its parent torn!  
 Safe now is Spielberg's dungeon cell,  
 Safe drear Siberia's frozen hell:  
 With slavery's flag o'er both unrolled,  
 What of the New World fears the Old?

---

EGO.

WRITTEN IN THE BOOK OF A FRIEND.

On page of thine I cannot trace  
 The cold and heartless commonplace  
 A statue's fixed and marble grace.

Forever as these lines are penned,  
 Still with the thought of thee will blend  
 That of some loved and common friend—

Who in life's desert track has made  
 His pilgrim tent with mine, or strayed  
 Beneath the same remembered shade.

And hence my pen unfettered moves  
 In freedom which the heart approves—  
 The negligence which friendship loves.

And wilt thou prize my poor gift less  
For simple air and rustic dress,  
And sign of haste and carelessness ?—

Oh ! more than specious counterfeit  
Of sentiment, or studied wit,  
A heart like thine should value it.

Yet half I fear my gift will be  
Unto thy book, if not to thee,  
Of more than doubtful courtesy.

A banished name from Fashion's sphere,  
A lay unheard of Beauty's ear,  
Forbid, disowned,—what do they here ?—

Upon my ear not all in vain  
Came the sad captive's clanking chain—  
The groaning from his bed of pain.

And sadder still, I saw the woe  
Which only wounded spirits know  
When Pride's strong footsteps o'er them go.

Spurned not alone in walks abroad,  
But from the " temples of the Lord "  
Thrust out apart, like things abhorred.

Deep as I felt, and stern and strong,  
In words which Prudence smothered long,  
My soul spoke out against the wrong ;

Not mine alone the task to speak  
Of comfort to the poor and weak,  
And dry the tear on Sorrow's cheek ;

But, mingled in the conflict warm,  
To pour the fiery breath of storm  
Through the harsh trumpet of Reform ;

To brave Opinion's settled frown,  
From ermined robe and saintly gown,  
While wrestling revered Error down.

Founts gushed beside my pilgrim way,  
Cool shadows on the greensward lay,  
Flowers swung upon the bending spray.

And, broad and bright, on either hand,  
Stretched the green slopes of Fairy land,  
With Hope's eternal sunbow spanned ;

Whence voices called me like the flow,  
Which on the listener's ear will grow,  
Of forest streamlets soft and low.

And gentle eyes, which still retain  
Their picture on the heart and brain,  
Smiled, beckoning from that path of pain

In vain !—nor dream, nor rest, nor pause  
Remain for him who round him draws  
The battered mail of Freedom's cause.

From youthful hopes—from each green spot  
Of young Romance, and gentle Thought,  
Where storm and tumult enter not—

From each fair altar, where belong  
The offerings Love requires of Song  
In homage to her bright-eyed throng—

With soul and strength, with heart and hand,  
I turned to Freedom's struggling band—  
To the sad Helots of our land.

What marvel then that Fame should turn  
Her notes of praise to those of scorn—  
Her gifts reclaimed—her smiles withdrawn ?

What matters it !—a few years more,  
Life's surge so restless heretofore  
Shall break upon the unknown shore!

In that far land shall disappear  
The shadows which we follow here—  
The mist-wreaths of our atmosphere!

Before no work of mortal hand,  
Of human will or strength expand  
The pearl gates of the Better Land ;

Alone in that great love which gave  
Life to the sleeper of the grave,  
Resteth the power to " seek and save."

Yet, if the spirit gazing through  
The vista of the past can view  
One deed to Heaven and virtue true—

If through the wreck of wasted powers,  
Of garlands wreathed from Folly's bowers,  
Of idle aims and misspent hours—

The eye can note one sacred spot  
By Pride and Self profaned not—  
A green place in the waste of thought—

Where deed or word hath rendered less  
" The sum of human wretchedness,"  
And Gratitude looks forth to bless—

The simple burst of tenderest feeling  
From sad hearts worn by evil-dealing,  
For blessing on the hand of healing,—

Better than Glory's pomp will be  
That green and blessed spot to me—  
A palm-shade in Eternity!—

Something of Time which may invite  
The purified and spiritual sight  
To rest on with a calm delight.

And when the summer winds shall sweep  
With their light wings my place of sleep,  
And mosses round my head-stone creep—

If still, as Freedom's rallying sign,  
Upon the young heart's altars shine  
The very fires they caught from mine—

If words my lips once uttered still,  
In the calm faith and steadfast will  
Of other hearts, their work fulfil—

Perchance with joy the soul may learn  
These tokens, and its eye discern  
The fires which on those altars burn—

A marvellous joy that even then,  
The spirit hath its life again,  
In the strong hearts of mortal men.

Take, lady, then, the gift I bring,  
No gay and graceful offering—  
No flower-smile of the laughing spring.

Midst the green buds of Youth's fresh May,  
With Fancy's leaf-enwoven bay,  
My sad and sombre gift I lay.

And if it deepens in thy mind  
A sense of suffering human kind—  
The outcast and the spirit-blind:

Oppressed and spoiled on every side,  
By Prejudice, and Scorn, and Pride,  
Life's common courtesies denied;

Sad mothers mourning o'er their trust,  
Children by want and misery nursed,  
Tasting life's bitter cup at first;

If to their strong appeals which come  
From fireless hearth, and crowded room,  
And the close alley's noisome gloom—

Though dark the hands upraised to thee  
 In mute beseeching agony,  
 Thou lend'st thy woman's sympathy—

Not vainly on thy gentle shrine,  
 Where Love, and Mirth, and Friendship twine  
 Their varied gifts, I offer mine.

### TO GOV. M'DUFFIE.

"The patriarchal institution of slavery,"—"the corner-stone of our republican edifice."—  
*Gov. M' Duffie.*

KING of Carolina—hail!  
 Last champion of Oppression's battle!  
 Lord of rice-tierce and cotton-bale!  
 Of sugar-box and human cattle!  
 Around thy temples, green and dark,  
 Thy own tobacco-wreath reposes;  
 Thyself, a brother Patriarch  
 Of Isaac, Abraham, and Moses!

Why not?—Their household rule is thine,  
 Like theirs, thy bondmen feel its rigor;  
 And thine, perchance, as concubine,  
 Some swarthy counterpart of Hagar.  
 Why not?—Like patriarchs of old,  
 The priesthood is thy chosen station;  
 Like them thou payest thy rites to gold—  
 An Aaron's calf of Nullification.

All fair and softly!—Must we, then,  
 From Ruin's open jaws to save us,  
 Upon our own free workingmen  
 Confer a master's special favors?  
 Whips for the back—chains for the heels—  
 Hooks for the nostrils of Democracy,  
 Before it spurns as well as feels  
 The riding of the Aristocracy!

Ho!—fishermen of Marblehead!  
 Ho!—Lynn cordwainers, leave your leather  
 And wear the yoke in kindness made,  
 And clank your needful chains together!  
 Let Lowell mills their thousands yield,  
 Down let the rough Vermonter hasten,  
 Down from the workshop and the field,  
 And thank us for each chain we fasten.

SLAVES in the rugged Yankee land!  
 I tell thee, Carolinian, never!  
 Our rocky hills and iron strand  
 Are free, and shall be free forever.

The surf shall wear that strand away,  
 Our granite hills in dust shall moulder,  
 Ere Slavery's hateful yoke shall lay,  
 Unbroken, on a Yankee's shoulder!

No, George M'Duffie!—keep thy words  
 For the mail plunderers of thy city,  
 Whose robber-right is in their swords;  
 For recreant Priest and Lynch-Committee!  
 Go, point thee to thy cannon's mouth,  
 And swear its brazen lips are better,  
 To guard “the interests of the South.”  
 Than parchment scroll, or Charter's letter.\*

We fear not. Streams which brawl most loud  
 Along their course, are oftenest shallow;  
 And loudest to a doubting crowd  
 The coward publishes his valor.  
*Thy* courage has at least been shown  
 In many a bloodless Southern quarrel,  
 Facing, with hartshorn and cologne,  
 The Georgian's harmless pistol-barrel.†

No, Southron! not in Yankee land  
 Will threats, like thine, a fear awaken;  
 The men, who on their charter stand  
 For truth and right, may not be shaken.  
 Still shall that truth assail thine ear;  
 Each breeze, from Northern mountains blowing,  
 The tones of Liberty shall bear  
 God's “free incendiaries” going!

We give thee joy!—thy name is heard  
 With reverence on the Neva's borders;  
 And “turban'd Turk,” and Poland's lord,  
 And Metternich are thy applauders.  
 Go—if thou lov'st *such* fame, and share  
 The mad Ephesian's base example—  
 The holy bonds of UNION tear,  
 And clap the torch to FREEDOM's temple!

Do this—Heaven's frown, thy country's curse  
 Guilt's fiery torture ever burning—  
 The quenchless thirst of Tantalus,  
 And Ixion's wheel forever turning—  
 A name, for which “the pain'dest fiend  
 Below” his own would barter never,—  
 These shall be thine unto the end  
 Thy damning heritage forever!

\* See Speech of Gov. M'D. to an artillery company in Charleston, S. C.

† Most of our readers will recollect the “chivalrous” affair between M'Duffie and Col. Cummings, of Georgia, some years ago, in which the parties fortified themselves with spirits of hartshorn and *eau de Cologne*.

## LINES.

Written on reading "WRIGHT AND WRONG IN BOSTON;" containing an account of the meeting of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society, and the MOB which followed, on the 21st of the 10th month, 1835.

UNSHRINKING from the storm,  
Well have ye borne your part,  
With WOMAN'S fragile form,  
But more than manhood's heart!  
Faithful to Freedom, when  
Its name was held accursed—  
Faithful, midst ruffian men,  
Unto your holy trust.

Oh—steadfast in the Truth!  
Not for yourselves alone,  
Matron and gentle youth,  
Your lofty zeal was shown:  
For the bondman of all climes—  
For Freedom's last abode—  
For the hope of future times—  
For the birthright gift of God—

For scorn'd and broken laws—  
For honor and the right—  
For the staked and peril'd cause  
Of liberty and light—  
For the holy eyes above  
On a world of evil cast—  
For the CHILDREN of your love—  
For the MOTHERS of the past!

Worthy of THEM are ye—  
The Pilgrim wives who dared  
The waste and unknown sea,  
And the hunter's perils shared.

Worthy of her \* whose mind,  
Triumphant over all,  
Ruler nor priest could bind,  
Nor banishment appal.

Worthy of her † who died  
Martyr of Freedom, where  
Your "Commons" verdant pride,  
Opens to sun and air:  
Upheld at that dread hour  
By strength which could not fail;  
Before whose holy power  
Bigot and priest turn'd pale,

God give ye strength to run,  
Unawed by Earth or Hell,  
The race ye have begun  
So gloriously and well,  
Until the trumpet-call  
Of Freedom has gone forth,  
With joy and life to all  
The bondmen of the earth!

Until IMMORTAL MIND  
Unshackled walks abroad,  
And chains no longer bind  
*The image of our God*  
Until no captive one  
Murmurs on land or wave;  
And, in his course, the sun  
Looks down upon no SLAVE!

## LINES.

Written on the adoption of Pinckney's Resolutions, in the House of Representatives, and the passage of Calhoun's "Bill of Abominations" to a second reading, in the Senate of the United States.

Now, by our fathers' ashes! where's the spirit  
Of the true-hearted and the unshackled gone?  
Sons of old freemen, do we but inherit  
Their names alone?

\* Mrs. Hutchinson, who was banished from the Massachusetts Colony, as the easiest method of confuting her doctrines.

† Mary Dyer, the Quaker Martyr, who was hanged in Boston in 1659 for worshiping God according to the dictates of her conscience.

Is the old Pilgrim spirit quench'd within us?  
 Stoops the proud manhood of our souls so low,  
 That Mammon's lure or Party's wile can win us  
 To silence now?

No. When our land to ruin's brink is verging,  
 In God's name, let us speak while there is time!  
 Now, when the padlocks for our lips are forging,  
 SILENCE IS CRIME!

What! shall we henceforth humbly ask as favors  
 Rights all our own? In madness shall we barter,  
 For treacherous peace, the FREEDOM Nature gave us,  
 God and our charter?

*Here* shall the statesman seek the free to fetter?  
 Here Lynch law light its horrid fires on high?  
 And, in the church, their proud and skill'd abettor,  
 Make truth a lie?

Torture the pages of the hallow'd Bible,  
 To sanction crime, and robbery, and blood?  
 And, in Oppression's hateful service, libel  
 Both man and God?

Shall our New England stand erect no longer,  
 But stoop in chains upon her downward way,  
 Thicker to gather on her limbs and stronger  
 Day after day?

Oh, no; methinks from all her wild, green mountains—  
 From valleys where her slumbering fathers lie—  
 From her blue rivers and her welling fountains,  
 And clear, cold sky—

From her rough coast, and isles, which hungry Ocean  
 Gnaws with his surges—from the fisher's skiff,  
 With white sail swaying to the billows' motion  
 Round rock and cliff—

From the free fireside of her unbought farmer—  
 From her free laborer at his loom and wheel—  
 From the brown smith-shop, where, beneath the hammer,  
 Rings the red steel—

From each and all, if God hath not forsaken  
 Our land, and left us to an evil choice,  
 Loud as the summer thunderbolt shall waken  
 A PEOPLE'S VOICE!

Startling and stern! the Northern winds shall bear it  
 Over Potomac's to St. Mary's wave;

And buried Freedom shall awake to hear it  
Within her grave.

Oh, let that voice go forth! The bondman sighing  
By Santee's wave, in Mississippi's cane,  
Shall feel the hope, within his bosom dying,  
Revive again.

Let it go forth! The millions who are gazing  
Sadly upon us from afar, shall smile,  
And unto God devout thanksgiving raising,  
Bless us the while.

Oh, for your ancient freedom, pure and holy,  
For the deliverance of a groaning earth,  
For the wrong'd captive, bleeding, crush'd, and  
lowly,

Let it go forth!

Sons of the best of fathers! will ye falter  
With all they left ye peril'd and at stake?  
Ho! once again on Freedom's holy altar  
The fire awake!

Prayer-strengthen'd for the trial, come together,  
Put on the harness for the moral fight,  
And, with the blessing of your heavenly Father,  
MAINTAIN THE RIGHT!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

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### PALESTINE.

BLEST land of Judea! thrice hallowed of song  
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng;  
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,  
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee.

With the eye of a spirit I look on that shore,  
Where pilgrim and prophet have lingered before;  
With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod  
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

Blue sea of the hills!—in my spirit I hear  
Thy waters, Gennesaret, chime on my ear;  
Where the Lowly and Just with the people sat down,  
And thy spray on the dust of His sandals was thrown.

Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of green,  
And the desolate hills of the wild Gadarene;  
And I pause on the goat-crag of Tabor to see  
The gleam of thy waters, O dark Galilee!

Hark, a sound in the valley! where, swollen and strong,  
Thy river, O Kishon, is sweeping along;  
Where the Canaanite strove with Jehovah in vain,  
And thy torrent grew dark with the blood of the slain.

There down from his mountains stern Zebulon came,  
And Naphtali's stag, with his eye-balls of flame,  
And the chariots of Jabin rolled harmlessly on,  
For the arm of the Lord was Abinoam's son!

There sleep the still rocks and the caverns which rang  
To the song which the beautiful prophetess sang,  
When the princes of Issachar stood by her side,  
And the shout of a host in its triumph replied.

Lo, Bethlehem's hill-site before me is seen,  
With the mountains around, and the valleys between;  
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there  
The song of the angels rose sweet on the air.

And Bethany's palm trees in beauty still throw  
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below;  
But where are the sisters who hastened to greet  
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at His feet?

I tread where the TWELVE in their way-faring trod;  
 I stand where they stood with the CHOSEN OF GOD—  
 Where His blessing was heard and His lessons were taught,  
 Where the blind were restored and the healing was wrought.

Oh, here with His flock the sad Wanderer came—  
 These hills He toiled over in grief, are the same—  
 The founts where He drank by the wayside still flow,  
 And the same airs are blowing which breathed on His brow!

And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,  
 But with dust on her forehead, and chains on her feet;  
 For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath gone,  
 And the Holy Shechinah is dark where it shone.

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode  
 Of Humanity clothed in the brightness of God?  
 Where my spirit but turned from the outward and dim,  
 It could gaze, even now, on the presence of Him!

Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as when,  
 In love and in meekness, He moved among men;  
 And the voice which breathed peace to the waves of the sea,  
 In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me!

And what if my feet may not tread where He stood,  
 Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,  
 Nor my eyes see the cross which He bowed him to bear,  
 Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden of prayer?

Yet loved of the Father, Thy Spirit is near  
 To the meek, and the lowly, and penitent here;  
 And the voice of Thy love is the same even now,  
 As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.

Oh, the outward hath gone!—but in glory and power,  
 The SPIRIT surviveth the things of an hour;  
 Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame  
 On the heart's secret altar is burning the same!

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### EZEKIEL.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII. 30-33.

THEY hear thee not, O God! nor see:  
 Beneath Thy rod they mock at Thee;  
 The princes of our ancient line  
 Lie drunken with Assyrian wine;  
 The priests around Thy altar speak  
 The false words which their hearers seek;  
 And hymn which Chaldea's wanton maids  
 Have sung in Dura's idol-shades,  
 Are with the Levites' chant ascending,  
 With Zion's holiest anthems blending!

On Israel's bleeding bosom set,  
The heathen heel is crushing yet;  
The towers upon our holy hill  
Echo Chaldean footsteps still.  
Our wasted shrines—who weeps for them?  
Who mourneth for Jerusalem?  
Who turneth from his gains away?  
Whose knee with mine is bowed to pray?  
Who, leaving feast and purpling cup,  
Takes Zion's lamentation up?

A sad and thoughtful youth, I went  
With Israel's early banishment;  
And where the sullen Chebar crept,  
The ritual of my fathers kept.  
The water for the trench I drew,  
The firstling of the flock I slew,  
And, standing at the altar's side,  
I shared the Levites' lingering pride,  
That still amidst her mocking foes,  
The smoke of Zion's offering rose.

In sudden whirlwind, cloud and flame,  
The Spirit of the Highest came!  
Before mine eyes a vision passed,  
A glory terrible and vast;  
With dreadful eyes of living things,  
And sounding sweep of angel wings,  
With circling light and sapphire throne,  
And flame-like form of One thereon,  
And voice of that dread Likeness sent  
Down from the crystal firmament!

The burden of a prophet's power  
Fell on me in that fearful hour;  
From off unutterable woes  
The curtain of the future rose;  
I saw far down the coming time  
The fiery chastisement of crime;  
With noise of mingling hosts, and jar  
Of falling towers and shouts of war,  
I saw the nations rise and fall,  
Like fire-gleams on my tent's white wall.

In dream and trance, I saw the slain  
Of Egypt heaped like harvest grain;  
I saw the walls of sea-born Tyre  
Swept over by the spoiler's fire;  
And heard the low, expiring moan  
Of Edom on his rocky throne;  
And, woe is me! the wild lament  
From Zion's desolation sent;  
And felt within my heart each blow  
Which laid her holy places low.

In bonds and sorrow, day by day,  
 Before the pictured tile I lay;  
 And there, as in a mirror, saw  
 The coming of Assyria's war,—  
 Her swarthy lines of spearmen pass  
 Like locusts through Bethhoron's grass;  
 I saw them draw their stormy hem  
 Of battle round Jerusalem;  
 And, listening, heard the Hebrew wail  
 Blend with the victor-trump of Baal!

Who trembled at my warning word?  
 Who owned the prophet of the Lord?  
 How mocked the rude—how scoffed the vile—  
 How stung the Levites' scornful smile,  
 As o'er my spirit, dark and slow,  
 The shadow crept of Israel's woe,  
 As if the angel's mournful roll  
 Had left its record on my soul,  
 And traced in lines of darkness there  
 The picture of its great despair!

Yet ever at the hour I feel  
 My lips in prophecy unseal.  
 Prince, priest, and Levite, gather near,  
 And Salem's daughters haste to hear,  
 On Chebar's waste and alien shore,  
 The harp of Judah swept once more.  
 They listen, as in Babel's throng  
 The Chaldeans to the dancer's song,  
 Or wild sabbeka's nightly play,  
 As careless and as vain as they.

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And thus, oh Prophet-bard of old,  
 Hast thou thy tale of sorrow told!  
 The same which earth's unwelcome seers  
 Have felt in all succeeding years.  
 Sport of the changeful multitude,  
 Nor calmly heard nor understood,  
 Their song has seemed a trick of art,  
 Their warnings but the actors' part.  
 With bonds, and scorn, and evil will,  
 The world requites its prophets still.

So was it when the Holy One  
 The garments of the flesh put on!  
 Men followed where the Highest led  
 For common gifts of daily bread,  
 And gross of ear, of vision dim,  
 Owned not the Godlike power of Him.  
 Vain as a dreamer's words to them  
 His wail above Jerusalem,

And meaningless the watch He kept  
Through which His weak disciples slept.

Yet shrink not thou, whoe'er thou art,  
For God's great purpose set apart,  
Before whose far discerning eyes,  
The Future as the Present lies!  
Beyond a narrow-bounded age  
Stretches thy prophet-heritage,

Through Heaven's dim spaces angel-trod,  
Through arches round the throne of God!  
Thy audience, worlds!—all Time to be  
The witness of the Truth in thee!

### THE WIFE OF MANOAH TO HER HUSBAND.

AGAINST the sunset's glowing wall  
The city towers rise black and tall,  
Where Zorah on its rocky height  
Stands like an armed man in the light.

Down Eshtaol's vales of ripened grain  
Falls like a cloud the night amain,  
And up the hillsides climbing slow  
The barley reapers homeward go.

Look, dearest! how our fair child's head  
The sunset light hath hallowed,  
Where at this olive's foot he lies,  
Uplooking to the tranquil skies.

Oh! while beneath the fervent heat  
Thy sickle swept the bearded wheat,  
I've watched with mingled joy and dread,  
Our child upon his grassy bed.

Joy, which the mother feels alone  
Whose morning hope like mine had flown,  
When to her bosom, ever blessed,  
A dearer life than hers is pressed.

Dread, for the future dark and still,  
Which shapes our dear one to its will;  
Forever in his large calm eyes,  
I read a tale of sacrifice.—

The same foreboding awe I felt  
When at the altar's side we knelt,  
And he, who as a pilgrim came,  
Rose, winged and glorious, through the flame!

I slept not, though the wild bees made  
A dreamlike murmuring in the shade,  
And on me the warm-fingered hours  
Pressed with the drowsy smell of flowers.

Before me, in a vision, rose  
The hosts of Israel's scornful foes,—  
Rank over rank, helm, shield, and spear,  
Glittered in noon's hot atmosphere.

I heard their boast, and bitter word,  
Their mockery of the Hebrew's Lord,  
I saw their hands His ark assail,  
Their feet profane His holy veil.

No angel down the blue space spoke,  
No thunder from the still sky broke,  
But in their midst, in power and awe,  
Like God's waked wrath, OUR CHILD I saw!

A child no more!—harsh-browed and strong  
He towered a giant in the throng,  
And down his shoulders, broad and bare,  
Swept the black terror of his hair.

He raised his arm—he smote amain,  
As round the reaper falls the grain,  
So the dark host around him fell,  
So sank the foes of Israel!

Again I looked. In sunlight shone  
The towers and domes of Askelon.  
Priests, warrior, slave, a mighty crowd  
Within her idol temple bowed.

Yet one knelt not; stark, gaunt, and blind,  
His arms the massive pillars twined,—  
An eyeless captive, strong with hate,  
He stood there like an evil Fate.

The red shrines smoked—the trumpets pealed—  
He stooped—the giant columns reeled—  
Reeled tower and fane, sank arch and wall,  
And the thick dust-cloud closed o'er all!

Above the shriek, the crash, the groan  
Of the fallen pride of Askelon,  
I heard, sheer down the echoing sky,  
A voice as of an angel cry.—

The voice of him, who at our side  
Sat through the golden eventide,

Of him, who on thy altar's blaze  
Rose fire-winged, with his song of praise!

"Rejoice o'er Israel's broken chain,  
Gray mother of the mighty slain!  
Rejoice!" it cried, "He vanquisheth!  
The strong in life is strong in death!

"To him shall Zorah's daughters raise  
Through coming years their hymns of praise,  
And gray old men, at evening tell  
Of all he wrought for Israel.

"And they who sing and they who hear  
Alike shall hold thy memory dear,  
And pour their blessings on thy head,  
Oh, mother of the mighty dead!"

It ceased: and though a sound I heard  
As if great wings the still air stirred,  
I only saw the barley sheaves,  
And hills half hid by olive leaves.

I bowed my face, in awe and fear,  
On the dear child who slumbered near,  
"With me, as with my only son,  
Oh God!" I said, "THY WILL BE DONE!"

## THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN.

"GET ye up from the wrath of God's terrible day!  
Ungirded, unsandalled, arise and away!  
'Tis the vintage of blood—'tis the fulness of time,  
And vengeance shall gather the harvest of crime!"

The warning was spoken—the righteous had gone,  
And the proud ones of Sodom were feasting alone;  
All gay was the banquet—the revel was long,  
With the pouring of wine and the breathing of song.

'Twas an evening of beauty; the air was perfume,  
The earth was all greenness, the trees were all bloom;  
And softly the delicate viol was heard,  
Like the murmur of love or the notes of a bird.

And beautiful maidens moved down in the dance,  
With the magic of motion and sunshine of glance;  
And white arms wreathed lightly, and tresses fell free,  
As the plumage of birds in some tropical tree.

Where the shrines of foul idols were lighted on high,  
 And wantonness tempted the lust of the eye;  
 Midst rites of obscenity, strange, loathsome, abhorred,  
 The blasphemer scoffed at the name of the Lord.

Hark! the growl of the thunder—the quaking of earth!  
 Woe—woe to the worship, and woe to the mirth!  
 The black sky has opened—there's flame in the air—  
 The red arm of vengeance is lifted and bare!

Then the shriek of the dying rose wild where the song  
 And the low tone of love had been whispered along;  
 For the fierce flames went lightly o'er palace and bower,  
 Like the red tongues of demons, to blast and devour!

Down—down, on the fallen, the red ruin rained,  
 And the reveller sank with his wine-cup undrained;  
 The foot of the dancer, the music's loved thrill,  
 And the shout and the laughter grew suddenly still.

The last throb of anguish was fearfully given;  
 The last eye glared forth in its madness on Heaven!  
 The last groan of horror rose wildly and vain,  
 And death brooded over the pride of the Plain!

### THE CRUCIFIXION.

SUNLIGHT upon Judea's hills!  
 And on the waves of Galilee—  
 On Jordan's stream, and on the rills  
 That feed the dead and sleeping sea!  
 Most freshly from the greenwood springs  
 The light breeze on its scented wings;  
 And gayly quiver in the sun  
 The cedar tops of Lebanon!

A few more hours—a change hath come!  
 The sky is dark without a cloud!  
 The shouts of wrath and joy are dumb,  
 And proud knees unto earth are bowed.  
 A change is on the hill of Death,  
 The helmed watchers pant for breath,  
 And turn with wild and maniac eyes  
 From the dark scene of sacrifice!

That Sacrifice!—the death of Him—  
 The High and ever Holy One!  
 Well may the conscious Heaven grow dim,  
 And blacken the beholding Sun!  
 The wonted light hath fled away,  
 Night settles on the middle day,  
 And earthquake from his caverned bed  
 Is waking with a thrill of dread!

The dead are waking underneath !  
 Their prison door is rent away !  
 And, ghastly with the seal of death,  
 They wander in the eye of day !  
 The temple of the Cherubim,  
 The House of God is cold and dim ;  
 A curse is on its trembling walls,  
 Its mighty veil asunder falls !

Well may the cavern-depths of Earth  
 Be shaken, and her mountains nod ;  
 Well may the sheeted dead come forth  
 To gaze upon a suffering God !  
 Well may the temple-shrine grow dim,  
 And shadows veil the Cherubim,  
 When He, the chosen one of Heaven,  
 A sacrifice for guilt is given !

And shall the sinful heart, alone,  
 Behold unmoved the atoning hour,  
 When Nature trembles on her throne,  
 And Death resigns his iron power ?  
 Oh, shall the heart—whose sinfulness  
 Gave keenness to His sore distress,  
 And added to His tears of blood—  
 Refuse its trembling gratitude !

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### THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHERE Time the measure of his hours  
 By changeful bud and blossom keeps,  
 And like a young bride crowned with flowers,  
 Fair Shiraz in her garden sleeps ;

Where, to her poet's turban stone,  
 The Spring her gift of flowers imparts,  
 Less sweet than those his thoughts have sown  
 In the warm soil of Persian hearts :

There sat the stranger, where the shade  
 Of scattered date-trees thinly lay,  
 While in the hot clear heaven delayed  
 The long, and still, and weary day.

Strange trees and fruits above him hung,  
 Strange odors filled the sultry air,  
 Strange birds upon the branches swung,  
 Strange insect voices murmured there.

And strange bright blossoms shone around,  
 Turned sunward from the shadowy bowers,  
 As if the Gheber's soul had found  
 A fitting home in Iran's flowers.

Whate'er he saw, whate'er he heard,  
Awakened feelings new and sad,—  
No Christian garb, nor Christian word,  
Nor church with Sabbath bell chimes glad,

But Moslem graves, with turban stones,  
And mosque-spires gleaming white, in view,  
And gray-beard Mollahs in low tones  
Chanting their Koran service through.

The flowers which smiled on either hand  
Like tempting fiends, were such as they  
Which once, o'er all that Eastern land,  
As gifts on demon altars lay.

As if the burning eye of Baal  
The servant of his Conqueror knew,  
From skies which knew no cloudy veil,  
The Sun's hot glances smote him through.

"Ah me!" the lonely stranger said,  
"The hope which led my footsteps on,  
And light from Heaven around them shed,  
O'er weary wave and waste, is gone!"

"Where are the harvest fields all white,  
For Truth to thrust her sickle in?  
Where flock the souls, like doves in flight,  
From the dark hiding place of sin?"

"A silent horror broods o'er all—  
The burden of a hateful spell—  
The very flowers around recall  
The hoary magi's rites of hell.

"And what am I, o'er such a land  
The banner of the Cross to bear?  
Dear Lord uphold me with thy hand,  
Thy strength with human weakness share!"

He ceased; for at his very feet  
In mild rebuke a floweret smiled—  
How thrilled his sinking heart to greet  
The Star-flower of the Virgin's child!

Sown by some wandering Frank, it drew  
Its life from alien air and earth,  
And told to Paynim sun and dew  
The story of the Saviour's birth.

From scorching beams, in kindly mood,  
The Persian plants its beauty screened;  
And on its pagan sisterhood,  
In love, the Christian floweret leaned.

With tears of joy the wanderer felt  
 The darkness of his long despair  
 Before that hallowed symbol melt,  
 Which God's dear love had nurtured there.

From Nature's face, that simple flower  
 The lines of sin and sadness swept,  
 And Magian pile and Paynim bower  
 In peace like that of Eden slept.

Each Moslem tomb, and cypress old,  
 Looked holy through the sunset air;  
 And angel like, the Muezzin told  
 From tower and mosque the hour of prayer.

With cheerful steps, the morrow's dawn  
 From Shiraz saw the stranger part;  
 The Star-flower of the Virgin-Born  
 Still blooming in his hopeful heart!

## CHRIST IN THE TEMPEST.

STORM on the heaving waters!—The vast sky  
 Is stooping with its thunder. Cloud on cloud  
 Rolls heavily in the darkness, like a shroud  
 Shaken by midnight's Angel from on high,  
 Through the thick sea-mist, faintly and afar,  
 Chorazin's watch-light glimmers like a star,  
 And, momentarily, the ghastly cloud-fires play  
 On the dark sea-wall of Capernaum's bay,  
 And tower and turret into light spring forth  
 Like spectres starting from the storm-swept earth  
 And, vast and awful, Tabor's mountain form,  
 Its Titan forehead naked to the storm,  
 Towers for one instant, full and clear, and then  
 Blends with the blackness and the cloud again.

And it is very terrible!—The roar  
 Ascendeth unto heaven, and thunders back,  
 Like the response of demons, from the black  
 Riffs of the hanging tempest—yawning o'er  
 The wild waves in their torment. Hark!—the cry  
 Of strong man in peril, piercing through  
 The uproar of the waters and the sky,  
 As the rent bark one moment rides to view,  
 On the tall billows, with the thunder cloud  
 Closing around, above her, like a shroud!  
 He stood upon the reeling deck—His form  
 Made visible by the lightning, and His brow  
 Pale, and uncover'd to the rushing storm,  
 Told of a triumph man may never know—  
 Power underived and mighty—"PEACE—BE STILL!"  
 The great waves heard Him, and the storm's loud tone

Went moaning into silence at His will;  
 And the thick clouds, where yet the lightning shone,  
 And slept the latent thunder, roll'd away,  
 Until no trace of tempest lurk'd behind,  
 Changing, upon the pinions of the wind,  
 To stormless wanderers, beautiful and gay.

Dread Ruler of the tempest! Thou before  
 Whose presence boweth the uprisen storm—  
 To whom the waves do homage round the shore  
 Of many an Island empire!—if the form  
 Of the frail dust beneath Thine eye, may claim  
 Thy infinite regard—oh, breathe upon  
 The storm and darkness of man's soul the same  
 Quiet, and peace, and humbleness which came  
 O'er the roused waters, where Thy voice had gone  
 A minister of power—to conquer in Thy name!

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“KNOWEST THOU THE ORDINANCES OF HEAVEN?”

—*Job xxxviii. 33.*

Look unto heaven!  
 The still and solemn stars are burning there,  
 Like altars lighted in the upper air,  
 And to the worship of the great God given,  
 Where the pure spirits of the unsinning dead,  
 Redeem'd and sanctified from Earth, might shed  
 The holiness of prayer.

Look ye above!  
 The Earth is glorious with its summer wreath  
 The tall trees bend with verdure; and, beneath,  
 Young flowers are blushing like unwhisper'd love.  
 Yet *these* will change—Earth's glories be no more,  
 And all her bloom and greenness fade before  
 The ministry of Death.

Then gaze not there.  
 God's constant miracle—the star-wrought sky  
 Bends o'er ye, lifting silently on high,  
 As with an Angel's hand, the soul of prayer,  
 And heaven's own language to the pure of Earth,  
 Written in stars at Nature's mighty birth,  
 Burns on the gazing eye.

Oh! turn ye, then,  
 And bend the knee of worship; and the eyes  
 Of the pure stars shall smile, with glad surprise  
 At the deep reverence of the sons of men.  
 Oh! bend in worship, till those stars grow dim  
 And the skies vanish, at the thought of Him  
 Whose light beyond them lies!

## HYMNS.

## FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

ONE hymn more, O my lyre!  
 Praise to the God above,  
 Of joy and life and love,  
 Sweeping its strings of fire!

Oh! who the speed of bird and wind  
 And sunbeam's glance will lend to me,  
 That, soaring upward, I may find  
 My resting place and home in Thee?—  
 Thou, whom my soul, midst doubt and gloom,  
 Adoreth with a fervent flame—  
 Mysterious spirit! unto whom  
 Pertain nor sign nor name!

Swiftly my lyre's soft murmurs go,  
 Up from the cold and joyless earth,  
 Back to the God who bade them flow,  
 Whose moving spirit sent them forth.  
 But as for me, O God! for me,  
 The lowly creature of Thy will,  
 Lingering and sad, I sigh to Thee  
 An earth-bound pilgrim still!

Was not my spirit born to shine  
 Where yonder stars and suns are glowing?  
 To breathe with them the light divine,  
 From God's own holy altar flowing?  
 To be, indeed, whate'er the soul  
 In dreams hath thirsted for so long—  
 A portion of Heaven's glorious whole  
 Of loveliness and song?

Oh! watchers of the stars at night,  
 Who breathe their fire, as we the air—  
 Suns, thunders, stars, and rays of light,  
 Oh! say, is He, the Eternal, there?  
 Bend there around His awful throne  
 The seraph's glance, the angel's knee?  
 Or are thy inmost depths his own,  
 O wild and mighty sea?

Thoughts of my soul, how swift ye go!  
 Swift as the eagle's glance of fire,  
 Or arrows from the archer's bow,  
 To the far aim of your desire!  
 Thought after thought, ye thronging rise,  
 Like spring-doves from the startled wood,  
 Bearing like them your sacrifice  
 Of music unto God!

And shall these thoughts of joy and love  
 Come back again no more to me?—  
 Returning like the Patriarch's dove  
 Wing-weary from the eternal sea,  
 To bear within my longing arms  
 The promise-bough of kindlier skies,  
 Plucked from the green, immortal palms  
 Which shadow Paradise?

All-moving spirit!—freely forth  
 At Thy command the strong wind goes;  
 Its errand to the passive earth,  
 Nor art can stay, nor strength oppose,  
 Until it folds its weary wing  
 Once more within the hand divine;  
 So, weary from its wandering,  
 My spirit turns to Thine!

Child of the sea, the mountain stream,  
 From its dark caverns, hurries on,  
 Ceaseless, by night and morning's beam,  
 By evening's star and noontide's sun,  
 Until at last it sinks to rest,  
 O'erwearied, in the waiting sea,  
 And moans upon its mother's breast—  
 So turns my soul to Thee!

O Thou who bidst the torrent flow,  
 Who lendest wings unto the wind—  
 Mover of all things! where art Thou?  
 Oh, whither shall I go to find  
 The secret of Thy resting place?  
 Is there no holy wing for me,  
 That, soaring, I may search the space  
 Of highest Heaven for Thee?

Oh, would I were as free to rise  
 As leaves on Autumn's whirlwind borne—  
 The arrowy light of sunset skies,  
 Or sound, or ray, or star of morn  
 Which melts in heaven at twilight's close,  
 Or aught which soars unchecked and free  
 Through Earth and Heaven; that I might lose  
 Myself in finding Thee!

---

When the BREATH DIVINE is flowing,  
 Zephyr-like o'er all things going,  
 And as the touch of viewless fingers,  
 Softly on my soul it lingers,  
 Open to a breath the lightest,  
 Conscious of a touch the slightest—  
 As some calm still lake, whereon  
 Sinks the snowy-bosomed swan,

And the glistening water-rings  
Circle round her moving wings:  
When my upward gaze is turning  
Where the stars of heaven are burning  
Through the deep and dark abyss—  
Flowers of midnight's wilderness,  
Blowing with the evening's breath  
Sweetly in their Maker's path:

When the breaking day is flushing  
All the East, and light is gushing  
Upward through the horizon's haze,  
Sheaf-like, with its thousand rays  
Spreading, until all above  
Overflows with joy and love,  
And below, on earth's green bosom,  
All is changed to light and blossom:

When my waking fancies over,  
Forms of brightness flit and hover,  
Holy as the seraphs are,  
Who by Zion's fountains wear  
On their foreheads, white and broad,  
"HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD!"  
When, inspired with rapture high,  
It would seem a single sigh  
Could a world of love create—  
That my life could know no date,  
And my eager thoughts could fill  
Heaven and earth, o'erflowing still!—

Then, O Father!—Thou alone,  
From the shadow of Thy throne,  
To the sighing of my breast  
And its rapture answerest.  
All my thoughts, which, upward winging,  
Bathe where Thy own light is springing—  
All my yearnings to be free  
Are as echoes answering Thee!

Seldom upon lips of mine,  
Father! rests that name of Thine—  
Deep within my inmost breast,  
In the secret place of mind,  
Like an awful presence shrined,  
Doth the dread idea rest!  
Hushed and holy dwells it there—  
Prompter of the silent prayer,  
Lifting up my spirit's eye  
And its faint, but earnest cry,  
From its dark but cold abode,  
Unto Thee, my Guide and God!

## THE FEMALE MARTYR.

[MARY G——, aged eighteen, a "SISTER OF CHARITY," died in one of our Atlantic cities, during the prevalence of the Indian Cholera, while in voluntary attendance upon the sick.]

"BRING out your dead!" the midnight street  
 Heard and gave back the hoarse, low call;  
 Harsh fell the tread of hasty feet—  
 Glanced through the dark the coarse white sheet—  
 Her coffin and her pall.  
 "What—only one!" The brutal hackman said,  
 As, with an oath, he spurned away the dead.

How sunk the inmost hearts of all,  
 As rolled that dead-cart slowly by,  
 With creaking wheel and harsh hoof-fall!  
 The dying turned him to the wall,  
 To hear it and to die!—  
 Onward it rolled; while oft its driver stayed,  
 And hoarsely clamored, "Ho!—bring out your dead."

It paused beside the burial-place;  
 "Toss in your load!"—and it was done.—  
 With quick hand and averted face,  
 Hastily to the grave's embrace  
 They cast them, one by one—  
 Stranger and friend—the evil and the just,  
 Together trodden in the church-yard dust!

And thou, young martyr!—thou wast there—  
 No white-robed sisters round thee trod—  
 Nor holy hymn nor funeral prayer  
 Rose through the damp and noisome air,  
 Giving thee to thy God;  
 Nor flower, nor cross, nor hallowed taper gave  
 Grace to the dead, and beauty to the grave!

Yet, gentle sufferer!—there shall be.  
 In every heart of kindly feeling,  
 A rite as holy paid to thee  
 As if beneath the convent-tree  
 Thy sisterhood were kneeling,  
 At vesper hours, like sorrowing angels, keeping  
 Their tearful watch around thy place of sleeping.

For thou wast one in whom the light  
 Of Heaven's own love was kindled well,  
 Enduring with a martyr's might,  
 Through weary day and wakeful night,  
 Far more than words may tell:  
 Gentle, and meek, and lowly, and unknown—  
 Thy mercies measured by thy God alone!

Where manly hearts were failing,—where

The throngful street grew foul with death,

O high-souled martyr!—thou was there,

Inhaling from the loathsome air,

Poison with every breath.

Yet shrinking not from offices of dread

For the wrung dying, and the unconscious dead.

And, where the sickly taper shed

Its light through vapors, damp, confined,

Hushed as a seraph's fell thy tread—

A new Electra by the bed

Of suffering human-kind!

Pointing the spirit, in its dark dismay,

To that pure hope which fadeth not away.

Innocent teacher of the high

And holy mysteries of Heaven!

How turned to thee each glazing eye,

In mute and awful sympathy,

As thy low prayers were given;

And the o'er-hovering Spoiler wore, the while,

An angel's features—a deliverer's smile!

A blessed task!—and worthy one

Who, turning from the world, as thou,

Before life's pathway had begun

To leave its springtime flower and sun,

Had sealed her early vow;

Giving to God her beauty and her youth,

Her pure affections and her guileless truth.

Earth may not claim thee. Nothing here

Could be for thee a meet reward;

Thine is a treasure far more dear—

Eye hath not seen it, nor the ear

Of living mortal heard,—

The joys prepared—the promised bliss above—

The holy presence of Eternal Love!

Sleep on in peace. The earth has not

A nobler name than thine shall be.

The deeds by martial manhood wrought,

The lofty energies of thought,

The fire of poesy—

These have but frail and fading honors;—thine

Shall Time unto Eternity consign.

Yea, and when thrones shall crumble down,

And human pride and grandeur fall,—

The herald's line of long renown—

The mitre and the kingly crown—

Perishing glories all!

The pure devotion of thy generous heart

Shall live in Heaven, of which it was a part!

## THE FROST SPIRIT.

HE comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes! You may trace his foot-  
steps now  
On the naked woods and the blasted fields and the brown hill's withered  
brow.  
He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees where their pleasant  
green came forth,  
And the winds, which follow wherever he goes, have shaken them down  
to earth.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—from the frozen  
Labrador—  
From the icy bridge of the Northern seas, which the white bear  
wanders o'er—  
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, and the luckless forms  
below  
In the sunless cold of the lingering night into marble statues grow!

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—On the rushing Northern  
blast,  
And the dark Norwegian pines have bowed as his fearful breath went  
past.  
With an unscorched wing he was hurried on, where the fires of Hecla  
glow  
On the darkly beautiful sky above and the ancient ice below.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—and the quiet lake shall  
feel  
The torpid touch of his glazing breath and ring to the skater's heel;  
And the streams which danced on the broken rocks, or sang to the  
leaning grass,  
Shall bow again to their winter chain, and in mournful silence pass.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—let us meet him as we  
may,  
And turn with the light of the parlor-fire his evil power away;  
And gather closer the circle round, when that firelight dances high,  
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend as his sounding wing  
goes by!

## THE VAUDOIS TEACHER.

["The manner in which the WALDENSES and heretics disseminated their principles among the CATHOLIC gentry, was by carrying with them a box of trinkets, or articles of dress. Having entered the houses of the gentry, and disposed of some of their goods, they cautiously intimated that they had commodities far more valuable than these—inestimable jewels, which they would show if they could be protected from the clergy. They would then give their purchasers a bible or testament; and thereby many were deluded into heresy"—*R. Saccho.*]

"OH, lady fair, these silks of mine are beautiful and rare—  
The richest web of the Indian loom, which beauty's queen might wear;  
And my pearls are pure as thy own fair neck, with whose radiant light  
they vie;

I have brought them with me a weary way,—will my gentle lady buy?"

And the lady smiled on the worn old man through the dark and cluster-  
ing curls,

Which veiled her brow as she bent to view his silks and glittering pearls;  
And she placed their price in the old man's hand, and lightly turned  
away,

But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call—"My gentle lady, stay!"

"Oh, lady fair, I have yet a gem which a purer lustre flings,  
Than the diamond flash of the jewelled crown on the lofty brow of kings—  
A wonderful pearl of exceeding price, whose virtue shall not decay,  
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee and a blessing on thy way!"

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel where her form of grace was  
seen,

Where her eye shone clear, and her dark locks waved their clasping  
pearls between;—

"Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth, thou traveller gray and old—  
And name the price of thy precious gem, and my page shall count thy  
gold."

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow, as a small and meagre book,  
Unchased with gold or gem of cost, from his folding robe he took!

"Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price, may it prove as such to thee!  
Nay—keep thy gold—I ask it not, for the word of God is free!"

The hoary traveller went his way, but the gift he left behind  
Hath had its pure and perfect work on that high-born maiden's mind,  
And she hath turned from the pride of sin to the lowliness of truth,  
And given her human heart to God in its beautiful hour of youth!

And she hath left the gray old halls, where an evil faith had power,  
The courtly knights of her father's train, and the maidens of her border;  
And she hath gone to the Vaudois vales by lordly feet untrod,  
Where the poor and needy of earth are rich in the perfect love of God!

## THE CALL OF THE CHRISTIAN.

Nor always as the whirlwind's rush  
 On Horeb's mount of fear,  
 Not always as the burning bush  
 To Midian's shepherd seer,  
 Nor as the awful voice which came  
 To Israel's prophet bards,  
 Nor as the tongues of cloven flame,  
 Nor gift of fearful words—

Not always thus, with outward sign  
 Of fire or voice from Heaven,  
 The message of a truth divine,  
 The call of God is given!  
 Awaking in the human heart  
 Love for the true and right—  
 Zeal for the Christian's "better part,"  
 Strength for the Christian's fight.

Nor unto manhood's heart alone  
 The holy influence steals:  
 Warm with a rapture not its own,  
 The heart of woman feels!  
 As she who by Samaria's wall  
 The Saviour's errand sought—  
 As those who with the fervent Paul  
 And meek Aquila wrought:

Or those meek ones whose martyrdom  
 Rome's gathered grandeur saw:  
 Or those who in their Alpine home  
 Braved the Crusader's war,  
 When the green Vaudois, trembling, heard,  
 Through all its vales of death,  
 The martyr's song of triumph poured  
 From woman's failing breath.

And gently, by a thousand things  
 Which o'er our spirits pass,  
 Like breezes o'er the harp's fine strings,  
 Or vapors o'er a glass,  
 Leaving their token strange and new  
 Of music or of shade,  
 The summons to the right and true  
 And merciful is made.

Oh, then, if gleams of truth and light  
 Flash o'er thy waiting mind,  
 Unfolding to thy mental sight  
 The wants of human kind;

If brooding over human grief,  
 The earnest wish is known  
 To soothe and gladden with relief  
 An anguish not thine own:

Though heralded with naught of fear,  
 Or outward sign, or show:  
 Though only to the inward ear  
 It whispers soft and low;  
 Though dropping, as the manna fell,  
 Unseen, yet from above,  
 Noiseless as dew-fall, heed it well—  
 Thy Father's call of love!

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## MY SOUL AND I.

STAND still, my soul, in the silent dark  
 I would question thee,  
 Alone in the shadow drear and stark  
 With God and me!

What, my soul, was thy errand here?  
 Was it mirth or ease,  
 Or heaping up dust from year to year?  
 "Nay, none of these!"

Speak, soul, aright in His holy sight  
 Whose eye looks still  
 And steadily on thee through the night:  
 "To do His will!"

What hast thou done, oh soul of mine  
 That thou tremblest so?—  
 Hast thou wrought His task, and kept the line  
 He bade thee go?

What, silent all!—art sad of cheer?  
 Art fearful now?  
 When God seemed far and men were near  
 How brave wert thou?

Ah! thou tremblest!—well I see  
 Thou'rt craven grown.  
 Is it so hard with God and me  
 To stand alone?—

Summon thy sunshine bravery back,  
 Oh, wretched sprite!  
 Let me hear thy voice through this deep and black  
 Abysmal night.

What hast thou wrought for Right and Truth,  
For God and Man,  
From the golden hours of bright-eyed youth  
To life's mid span ?

Ah, soul of mine, thy tones I hear,  
But weak and low,  
Like far sad murmurs on my ear  
They come and go.

"I have wrestled stoutly with the Wrong,  
And borne the Right  
From beneath the footfall of the throng  
To life and light.

"Wherever Freedom shivered a chain,  
God speed, quoth I;  
To Error amidst her shouting train  
I gave the lie."

Ah, soul of mine! ah, soul of mine!  
Thy deeds are well :  
Were they wrought for Truth's sake or for thine ?  
My soul, pray tell.

"Of all the work my hand hath wrought  
Beneath the sky,  
Save a place in kindly human thought,  
No gain have I."

Go to, go to!—for thy very self  
Thy deeds were done:  
Thou for fame, the miser for pelf,  
Your end is one!

And where art thou going, soul of mine ?  
Canst see the end ?  
And whither this troubled life of thine  
Evermore doth tend ?

What daunts thee now ?—what shakes thee so ?  
My sad soul say.

"I see a cloud like a curtain low  
Hang o'er my way.

"Whither I go I cannot tell:  
That cloud hangs black,  
High as the heaven and deep as hell,  
Across my track.

"I see its shadow coldly enwrap  
The souls before,  
Sadly they enter it, step by step,  
To return no more.

"They shrink, they shudder, dear God! they kneel  
     To thee in prayer.  
 They shut their eyes on the cloud, but feel  
     That it still is there.

"In vain they turn from the dread Before  
     To the Known and Gone;  
 For while gazing behind them evermore  
     Their feet glide on.

"Yet, at times, I see upon sweet pale faces  
     A light begin  
 To tremble, as if from holy places  
     And shrines within.

"And at times methinks their cold lips move  
     With hymn and prayer,  
 As if somewhat of awe, but more of love  
     And hope were there.

"I call on the souls who have left the light  
     To reveal their lot;  
 I bend mine ear to that wall of night,  
     And they answer not.

"But I hear around me sighs of pain  
     And the cry of fear,  
 And a sound like the slow sad dropping of rain,  
     Each drop a tear!

"Ah, the cloud is dark, and day by day,  
     I am moving thither:  
 I must pass beneath it on my way—  
     God pity me!—WHITHER?"

Ah soul of mine! so brave and wise  
     In the life-storm loud,  
 Fronting so calmly all human eyes  
     In the sunlit crowd!

Now standing apart with God and me  
     Thou art weakness all,  
 Gazing vainly after the things to be  
     Through Death's dread wall.

But never for this, never for this  
     Was thy being lent;  
 For the craven's fear is but selfishness,  
     Like his merriment.

Folly and Fear are sisters twain:  
     One closing her eyes,  
 The other peopling the dark inane  
     With spectral lies.

Know well, my soul, God's hand controls  
Whate'er thou fearest;  
Round Him in calmest music rolls  
Whate'er thou hearest.

What to thee is shadow, to Him is day,  
And the end He knoweth,  
And not on a blind and aimless way  
The spirit goeth.

Man sees no future—a phantom show  
Is alone before him;  
Past Time is dead, and the grasses grow,  
And flowers bloom o'er him.

Nothing before, nothing behind:  
The steps of Faith  
Fall on the seeming void, and find  
The rock beneath.

The Present, the Present is all thou hast  
For thy sure possessing;  
Like the patriarch's angel hold it fast  
Till it gives its blessing.

Why fear the night? why shrink from Death,  
That phantom wan?  
There is nothing in Heaven or earth beneath  
Save God and man.

Peopling the shadows we turn from Him  
And from one another;  
All is spectral and vague and dim  
Save God and our brother!

Like warp and woof all destinies  
Are woven fast,  
Linked in sympathy like the keys  
Of an organ vast.

Pluck one thread, and the web ye mar;  
Break but one  
Of a thousand keys, and the paining jar  
Through all will run.

Oh, restless spirit! wherefore strain  
Beyond thy sphere?—  
Heaven and hell, with their joy and pain  
Are now and here.

Back to thyself is measured well  
All thou hast given;  
Thy neighbor's wrong is thy present hell,  
His bliss thy heaven.

And in life, in death, in dark and light  
 All are in God's care ;  
 Sound the black abyss, pierce the deep of night,  
 And He is there !

All which is real now remaineth,  
 And fadeth never :  
 The hand which upholds it now, sustaineth  
 The soul forever.

Leaning on Him, make with reverent meekness  
 His own thy will,  
 And with strength from Him shall thy utter weak-  
 ness  
 Life's task fulfil ;

And that cloud itself, which now before thee  
 Lies dark in view,  
 Shall with beams of light from the inner glory  
 Be stricken through.

And like meadow mist through Autumn's dawn  
 Uprolling thin,  
 Its thickest folds when about thee drawn  
 Let sunlight in.

Then of what is to be, and of what is done  
 Why quieriest thou ?—  
 The past and the time to be are one,  
 And both are now !

## TO A FRIEND,

## ON HER RETURN FROM EUROPE.

How smiled the land of France  
 Under thy blue eye's glance,  
 Light-hearted rover ?  
 Old walls of châteaux gray,  
 Towers of an early day,  
 Which the Three Colors play  
 Flauntingly over.

Now midst the brilliant train  
 Thronging the banks of Seine:  
 Now midst the splendor  
 Of the wild Alpine range,  
 Waking with change on change  
 Thoughts in thy young heart  
 strange,  
 Lovely, and tender

Vales, soft Elysian,  
 Like those in the vision  
 Of Mirza, when, dreaming,  
 He saw the long hollow dell,  
 Touched by the prophet's spell,  
 Into an ocean swell  
 With its isles teeming.

Cliffs wrapped in snows of years,  
 Splintering with icy spears  
 Autumn's blue heaven :  
 Loose rock and frozen slide,  
 Hung on the mountain side,  
 Waiting their hour to glide  
 Downward, storm-driven !

Rhine stream, by castle old,  
 Baron's and robber's hold,  
     Peacefully flowing;  
 Sweeping through vineyards green  
 Or where the cliffs are seen  
 O'er the broad wave between.  
     Grim shadows throwing.

Or where St. Peter's dome  
 Swells o'er eternal Rome,  
     Vast, dim, and solemn, —  
 Hymns ever chanting low —  
 Censers swung to and fro —  
 Sable stoles sweeping slow  
     Cornice and column!

Oh, as from each and all  
 Will there not voices call  
     Evermore back again?  
 In the mind's gallery  
 Wilt thou not always see  
 Dim phantoms beckon thee  
     O'er that old track again?

New forms thy presence haunt —  
 New voices softly chant —  
     New faces greet thee! —  
 Pilgrims from many a shrine  
 Hallowed by poet's line,  
 At memory's magic sign,  
     Rising to meet thee.

And when such visions come  
 Unto thy olden home,  
     Will they not waken  
 Deep thoughts of Him whose hand  
 Led thee o'er sea and land  
 Back to the household band  
     Whence thou wast taken?

While, at the sunset time,  
 Swells the cathedral's chime,  
     Yet, in thy dreaming,  
 While to thy spirit's eye  
 Yet the vast mountains lie  
 Piled in the Switzer's sky,  
     Icy and gleaming:

Prompter of silent prayer,  
 Be the wild picture there  
     In the mind's chamber,  
 And, through each coming day  
 Him, who, as staff and stay,  
 Watched o'er thy wandering way,  
     Freshly remember.

So, when the call shall be  
 Soon or late unto thee,  
     As to all given,  
 Still may that picture live,  
 All its fair forms survive,  
 And to thy spirit give  
     Gladness in Heaven!

### THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

#### A FREE PARAPHRASE OF THE GERMAN.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,  
 God's meekest Angel gently comes:  
 No power has he to banish pain,  
 Or give us back our lost again;  
 And yet in tenderest love, our dear  
 And Heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that Angel's glance,  
 There's rest in his still countenance!  
 He mocks no grief with idle cheer,  
 Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;  
 But ills and woes he may not cure  
 He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience! sent to calm  
 Our feverish brows with cooling palm

To lay the storms of hope and fear,  
 And reconcile life's smile and tear;  
 The throbs of wounded pride to still,  
 And make our own our Father's will !

Oh ! thou who mournest on thy way,  
 With longings for the close of day;  
 He walks with thee, that Angel kind,  
 And gently whispers " Be resigned :  
 Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell  
 The dear Lord ordereth all things well ! "

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FOLLEN.

ON READING HIS ESSAY ON THE " FUTURE STATE. "

FRIEND of my soul !—as with moist eye  
 I look up from this page of thine,  
 Is it a dream that thou art nigh,  
 Thy mild face gazing into mine ?

That presence seems before me now,  
 A placid heaven of sweet moonrise,  
 When dew-like, on the earth below  
 Descends the quiet of the skies.

The calm brow through the parted hair,  
 The gentle lips which knew no guile,  
 Softening the blue eye's thoughtful care  
 With the bland beauty of their smile.

Ah me !—at times that last dread scene  
 Of Frost and Fire and moaning Sea,  
 Will cast its shade of doubt between  
 The failing eyes of Faith and thee.

Yet, lingering o'er thy charmed page,  
 Where through the twilight air of earth,  
 Alike enthusiast and sage,  
 Prophet and bard, thou gazest forth ;

Lifting the Future's solemn veil ;  
 The reaching of a mortal hand  
 To put aside the cold and pale  
 Cloud-curtains of the Unseen Land ;

In thoughts which answer to my own,  
 In words which reach my inward ear,  
 Like whispers from the void Unknown,  
 I feel thy living presence here.

The waves which lull thy body's rest,  
 The dust thy pilgrim footsteps trod,  
 Unwasted, through each change, attest  
 The fixed economy of God.

Shall these poor elements outlive  
 The mind whose kingly will they wrought?  
 Their gross unconsciousness survive  
 Thy Godlike energy of thought?

THOU LIVEST, FOLLEN!—not in vain  
 Hath thy fine spirit meekly borne  
 The burden of Life's cross of pain,  
 And the thorned crown of suffering worn.

Oh! while Life's solemn mystery glooms  
 Around us like a dungeon's wall—  
 Silent earth's pale and crowded tombs,  
 Silent the heaven which bends o'er all!—

While day by day our loved ones glide  
 In spectral silence, hushed and lone,  
 To the cold shadows which divide  
 The living from the dread Unknown;

While even on the closing eye,  
 And on the lip which moves in vain,  
 The seals of that stern mystery  
 Their undiscovered trust retain;—

And only midst the gloom of death,  
 Its mournful doubts and haunting fears,  
 Two pale, sweet angels, Hope and Faith,  
 Smile dimly on us through their tears;

'Tis something to a heart like mine  
 To think of thee as living yet;  
 To feel that such a light as thine  
 Could not in utter darkness set.

Less dreary seems the untried way  
 Since thou hast left thy footprints there,  
 And beams of mournful beauty play  
 Round the sad Angel's sable hair.

Oh!—at this hour when half the sky  
 Is glorious with its evening light,  
 And fair broad fields of summer lie  
 Hung o'er with greenness in my sight;

While through these elm boughs wet with rain  
 The sunset's golden walls are seen,

With clover bloom and yellow grain  
And wood-draped hill and stream between;

I long to know if scenes like this  
Are hidden from an angel's eyes;  
If earth's familiar loveliness  
Haunts not thy heaven's serener skies.

For sweetly here upon thee grew  
The lesson which that beauty gave,  
The ideal of the Pure and True  
In earth and sky and gliding wave.

And it may be that all which lends  
The soul an upward impulse here,  
With a diviner beauty blends,  
And greets us in a holier sphere.

Through groves where blighting never fell  
The humbler flowers of earth may twine;  
And simple draughts from childhood's well  
Blend with the angel tasted wine.

But be the prying vision veiled,  
And let the seeking lips be dumb,—  
Where even seraph eyes have failed  
Shall mortal blindness seek to come ?

We only know that thou hast gone,  
And that the same returnless tide  
Which bore thee from us still glides on,  
And we who mourn thee with it glide.

On all thou lookest we shall look,  
And to our gaze ere long shall turn  
That page of God's mysterious book  
We so much wish, yet dread to learn.

With Him, before whose awful power  
Thy spirit bent its trembling knee,—  
Who, in the silent greeting flower,  
And forest leaf, looked out on thee,—

We leave thee, with a trust serene,  
Which Time, nor Change, nor Death can move,  
While with thy childlike faith we lean  
On Him whose dearest name is Love!

## TO THE REFORMERS OF ENGLAND.

God bless ye, brothers!—in the fight  
Ye're waging now, ye cannot  
For better is your sense of right  
Than kingcraft's triple mail.

Than tyrant's law, or bigot's ban  
More mighty is your simplest word;  
The free heart of an honest man  
Than crosier or the sword.

Go—let your bloated Church rehearse  
The lesson it has learned so well;  
It moves not with its prayer or curse  
The gates of Heaven or hell.

Let the State scaffold rise again—  
Did Freedom die when Russell died?  
Forget ye how the blood of Vane  
From earth's green bosom cried ?

The great hearts of your olden time  
Are beating with you, full and strong;  
All holy memories and sublime  
And glorious round ye throng.

The bluff, bold men of Runnymede  
Are with ye still in times like these;  
The shades of England's mighty dead,  
Your cloud of witnesses!

The truths ye urge are borne abroad  
By every wind and every tide;  
The voice of Nature and of God  
Speaks out upon your side.

The weapons which your hands have found  
Are those which Heaven itself hath wrought,  
Light, Truth, and Love;—your battle ground  
The free, broad field of Thought.

No partial, selfish purpose breaks  
The simple beauty of your plan,  
Nor lie from throne or altar shakes  
Your steady faith in man.

The languid pulse of England starts  
And bounds beneath your words of power:  
The beating of her million hearts  
Is with you at this hour!

Oh, ye who, with undoubting eyes,  
 Through present cloud and gathering storm,  
 Behold the span of Freedom's skies,  
 And sunshine soft and warm,—

Press bravely onward!—not in vain  
 Your generous trust in human kind;  
 The good which bloodshed could not gain  
 Your peaceful zeal shall find.

Press on!—the triumph shall be won  
 Of common rights and equal laws,  
 The glorious dream of Harrington,  
 And Sidney's good old cause.

Blessing the cotter and the crown,  
 Sweetening worn Labor's bitter cup;  
 And, plucking not the highest down,  
 Lifting the lowest up.

Press on!—and we who may not share  
 The toil or glory of your fight,  
 May ask, at least, in earnest prayer,  
 God's blessing on the right!

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## THE QUAKER OF THE OLDEN TIME.

THE Quaker of the olden time!—  
 How calm and firm and true,  
 Unspotted by its wrong and crime,  
 He walked the dark earth through!  
 The lust of power, the love of gain,  
 The thousand lures of sin  
 Around him, had no power to stain  
 The purity within.

With that deep insight which detects  
 All great things in the small,  
 And knows how each man's life affects  
 The spiritual life of all,  
 He walked by faith and not by sight,  
 By love and not by law;  
 The presence of the wrong or right  
 He rather felt than saw.

He felt that wrong with wrong partakes,  
 That nothing stands alone,  
 That whoso gives the motive, makes  
 His brother's sin his own.  
 And, pausing not for doubtful choice  
 Of evils great or small,

He listened to that inward voice  
Which called away from all.

Oh! Spirit of that early day,  
So pure and strong and true,  
Be with us in the narrow way  
Our faithful fathers knew.  
Give strength the evil to forsake,  
The cross of Truth to bear,  
And love and reverent fear to make  
Our daily lives a prayer!

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### THE REFORMER.

ALL grim and soiled and brown with tan,  
I saw a Strong One, in his wrath,  
Smiting the godless shrines of man  
Along his path.

The Church beneath her trembling dome  
Essayed in vain her ghostly charm:  
Wealth shook within his gilded home  
With strange alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled  
Before the sunlight bursting in:  
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head  
To drown the din.

"Spare," Art implored, "yon holy pile;  
That grand, old, time-worn, turret spare;"  
Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,  
Cried out, "Forbear!"

Gray-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,  
Groped for his old accustomed stone,  
Leaned on his staff, and wept, to find  
His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,  
O'erhung with paly locks of gold:  
"Why smite," he asked in sad surprise,  
"The fair, the old?"

Yet louder rang the Strong One's stroke,  
Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam;  
Shuddering and sick of heart I woke,  
As from a dream.

I looked: aside the dust cloud rolled—  
The Waster seemed the Builder too;

Upspringing from the ruined Old  
I saw the New.

'Twas but the ruin of the bad—  
The wasting of the wrong and ill;  
Whate'er of good the old time had  
Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of him I feared;  
The frown which awed me passed away,  
And left behind a smile which cheered  
Like breaking day.

The grain grew green on battle-plains,  
O'er swarded war-mounds grazed the cow;  
The slave stood forging from his chains  
The spade and plough.

Where frowned the fort, pavilions gay  
And cottage windows, flower-entwined,  
Looked out upon the peaceful bay  
And hills behind.

Through vine-wreathed cups with wine once red,  
The lights on brimming crystal fell,  
Drawn, sparkling, from the rivulet head  
And mossy well.

Through prison walls, like Heaven-sent hope,  
Fresh breezes blew, and sunbeams strayed,  
And with the idle gallows-rope  
The young child played.

Where the doomed victim in his cell  
Had counted o'er the weary hours,  
Glad schoolgirls, answering to the bell,  
Came crowned with flowers.

Grown wiser for the lesson given,  
I fear no longer, for I know  
That, where the share is deepest driven,  
The best fruits grow.

The outworn rite, the old abuse,  
The pious fraud transparent grown,  
The good held captive in the use  
Of wrong alone—

These wait their doom, from that great law  
Which makes the past time serve to-day;  
And fresher life the world shall draw  
From their decay.

Oh! backward-looking son of time!—  
The new is old, the old is new,

The cycle of a change sublime  
Still sweeping through.

So wisely taught the Indian seer;  
Destroying Seva, forming Brahm,  
Who wake by turns Earth's love and fear,  
Are one, the same.

As idly as, in that old day  
Thou mournest, did thy sires repine,  
So, in his time, thy child, grown gray,  
Shall sigh for thine.

Yet, not the less for them or thou  
The eternal step of Progress beats  
To that great anthem, calm and slow,  
Which God repeats !

Take heart!—the Waster builds again—  
A charmed life old goodness hath;  
The tears may perish—but the grain  
Is not for death.

God works in all things; all obey  
His first propulsion from the night:  
Ho, wake and watch!—the world is gray  
With morning light!

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### THE PRISONER FOR DEBT.

Look on him!—through his dungeon grate  
Feebly and cold, the morning light  
Comes stealing round him, dim and late,  
As if it loathed the sight,  
Reclining on his strawy bed,  
His hand upholds his drooping head—  
His bloodless cheek is seamed and hard,  
Unshorn his gray, neglected beard;  
And o'er his bony fingers flow  
His long, dishevelled locks of snow.

No grateful fire before him glows,  
And yet the winter's breath is chill;  
And o'er his half-clad person goes  
The frequent ague thrill!  
Silent, save ever and anon,  
A sound, half murmur and half groan,  
Forces apart the painful grip  
Of the old sufferer's bearded lip;  
O sad and crushing is the fate  
Of old age chained and desolate!

Just God! why lies that old man there?

A murderer shares his prison bed,  
Whose eyeballs, through his horrid hair,  
Gleam on him, fierce and red;  
And the rude oath and heartless jeer  
Fall ever on his loathing ear,  
And, or in wakefulness or sleep,  
Nerve, flesh, and pulses thrill and creep  
Whene'er that ruffian's tossing limb,  
Crimson with murder, touches him!

What has the gray-haired prisoner done?

Has murder stained his hands with gore?  
Not so; his crime's a fouler one:

GOD MADE THE OLD MAN POOR!  
For this he shares a felon's cell—  
The fittest earthly type of hell!  
For this, the boon for which he poured  
His young blood on the invader's sword,  
And counted light the fearful cost—  
His blood-gained liberty is lost!

And so, for such a place of rest,

Old prisoner, dropped thy blood as rain  
On Concord's field, and Bunker's crest,  
And Saratoga's plain?

Look forth, thou man of many scars,  
Through thy dim dungeon's iron bars;  
It must be joy, in sooth, to see  
Yon monument upreared to thee—  
Piled granite and a prison cell—  
The land repays thy service well!

Go, ring the bells and fire the guns,

And fling the starry banner out;  
Shout "Freedom!" till your lisping ones

Give back their cradle-shout:

Let boastful eloquence declaim  
Of honor, liberty and fame;  
Still let the poet's strain be heard,  
With glory for each second word,  
And everything with breath agree  
To praise "our glorious liberty!"

But when the patriot cannon jars

That prison's cold and gloomy wall,  
And through its grates the stripes and stars

Rise on the wind and fall—  
Think ye that prisoner's aged ear  
Rejoices in the general cheer?  
Think ye his dim and failing eye  
Is kindled at your pageantry?  
Sorrowing of soul, and chained of limb,  
What is your carnival to him?

Down with the LAW that binds him thus !  
 Unworthy freemen, let it find  
 No refuge from the withering curse  
 Of God and human kind !  
 Open the prison's living tomb,  
 And usher from its brooding gloom  
 The victims of your savage code,  
 To the free sun and air of God ;  
 No longer dare as crime to brand  
 The chastening of the Almighty's hand.

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### LINES

Written on Reading Several Pamphlets Published by Clergymen against the Abolition of the Gallows.

#### I.

THE suns of eighteen centuries have shone  
 Since the Redeemer walked with man, and made  
 The fisher's boat, the cavern's floor of stone,  
 And mountain moss, a pillow for his head ;  
 And He, who wandered with the peasant Jew,  
 And broke with publicans the bread of shame,  
 And drank, with blessings in His Father's name,  
 The water which Samaria's outcast drew,  
 Hath now His temples upon every shore,  
 Altar and shrine and priest,—and incense dim  
 Evermore rising, with low prayer and hymn,  
 From lips which press the temple's marble floor,  
 Or kiss the gilded sign of the dread Cross He bore !

#### II.

Yet as of old, when, meekly "doing good,"  
 He fed a blind and selfish multitude,  
 And even the poor companions of His lot  
 With their dim earthly vision knew Him not,  
 How ill are His high teachings understood !  
 Where he hath spoken Liberty, the priest  
 At His own altar binds the chain anew ;  
 Where He hath bidden to Life's equal feast,  
 The starving many wait upon the few ;  
 Where He hath spoken Peace, His name hath been  
 The loudest war-cry of contending men ;  
 Priests, pale with vigils, in His name have blessed  
 The unsheathed sword, and laid the spear in rest,  
 Wet the war-banner with their sacred wine,  
 And crossed its blazon with the holy sign ;  
 Yea, in His name who bade the erring live,  
 And daily taught his lesson—to forgive !—  
 Twisted the cord and edged the murderous steel ;

And, with His words of mercy on their lips,  
 Hung gloating o'er the pincer's burning grips,  
 And the grim horror of the straining wheel ;  
 Fed the slow flame which gnawed the victim's limb  
 Who saw before his searing eyeballs swim  
 The image of *their* Christ, in cruel zeal,  
 Through the black torment-smoke, held mockingly to him !

III.

The blood which mingled with the desert sand  
 And beaded with its red and ghastly dew  
 The vines and olives of the Holy Land—  
 The shrieking curses of the hunted Jew—  
 The white-sown bones of heretics, where'er  
 They sank beneath the Crusade's holy spear—  
 Goa's dark dungeons—Malta's sea-washed cell,  
 Where with the hymns the ghostly fathers sung  
 Mingled the groans by subtle torture wrung,  
 Heaven's anthem blending with the shriek of hell!  
 The midnight of Bartholomew—the stake  
 Of Smithfield, and that thrice-accursed flame  
 Which Calvin kindled by Geneva's lake—  
 New England's scaffold, and the priestly sneer  
 Which mocked its victims in that hour of fear,  
 When guilt itself a human tear might claim,—  
 Bear witness, O Thou wronged and merciful One!  
 That Earth's most hateful crimes have in Thy name been done!

IV.

Thank God! that I have lived to see the time  
 When the great truth begins at last to find  
 An utterance from the deep heart of mankind,  
 Earnest and clear, that ALL REVENGE is CRIME!  
 That man is holier than a creed,—that all  
 Restraint upon him must consult his good,  
 Hope's sunshine linger on his prison wall,  
 And Love look in upon his solitude.  
 The beautiful lesson which our Saviour taught  
 Through long, dark centuries its way hath wrought  
 Into the common mind and popular thought;  
 And words, to which by Galilee's lake shore  
 The humble fishers listened with hushed oar,  
 Have found an echo in the general heart,  
 And of the public faith become a living part.

V.

Who shall arrest this tendency ?—Bring back  
 The cells of Venice and the bigot's rack ?  
 Harden the softening human heart again  
 To cold indifference to a brother's pain ?

Ye most unhappy men !—who, turned away  
 From the mild sunshine of the Gospel day,  
 Grope in the shadows of Man's twilight time,  
 What mean ye, that with ghoul-like zest ye brood  
 O'er those foul altars streaming with warm blood,  
 Permitted in another age and clime ?  
 Why cite that law with which the bigot Jew  
 Rebuked the Pagan's mercy, when he knew  
 No evil in the Just One ?—Wherefore turn  
 To the dark cruel past ?—Can ye not learn  
 From the pure Teacher's life, how mildly free  
 Is the great Gospel of Humanity ?  
 The Flamen's knife is bloodless, and no more  
 Mexitli's altars soak with human gore,  
 No more the ghastly sacrifices smoke  
 Through the green arches of the Druid's oak ;  
 And ye of milder faith, with your high claim  
 Of prophet-utterance in the Holiest name,  
 Will ye become the Druids of *our* time ?  
 Set up your scaffold-altars in *our* land,  
 And consecrators of Law's darkest clime,  
 Urged to its loathsome work the hangman's hand ?  
 Beware—lest human nature, roused at last,  
 From its peeled shoulder your encumbrance cast,  
 And, sick to loathing of your cry for blood,  
 Rank ye with those who led their victims round  
 The Celt's red altar and the Indian's mound,  
 Abhorred of Earth and Heaven—a pagan brotherhood !

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### THE WORSHIP OF NATURE.

“ It hath been as it were especially rendered unto mee and made plaine and legible to my understandynge that a great worshipp is going on among the thyngs of God.”—*Gratt.*

THE Ocean looketh up to Heaven,  
 As't were a living thing,  
 The homage of its waves is given  
 In ceaseless worshipping.

They kneel upon the sloping sand,  
 As bends the human knee,  
 A beautiful and tireless band,  
 The Priesthood of the Sea !

They pour the glittering treasures out  
 Which in the deep have birth,  
 And chant their awful hymns about  
 The watching hills of earth.

The green earth sends its incense up  
 From every mountain shrine,

From every flower and dewy cup  
That greeteth the sunshine.

The mists are lifted from the rills  
Like the white wing of prayer,  
They lean above the ancient hills  
As doing homage there.

The forest tops are lowly cast  
O'er breezy hill and glen,  
As if a prayerful spirit pass'd  
On Nature as on men.

The clouds weep o'er the fallen world  
E'en as repentant love;  
Ere to the blessed breeze unfurl'd  
They fade in light above.

The sky is as a temple's arch,  
The blue and wavy air  
Is glorious with the spirit-march  
Of messengers of prayer.

The gentle moon—the kindling sun—  
The many stars are given,  
As shrines to burn earth's incense on—  
The altar-fires of Heaven!

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LINES

Written in the Commonplace Book of a young lady.

“WRITE, write!” Dear Cousin, since thy word,  
Like that my ancient namesake heard  
On Patmos, may not be denied,  
I offer for thy page a lay  
Breathing of Beauty pass'd away  
Of Grace and Genius, Love and Truth,  
All which can add a charm to youth,  
To virtue and to Heaven allied.  
Forgive me if the lay be such  
As may not suit thy hours of gladness,  
Forgive me, if it breathe too much  
Of mourning and of sadness.  
It may be well that tears, at whiles,  
Should take the place of Folly's smiles,  
When 'neath some Heaven-directed blow,  
Like those of Horeb's rock, they flow,  
For sorrows are in mercy given  
To fit the chasten'd soul for Heaven:

Prompting, with woe and weariness,  
 Our yearning for that better sky,  
 Which, as the shadows close on this,  
 Grows brighter to the longing eye.  
 For each unwelcome blow may break,  
 Perchance, some chain which binds us here;  
 And clouds around the heart may make  
 The vision of our Faith more clear ;  
 As through the shadowy veil of even  
 The eye looks farthest into Heaven,  
 On gleams of star and depths of blue  
 The fervid sunshine never knew !

—————"The parted spirit,  
 Knoweth it not our sorrow? Answereth not  
 Its blessing to our tears?"

The circle is broken—one seat is forsaken,—  
 One bud from the tree of our friendship is shaken—  
 One heart from among us no longer shall thrill  
 With the spirit of gladness, or darken with ill.

Weep!—Lonely and lowly, are slumbering now  
 The light of her glances, the pride of her brow.  
 Weep!—Sadly and long shall we listen in vain  
 To hear the soft tones of her welcome again.

Give our tears to the dead ! For humanity's claim  
 From its silence and darkness is ever the same ;  
 The hope of that World whose existence is bliss  
 May not stifle the tears of the mourners of this.

For, oh ! if one glance the freed spirit can throw  
 On the scene of its troubled probation below,  
 Than the pride of the marble—the pomp of the dead—  
 To that glance will be dearer the tears which we shed.

Oh, who can forget the rich light of her smile,  
 Over lips moved with music and feeling the while—  
 The eye's deep enchantment, dark, dream-like, and clear,  
 In the glow of its gladness—the shade of its tear.

And the charm of her features, while over the whole  
 Play'd the hues of the heart and the sunshine of soul,—  
 And the tones of her voice, like the music which seems  
 Murmur'd low in our ears by the Angel of dreams !

But holier and dearer our memories hold  
 Those treasures of feeling, more precious than gold—  
 The love and the kindness,—the pity which gave  
 Fresh hopes to the living and wreaths for the grave—

The heart ever open to Charity's claim,  
 Unmoved from its purpose by censure and blame,

While vainly alike on her eye and her ear  
Fell the scorn of the heartless, the jesting and jeer.

For, though spotless herself, she could sorrow for them  
Who sullied with evil the spirit's pure gem;  
And a sigh or a tear could the erring reprove,  
And the sting of reproof was still temper'd by love.

As a cloud of the sunset, slow melting in heaven,  
As a star that is lost when the daylight is given,  
As a glad dream of slumber, which wakens in bliss,  
She hath pass'd to the world of the holy from this.

She hath pass'd!—but, oh! sweet as the flowerets that bloom  
From her last lonely dwelling—the dust of her tomb—  
The charm of her virtues, as Heaven's own breath,  
Shall rise like an incense from darkness and death.

## THE WATCHER.

“And Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, took sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of Heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night.”—  
2 Sam. xxi. 10.

TALL men and kingly-brow'd!—they led them forth  
Bound for the sacrifice. It was high noon;  
And ancient Gibeah, emptied of her life,  
Rose silently before the harvest sun.  
Her dwellers had gone out before the walls,  
With a stern purpose; and her maidens lean'd  
Breathless for its fulfilment, from the hills,  
Uncheer'd by reaper's song. The harvest lay  
Stinted and sere upon their parched tops.  
The streams had perish'd in their goings on;  
And the deep fountains fail'd. The fervent sun,  
Unchasten'd by a cloud, for months had shone  
A lidless eye in heaven; and all the sky  
Glow'd as a furnace, and the prodigal dew  
With the scorch'd earth held no companionship.  
A curse was over Israel. Unjudged crime  
Had wrought it in the elements. Her soil  
Was unblest'd as the heathen's; and the plagues  
Of those who know not God, and bow them down  
To a strange worship, had been meted her.

The sacrifice was finish'd. Gibeon roll'd  
Back like a torrent through the city gates  
Her gather'd thousands; and her victims lay  
Naked beneath the brazen arch of heaven,  
On the stain'd Rock of Sacrifice. The sun  
Went down his heated pathway with a slow

And weary progress, as he loved to gaze  
On the dark horror of his burning noon—  
The sacrifice of Innocence for Guilt,  
Whose blood had sent its sleepless murmur up  
To the Avenger's ear, until fierce wrath  
Burn'd over earth and heaven, and Vengeance held  
The awful mastery of the elements.

Who stealeth from the city, in the garb  
Which tokens the heart's sorrow, and which seems  
Around her wasted form to shadow forth  
The visitation of dark grief within?  
Lo!—she hath pass'd the valley, and her foot  
Is on the Rock of Sacrifice—and now  
She stoopeth over the unburied dead.  
And moves her lip, but speaks not. It is strange  
And very fearful! The descending sun  
Is pausing like a fire-wing'd Angel on  
The bare hills of the West, and, fierce and red,  
His last rays fall aslant the place of blood,  
Coloring its dark stains deeper. Lo! she kneels  
To cover, with a trembling hand, the cold  
And ghastly work of death—those desecrate  
And darken'd temples of the living soul!

Her task was finish'd, and she went away  
A little distance, and, as night stole on  
With dim starlight and shadow, she sat down  
Upon a jutting fragment of the rock—  
A solitary watcher. The red glow  
That wrestled with the darkness, and sent up  
Its spear-like lines of light until they waned  
Into the dark blue zenith, pass'd away,  
And, from the broad and shadow'd West, the stars  
Shone through substantial blackness. Midnight came;  
The wind was groaning on the hills and through  
The naked branches of their perishing trees,  
And strange sounds blended with it. The gaunt wolf,  
Scenting the place of slaughter, with his long  
And most offensive howl did ask for blood;  
And the hyena sat upon the cliff,  
His red eye glowing terribly; and low,  
But frequent and most fearfully, his growl  
Came to the watcher's ear. Alone she sat,  
Unmoving as her resting-place of rock.  
Fear for herself she felt not—every tie  
That once took hold on life with aught of love  
Was broken utterly. Her eye was fix'd,  
Stony and motionless, upon the pall  
Which veil'd her princely dead. And this was love

In its surpassing power—yea, love as strong  
 As that which binds the peopled Universe,  
 And pure as angel-worship, when the just  
 And beautiful of Heaven are bow'd in prayer!

The night stole into morning, and the sun,  
 Red and unwelcome, rose without a cloud,  
 And there was Rizpah still, woe-worn and pale;  
 And yet in her dark eye and darker hair,  
 And in the marble and uplifted brow,  
 And the much wasted figure, might be seen  
 A wreck of perfect beauty, such as bow'd  
 The throned one of Israel at her feet,  
 Low as the trampled Philistine had knelt  
 Before his mailed presence. Not a tear  
 Glisten'd on eye or cheek, but still she gazed  
 On the dark veil of sackcloth with a strange  
 And fixed earnestness. The sky again  
 Redden'd with heat, and the unmoisten'd earth  
 Was like the ashen surface of the hush'd  
 But perilous volcano. Rizpah bore  
 The fever of the noon-time, with a stern  
 And awful sense of duty nerving her,  
 In her devotedness. She might not leave  
 The high place of her watching for the shade  
 Of cluster'd palm-trees; and the lofty rocks,  
 Casting their grim and giant shadows down,  
 Might not afford her shelter; for the sweep  
 Of heavy wings went over her like clouds  
 Crossing the sunshine, and most evil birds,  
 Dark and obscene,—the jaguars of the air!—  
 From all the hills had gather'd. Far and shy  
 The sombre raven sat upon his rock,  
 And his vile mate did mock him. The vast wing  
 Of the great eagle, stooping from the sun,  
 Winnow'd the cliffs above her!

Day by day,

Beneath the scorching of the unveil'd sun,  
 And the unweeping solitude of night,  
 Pale Rizpah kept her vigils; and her prayer  
 Went up at morn and eventide, that Earth  
 Might know the gentle visitings of rain  
 And be accurs'd no more. And when at last  
 God thunder'd in the heavens, and clouds came up  
 From their long slumber, and the great rain fell,  
 And the parch'd earth drank deeply, Rizpah knew  
 Her prayers were answer'd, and she knelt again;  
 In earnest gratitude; and when the storm  
 Roll'd off before the sunshine, kindly hands  
 Convey'd away her wasted charge, and gave  
 The sons of Saul a sepulchre with him.

## THE CITY OF REFUGE.

JOSHUA, CHAPTER XX.

"AWAY from thy people, thou shedder of blood—  
Away to the refuge appointed of God!  
Nay, pause not to look for thy household or kin,  
For Death is behind thee, thou worker of sin.

"Away!—look not back, though that sorrowful one,  
The mother who bore thee, shall wail for her son,  
Nor stay when thy wife, as a beautiful blossom,  
Shall clasp thy fair child to her desolate bosom.

"Away, with thy face to the refuge afar  
In the glow of the sun—in the eye of the star;  
Though the Simoom breathe o'er thee, oppressive and warm,  
Rest not by the fountain nor under the palm.

"Away! for the kinsman of him thou hast slain  
Has breathed on thy head the dark curses of Cain;  
The cry of his vengeance shall follow thy path—  
The tramp of his footstep, the shout of his wrath."

And the slayer sprang up as the warning was said,  
And the stones of the altar rang out to his tread;  
The wail of his household was lost on his ear—  
He spoke not, he paused not, he turn'd not to hear.

He fled to the desert—he turn'd him not back  
When the rush of the sand-storm grew loud in his track,  
Nor paused till his vision fell, grateful and glad,  
On the green hills of Gilead—the white tents of Gad.

Oh, thus, when the crimes and the errors of Earth  
Have driven her children as wanderers forth,  
To the bow'd and the broken of spirit is given  
The hope of a refuge—the refuge of Heaven!

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THE HUMAN SACRIFICE.

## I.

FAR from his close and noisome cell,  
By grassy lane and sunny stream,  
Blown clover field and strawberry dell,  
And green and meadow freshness, fell  
The footsteps of his dream.

Again from careless feet the dew  
 Of summer's misty morn he shook;  
 Again with merry heart he threw  
 His light line in the rippling brook.  
 Back crowded all his school-day joys—  
 He urged the ball and quoit again,  
 And heard the shout of laughing boys  
 Come ringing down the walnut glen.  
 Again he felt the western breeze,  
 With scent of flowers and crisping hay;  
 And down again through wind-stirred trees  
 He saw the quivering sunlight play.  
 An angel in home's vine-hung door,  
 He saw his sister smile once more;  
 Once more the truant's brown-locked head  
 Upon his mother's knee was laid,  
 And sweetly lulled to slumber there,  
 With evening's holy hymn and prayer.

## II.

He woke. At once on heart and brain  
 The present Terror rushed again—  
 Clanked on his limbs the felon's chain!  
 He woke, to hear the church-tower tell  
 Time's foot-fall on the conscious bell,  
 And, shuddering, feel that clanging din  
 His life's LAST HOUR had ushered in;  
 To see within his prison yard,  
 Through the small window, iron-barred,  
 The gallows shadow rising dim  
 Between the sunrise heaven and him,—  
 A horror in God's blessed air—  
 A blackness in His morning light—  
 Like some foul devil-altar there  
 Built up by demon hands at night.  
 And, maddened by that evil sight,  
 Dark, horrible, confused, and strange,  
 A chaos of wild, weltering change,  
 All power of check and guidance gone,  
 Dizzy and blind, his mind swept on.  
 In vain he strove to breathe a prayer,  
 In vain he turned the Holy Book,  
 He only heard the gallows-stair  
 Creak as the wind its timbers shook.  
 No dream for him of sin forgiven,  
 While still that baleful spectre stood,  
 With its hoarse murmur, "*Blood for Blood*"  
 Between him and the pitying Heaven!

## III.

Low on his dungeon floor he knelt,  
 And smote his breast, and on his chain,  
 Whose iron clasp he always felt,  
 His hot tears fell like rain;  
 And near him, with the cold, calm look  
 And tone of one whose formal part,  
 Unwarmed, unsoftened of the heart,  
 Is measured out by rule and book,  
 With placid lip and tranquil blood,  
 The hangman's ghostly ally stood,  
 Blessing with solemn text and word  
 The gallows-drop and strangling cord;  
 Lending the sacred Gospel's awe  
 And sanction to the crime of Law.

## IV.

He saw the victim's tortured brow—  
 The sweat of anguish starting there—  
 The record of a nameless woe  
 In the dim eye's imploring stare,  
 Seen hideous through the long, damp hair—  
 Fingers of ghastly skin and bone  
 Working and writhing on the stone!—  
 And heard, by mortal terror wrung  
 From heaving breast and stiffened tongue,  
 The choking sob and low hoarse prayer;  
 As o'er his half-crazed fancy came  
 A vision of the eternal flame—  
 Its smoking cloud of agonies—  
 Its devil-worm that never dies—  
 The everlasting rise and fall  
 Of fire-waves round the infernal wall;  
 While high above that dark red flood,  
 Black, giant-like, the gallows stood:  
 Two busy fiends attending there;  
 One with cold mocking rite and prayer,  
 The other, with impatient grasp,  
 Tightening the death-rope's strangling clasp!

## V.

The unfelt rite at length was done—  
 The prayer unheard at length was said—  
 An hour had passed—the noonday sun  
 Smote on the features of the dead!  
 And he who stood the doomed beside,  
 Calm gauger of the swelling tide  
 Of mortal agony and fear,  
 Heeding with curious eye and ear  
 Whate'er revealed the keen excess

Of man's extremest wretchedness:  
 And who in that dark anguish saw  
     An earnest of the victim's fate,  
 The vengeful terrors of God's law,  
     The kindlings of Eternal hate—  
 The first drops of that fiery rain  
 Which beats the dark red realm of pain,—  
 Did he uplift his earnest cries  
     Against the crime of Law, which gave  
     His brother to that fearful grave,  
 Whereon Hope's moonlight never lies,  
     And Faith's white blossoms never wave  
 To the soft breath of Memory's sighs;—  
 Which sent a spirit marred and stained,  
 By fiends of sin possessed, profaned,  
 In madness and in blindness stark,  
 Into the silent, unknown dark?  
 No—from the wild and shrinking dread  
 With which he saw the victim led  
     Beneath the dark veil which divides  
 Ever the living from the dead,  
     And Nature's solemn secret hides,  
 The man of prayer can only draw  
 New reasons for his bloody law;  
 New faith in staying Murder's hand  
 By murder at that Law's command;  
 New reverence for the gallows-rope,  
 As human nature's latest hope;  
 Last relic of the good old time,  
 When Power found license for its crime,  
 And held a writhing world in check  
 By that fell cord about its neck;  
 Stifled Sedition's rising shout,  
 Choked the young breath of Freedom out,  
 And timely checked the words which sprung  
 From Heresy's forbidden tongue;  
 While in its noose of terror bound,  
 The Church its cherished union found,  
 Conforming, on the Moslem plan,  
 The motley-colored mind of man,  
 Not by the Koran and the Sword,  
 But by the Bible and the Cord!

## VI.

Oh, Thou! at whose rebuke the grave  
 Back to warm life its sleeper gave,  
 Beneath whose sad and tearful glance  
 The cold and changed countenance  
 Broke the still horror of its trance,  
 And waking, saw with joy above,

A brother's face of tenderest love;  
 Thou, unto whom the blind and lame,  
 The sorrowing and the sin-sick came,  
 And from thy very garment's hem  
 Drew life and healing unto them,  
 The burden of Thy holy faith  
 Was love and life, not hate and death,  
 Man's demon ministers of pain,  
     The fiends of his revenge, were sent  
     From Thy pure Gospel's element  
 To their dark home again.  
 Thy name is Love! What, then, is he,  
     Who in that name the gallows rears,  
 An awful altar built to Thee,  
     With sacrifice of blood and tears?  
 Oh, once again Thy healing lay  
     On the blind eyes which know Thee not;  
 And let the light of Thy pure day  
     Melt in upon his darkened thought.  
 Soften his hard, cold heart, and show  
     The power which in forbearance lies,  
 And let him feel that mercy now  
     Is better than old sacrifice!

## VII.

As on the White Sea's\* charmed shore,  
     The Parsee sees his holy hill  
 With dunnest smoke-clouds curtained o'er,  
 Yet knows beneath them, evermore,  
     The low pale fire is quivering still,  
 So underneath its clouds of sin,  
     The heart of man retaineth yet  
 Gleams of its holy origin;  
     And half-quenched stars that never set,  
 Dim colors of its faded bow,  
 And early beauty, linger there,  
 And o'er its wasted desert blow  
     Faint breathings of its morning air.  
 Oh! never yet upon the scroll  
 Of the sin-stained, but priceless soul,  
     Hath Heaven inscribed "DESPAIR!"  
 Cast not the clouded gem away,  
 Quench not the dim but living ray—  
     My brother man, Beware!  
 With that deep voice which from the skies  
 Forbade the Patriarch's sacrifice,  
     God's angel cries, FORBEAR!

\* Among the Tartars, the Caspian is known as *Akdingis*, that is, White Sea. Baku, on its Persian side, is remarkable for its perpetual fire, scarcely discoverable under the pitchy clouds of smoke from the bitumen which feeds it. It is the natural fire-altar of the old Persian worship.

RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

Oh, Mother Earth! upon thy lap  
 Thy weary ones receiving,  
 And o'er them, silent as a dream,  
 Thy grassy mantle weaving,  
 Fold softly in thy long embrace  
 That heart so worn and broken,  
 And cool its pulse of fire beneath  
 Thy shadows old and oaken.

Shut out from him the bitter word  
 And serpent hiss of scorning;  
 Nor let the storms of yesterday  
 Disturb his quiet morning.  
 Breathe over him forgetfulness  
 Of all save deeds of kindness,  
 And, save to smiles of grateful  
 eyes,  
 Press down his lids in blindness.

There, where with living ear and  
 eye  
 He heard Potomac's flowing,  
 And, through his tall ancestral  
 trees,  
 Saw Autumn's sunset glowing,  
 He sleeps—still looking to the  
 West,  
 Beneath the dark wood shadow,  
 As if he still would see the sun  
 Sink down on wave and meadow.

Bard, Sage, and Tribune!—in him-  
 self  
 All moods of mind contrasting—  
 The tenderest wail of human woe,  
 The scorn like lightning blasting;  
 The pathos which from rival eyes  
 Unwilling tears could summon,  
 The stinging taunt, the fiery burst  
 Of hatred scarcely human!

Mirth, sparkling like a diamond  
 shower  
 From lips of life-long sadness;  
 Clear picturings of majestic  
 thought  
 Upon a ground of madness;  
 And over all Romance and Song  
 A classic beauty throwing,

And laurelled Clio at his side  
 Her storied pages showing.

All parties feared him: each in turn  
 Beheld its schemes disjointed,  
 As right or left his fatal glance  
 And spectral finger pointed.  
 Sworn foe of Cant, he smote it  
 down  
 With trenchant wit unsparing,  
 And, mocking, rent with ruthless  
 hand  
 The robe Pretence was wearing.

Too honest or too proud to feign  
 A love he never cherished,  
 Beyond Virginia's border line  
 His patriotism perished.  
 While others hailed in distant skies  
 Our eagle's dusky pinion,  
 He only saw the mountain bird  
 Stoop o'er his Old Dominion!

Still through each change of for-  
 tune strange,  
 Racked nerve, and brain all  
 burning,  
 His loving faith of Mother-land  
 Knew never shade of turning;  
 By Britain's lakes, by Neva's wave,  
 Whatever sky was o'er him,  
 He heard her rivers' rushing sound,  
 Her blue peaks rose before him.

He held his slaves, yet made withal  
 No false and vain pretences,  
 Nor paid a lying priest to seek  
 For scriptural defences.  
 His harshest words of proud re-  
 buke,  
 His bitterest taunt and scorning,  
 Fell fire-like on the Northern brow  
 That bent to him in fawning.

He held his slaves yet kept the  
 while  
 His reverence for the Human;  
 In the dark vassals of his will  
 He saw but Man and Woman!

No hunter of God's outraged poor  
His Roanoke valley entered;  
No trader in the souls of men  
Across his threshold ventured.\*

And when the old and wearied man  
Laid down for his last sleeping,  
And at his side, a slave no more,  
His brother man stood weeping,  
His latest thought, his latest breath,  
To Freedom's duty giving,  
With failing tongue and trembling  
hand  
The dying blest the living.

Oh! never bore his ancient State  
A truer son or braver!  
None trampling with a calmer  
scorn  
On foreign hate or favor.  
He knew her faults, yet never  
stooped  
His proud and manly feeling  
To poor excuses of the wrong  
Or meanness of concealing.

But none beheld with clearer eye  
The plague-spot o'er her spread-  
ing,  
None heard more sure the steps of  
Doom  
Along her future treading.

For her as for himself he spake,  
When, his gaunt frame upbrac-  
ing,  
He traced with dying hand "RE-  
MORSE!"†  
And perished in the tracing.

As from the grave where Henry  
sleeps,  
From Vernon's weeping willow,  
And from the grassy pall which  
hides  
The Sage of Monticello,  
So from the leaf-strewn burial-stone  
Of Randolph's lowly dwelling,  
Virginia! o'er thy land of slaves  
A warning voice is swelling!

And hark! from thy deserted fields  
Are sadder warnings spoken,  
From quenched hearths, where thy  
exiled sons  
Their household gods have  
broken.  
The curse is on thee—woives for  
men,  
And briars for corn-sheaves giv-  
ing!  
Oh! more than all thy dead renown  
Were now one hero living!

### DEMOCRACY.

["All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."—*Matthew vii. 12.*]

BEARER of Freedom's holy light,  
Breaker of Slavery's chain and rod,  
The foe of all which pains the light,  
Or wounds the generous ear of God!

Beautiful yet thy temples rise,  
Though there profaning gifts are thrown;  
And fires unkindled of the skies  
Are glaring round thy altar-stone.

Still sacred—though thy name be breathed  
By those whose hearts thy truth deride;  
And garlands, plucked from thee, are wreathed  
Around the haughty brows of Pride.

\* Randolph had a hearty hatred of slave traders, and it is said treated some of them quite roughly, who ventured to cheapen his "chattels personal."

† See the remarkable statement of Dr. Parish, his medical attendant.

O, ideal of my boyhood's time!  
 The faith in which my father stood,  
 Even when the sons of Lust and Crime  
 Had stained thy peaceful courts with blood!

Still to those courts my footsteps turn,  
 For through the mists which darken there,  
 I see the flame of Freedom burn—  
 The Kebla of the patriot's prayer!

The generous feeling, pure and warm,  
 Which owns the rights of *all* divine—  
 The pitying heart—the helping arm—  
 The prompt self-sacrifice—are thine.

Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,  
 How fade the lines of caste and birth!  
 How equal in their suffering lie  
 The groaning multitudes of earth!

Still to a stricken brother true,  
 Whatever clime hath nurtured him;  
 As stooped to heal the wounded Jew  
 The worshipper of Gerizim.

By misery unrepelled, unawed  
 By pomp or power, thou seest a MAN  
 In prince or peasant—slave or lord—  
 Pale priest, or swarthy artisan.

Through all disguise, form, place, or name,  
 Beneath the flaunting robes of sin,  
 Through poverty and squalid shame,  
 Thou lookest on *the man* within.

On man, as man, retaining yet,  
 Howe'er debased, and soiled, and dim,  
 The crown upon his forehead set—  
 The immortal gift of God to him.

And there is reverence in thy look;  
 For that frail form which mortals wear  
 The Spirit of the Holiest took,  
 And veiled His perfect brightness there.

Not from the shallow babbling fount  
 Of vain philosophy thou art;  
 He who of old on Syria's mount  
 Thrilled, warmed, by turns, the listener's heart.

In holy words which cannot die,  
 In thoughts which angels leaned to know,  
 Proclaimed thy message from on high—  
 Thy mission to a world of woe.

That voice's echo hath not died!  
 From the blue lake of Galilee,  
 And Tabor's lonely mountain side,  
 It calls a struggling world to thee.

Thy name and watchword o'er this land  
 I hear in every breeze that stirs,  
 And round a thousand altars stand  
 Thy banded party worshippers.

Not to these altars of a day,  
 At party's call, my gift I bring;  
 But on thy olden shrine I lay  
 A freeman's dearest offering:—

The voiceless utterance of his will—  
 His pledge to Freedom and to Truth,  
 That manhood's heart remembers still  
 The homage of his generous youth.

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### TO RONGE.

STRIKE home, strong-hearted man! Down to the root  
 Of old oppression sink the Saxon steel.  
*Thy* work is to hew down. In God's name then  
 Put nerve into thy task. Let other men  
 Plant, as they may, that better tree, whose fruit  
 The wounded bosom of the Church shall heal.  
 Be thou the image-breaker. Let thy blows  
 Fall heavy as the Suabian's iron hand,  
 On crown or crosier, which shall interpose  
 Between thee and the weal of Father-land.  
 Leave creeds to closet idlers. First of all,  
 Shake thou all German dream-land with the fall  
 Of that accursed tree, whose evil trunk  
 Was spared of old by Erfurt's stalwart monk.

Fight not with ghosts and shadows. Let us hear  
 The snap of chain-links. Let our gladdened ear  
 Catch the pale prisoner's welcome, as the light  
 Follows thy axe-stroke, through his cell of night.  
 Be faithful to both worlds; nor think to feed  
 Earth's starving millions with the husks of creed.  
 Servant of Him whose mission high and holy  
 Was to the wronged, the sorrowing, and the lowly,  
 Thrust not His Eden promise from our sphere,  
 Distant and dim beyond the blue sky's span;  
 Like him of Patmos, see it, now and here,—  
 The New Jerusalem comes down to man!  
 Be warned by Luther's error. Nor like him,  
 When the roused Teuton dashes from his limb  
 The rusted chain of ages, help to bind  
 His hands, for whom thou claim'st the freedom of the mind!

## CHALKLEY HALL.\*

How bland and sweet the greeting of this breeze  
To him who flies  
From crowded street and red wall's weary gleam,  
Till far behind him like a hideous dream  
The close dark city lies!—

Here, while the market murmurs, while men throng  
The marble floor  
Of Mammon's altar, from the crush and din  
Of the world's madness let me gather in  
My better thoughts once more.

Oh! once again revive, while on my ear  
The cry of Gain  
And low hoarse hum of Traffic dies away,  
Ye blessed memories of my early day  
Like sere grass wet with rain!—

Once more let God's green earth and sunset air  
Old feelings waken ;  
Through weary years of toil and strife and ill,  
Oh, let me feel that my good angel still  
Hath not his trust forsaken.

And well do time and place befit my mood:  
Beneath the arms  
Of this embracing wood, a good man made  
His home, like Abraham resting in the shade  
Of Mamre's lonely palms.

Here, rich with autumn gifts of countless years,  
The virgin soil  
Turned from the share he guided, and in rain  
And summer sunshine throve the fruits and grain  
Which blessed his honest toil.

Here, from his voyages on the stormy seas,  
Weary and worn,  
He came to meet his children, and to bless  
The Giver of all good in thankfulness  
And praise for his return.

And here his neighbors gathered in to greet  
Their friend again,  
Safe from the wave and the destroying gales,  
Which reap untimely green Bermuda's vales,  
And vex the Carib main.

\* Chalkley Hall, near Frankford, Pa., the residence of THOMAS CHALKLEY, an eminent minister of the "Friends" denomination. He was one of the early settlers of the Colony, and his Journal, which was published in 1749, presents a quaint but beautiful picture of a life of unostentatious and simple goodness. He was the master of a merchant vessel, and, in his visits to the West Indies and Great Britain, omitted no opportunity to labor for the highest interests of his fellow-men. During a temporary residence in Philadelphia, in the summer of 1838, the quiet and beautiful scenery around the ancient village of Frankford frequently attracted me from the heat and bustle of the city.

To hear the good man tell of simple truth,  
    Sown in an hour  
Of weakness in some far-off Indian isle,  
From the parched bosom of a barren soil,  
    Raised up in life and power:

How at those gatherings in Barbadian vales,  
    A tendering love  
Came o'er him, like the gentle rain from heaven,  
And words of fitness to his lips were given,  
    And strength as from above:

How the sad captive listened to the Word,  
    Until his chain  
Grew lighter, and his wounded spirit felt  
The healing balm of consolation melt  
    Upon its lifelong pain:

How the armed warrior sate him down to hear  
    Of Peace and Truth,  
And the proud ruler and his Creole dame,  
Jewelled and gorgeous in her beauty came,  
    And fair and bright-eyed youth.

Oh, far away beneath New England's sky,  
    Even when a boy,  
Following my plough by Merrimack's green shore,  
His simple record I have pondered o'er  
    With deep and quiet joy.

And hence this scene, in sunset glory warm—  
    Its woods around,  
Its still stream winding on in light and shade,  
Its soft, green meadows and its upland glade—  
    To me is holy ground.

And dearer far than haunts where Genius keeps  
    His vigils still;  
Than that where Avon's son of song is laid,  
Or Vacluse hallowed by its Petrarch's shade,  
    Or Virgil's laurelled hill.

To the gray walls of fallen Paraclete,  
    To Juliet's urn,  
Fair Arno and Sorrento's orange grove,  
Where Tasso sang, let young Romance and Love  
    Like brother pilgrims turn.

But here a deeper and serener charm  
    To all is given;  
And blessed memories of the faithful dead  
O'er wood and vale and meadow-stream have shed  
    The holy hues of Heaven!

## TO JOHN PIERPONT.

Not as a poor requital of the joy  
 With which my childhood heard that lay of thine,  
 Which, like an echo of the song divine  
 At Bethlehem breathed above the Holy Boy,  
 Bore to my ear the airs of Palestine,—  
 Not to the poet, but the man I bring  
 In friendship's fearless trust my offering:  
 How much it lacks I feel, and thou wilt see,  
 Yet well I know that thou hast deemed with me  
 Life all too earnest, and its time too short  
 For dreamy ease and Fancy's graceful sport;  
 And girded for thy constant strife with wrong,  
 Like Nehemiah fighting while he wrought  
 The broken walls of Zion, even thy song  
 Hath a rude martial tone, a blow in every thought!

## THE CYPRESS TREE OF CEYLON.

[Ibn Batuta, the celebrated Mussulman traveler of the fourteenth century, speaks of a Cypress tree in Ceylon, universally held sacred by the natives, the leaves of which were said to fall only at certain intervals, and he who had the happiness to find and eat one of them, was restored, at once, to youth and vigor. The traveller saw several venerable JOGIES, or saints, sitting silent and motionless under the tree, patiently awaiting the falling of a leaf.]

THEY sat in silent watchfulness  
 The sacred cypress tree about,  
 And, from beneath old wrinkled brows  
 Their failing eyes looked out.

Gray Age and Sickness waiting there  
 Through weary night and lingering day—  
 Grim as the idols at their side  
 And motionless as they.

Unheeded in the boughs above  
 The song of Ceylon's birds was sweet;  
 Unseen of them the island flowers  
 Bloomed brightly at their feet.

O'er them the tropic night-storm swept,  
 The thunder crashed on rock and hill;  
 The cloud-fire on their eyeballs blazed,  
 Yet there they waited still!

What was the world without to them?  
 The Moslem's sunset-call—the dance  
 Of Ceylon's maids—the passing gleam  
 Of battle-flag and lance?

They waited for that falling leaf,  
Of which the wandering Jogeess sing:  
Which lends once more to wintry age  
The greenness of its spring.

Oh!—if these poor and blinded ones  
In trustful patience wait to feel  
O'er torpid pulse and failing limb  
A youthful freshness steal;

Shall we, who sit beneath that Tree,  
Whose healing leaves of life are shed  
In answer to the breath of prayer  
Upon the waiting head:

Not to restore our failing forms,  
And build the spirit's broken shrine,  
But, on the fainting soul to shed  
A light and life divine:

Shall we grow weary in our watch,  
And murmur at the long delay?  
Impatient of our Father's time  
And His appointed way?

Or, shall the stir of outward things  
Allure and claim the Christian's eye,  
When on the heathen watcher's ear  
Their powerless murmurs die?

Alas! a deeper test of faith  
Than prison cell or martyr's stake,  
The self-abasing watchfulness  
Of silent prayer may make.

We gird us bravely to rebuke  
Our erring brother in the wrong:  
And in the ear of Pride and Power  
Our warning voice is strong.

Easier to smite with Peter's sword,  
Than "watch one hour" in humbling prayer:  
Life's "great things," like the Syrian lord  
Our hearts can do and dare.

But oh! we shrink from Jordan's side,  
From waters which alone can save:  
And murmur for Abana's banks  
And Pharpar's brighter wave.

Oh, Thou, who in the garden's shade  
Didst wake Thy weary ones again,  
Who slumbered at that fearful hour  
Forgetful of thy pain;

Bend o'er us now, as over them,  
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,  
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch  
Our souls should keep with Thee !

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## A DREAM OF SUMMER.

BLAND as the morning breath of June  
The southwest breezes play ;  
And, through its haze, the winter noon  
Seems warm as summer's day.  
The snow-plumed Angel of the North  
Has dropped his icy spear ;  
Again the mossy earth looks forth,  
Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hillside cell forsakes,  
The muskrat leaves his nook,  
The bluebird in the meadow breaks  
Is singing with the brook.  
" Bear up, oh mother Nature ! " cry  
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free ;  
" Our winter voices prophesy  
Of summer days to thee ! "

So, in those winters of the soul,  
By bitter blasts and drear  
O'erswept from Memory's frozen pole,  
Will sunny days appear.  
Reviving Hope and Faith, they show  
The soul its living powers,  
And how beneath the winter's snow  
Lie germs of summer flowers !

The Night is mother of the Day,  
The Winter of the Spring,  
And ever upon old Decay  
The greenest mosses cling.  
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,  
Through showers the sunbeams fall ;  
For God, who loveth all His works,  
Has left His Hope with all !

TO —,

WITH A COPY of WOOLMAN'S JOURNAL.\*

MAIDEN! with the fair brown  
tresses  
Shading o'er thy dreamy eye,  
Floating on thy thoughtful fore-  
head  
Cloud wreaths of its sky.

Youthful years and maiden beauty,  
Joy with them should still  
abide—

Instinct take the place of Duty—  
Love, not Reason, guide.

Ever in the New rejoicing,  
Kindly beckoning back the Old,  
Turning, with a power like Midas,  
All things into gold.

And the passing shades of sadness  
Wearing even a welcome guise,  
As when some bright lake lies open  
To the sunny skies;

Every wing of bird above it,  
Every light cloud floating on,  
Glitters like that flashing mirror  
In the self-same sun.

But upon thy youthful forehead  
Something like a shadow lies;  
And a serious soul is looking  
From thy earnest eyes.

With an early introversion,  
Through the forms of outward  
things,  
Seeking for the subtle essence,  
And the hidden springs.

Deeper than the gilded surface  
Hath thy wakeful vision seen,  
Farther than the narrow present  
Have thy journeyings been.

Thou hast midst Life's empty  
noises

Heard the solemn steps of Time,  
And the low mysterious voices  
Of another clime.

All the mystery of Being  
Hath upon thy spirit pressed—  
Thoughts which, like the Deluge  
wanderer,  
Find no place of rest;

That which mystic Plato pondered,  
That which Zeno heard with awe,  
And the star-rapt Zoroaster  
In his night-watch saw.

From the doubt and darkness  
springing  
Of the dim, uncertain Past,  
Moving to the dark still shadows  
O'er the Future cast,

Early hath Life's mighty question  
Thrilled within thy heart of  
youth

With a deep and strong beseeching:  
WHAT and WHERE IS TRUTH?

Hollow creed and ceremonial,  
Whence the ancient life hath  
fled,

Idle faith unknown to action,  
Dull and cold and dead.

Oracles, whose wire-worked mean-  
ings

Only wake a quiet scorn,—  
Not from these thy seeking spirit  
Hath its answer drawn.

But, like some tired child at even,  
On thy mother Nature's breast,  
Thou, methinks, art vainly seeking  
Truth, and peace, and rest.

O'er that mother's rugged features  
Thou art throwing Fancy's veil,  
Light and soft as woven moon-  
beams,  
Beautiful and frail!

O'er the rough chart of Existence,  
Rocks of sin and wastes of woe,

\* "Get the writings of John Woolman by heart."—*Essays of Elia*.

Soft airs breathe, and green leaves  
tremble,  
And cool fountains flow.

And to thee an answer cometh  
From the earth and from the sky,  
And to thee the hills and waters  
And the stars reply.

But a soul-sufficing answer  
Hath no outward origin;  
More than Nature's many voices  
May be heard within.

Even as the great Augustine  
Questioned earth and sea and  
sky,\*  
And the dusty tomes of learning  
And old poesy.

But his earnest spirit needed  
More than outward Nature  
taught—  
More than blest the poet's vision  
Or the sage's thought.

Only in the gathered silence  
Of a calm and waiting frame  
Light and wisdom as from Heaven  
To the seeker came.

Not to ease and aimless quiet  
Doth that inward answer tend,  
But to works of love and duty  
As our beings end,—

Not to idle dreams and trances,  
Length of face, and solemn tone,  
But to Faith, in daily striving  
And performance shown.

Earnest toil and strong endeavor  
Of a spirit which within  
Wrestles with familiar evil  
And besetting sin;

And without, with tireless vigor,  
Steady heart, and weapon strong,  
In the power of truth assailing  
Every form of wrong.

Guided thus, how passing lovely  
Is the track of WOOLMAN's feet!

And his brief and simple record  
How serenely sweet!

O'er life's humblest duties throwing  
Light the earthling never knew,  
Freshening all its dark waste places  
As with Hermon's dew.

All which glows in Pascal's pages—  
All which sainted Guion sought,  
Or the blue-eyed German Rahel  
Half-unconscious taught:—

Beauty, such as Goethe pictured,  
Such as Shelley dreamed of, shed  
Living warmth and starry bright-  
ness  
Round that poor man's head.

Not a vain and cold ideal,  
Not a poet's dream alone,  
But a presence warm and real,  
Seen and felt and known.

When the red right hand of slaugh-  
ter  
Moulders with the steel it swung,  
When the name of seer and poet  
Dies on Memory's tongue,

All bright thoughts and pure shall  
gather  
Round that meek and suffering  
one—  
Glorious, like the seer-seen angel  
Standing in the sun!

Take the good man's book and  
ponder  
What its pages say to thee—  
Blessed as the hand of healing  
May its lesson be.

If it only serves to strengthen  
Yearnings for a higher good,  
For the fount of living waters  
And diviner food;

If the pride of human reason  
Feels its meek and still rebuke  
Quailing like the eye of Peter  
From the Just One's look!—

\* August. Sililoq. cap. xxxi., "Interrogavi Terram," etc.

If with readier ear thou heedest  
 What the Inward Teacher saith,  
 Listening with a willing spirit  
 And a childlike faith,—

Thou mayst live to bless the giver,  
 Who himself but frail and weak,

Would at least the highest welfare  
 Of another seek;

And his gift, though poor and  
 lowly

It may seem to other eyes,  
 Yet may prove an angel holy  
 In a pilgrim's guise.

### LEGGETT'S MONUMENT.

"Ye build the tombs of the prophets."—*Holy Writ.*

YES—pile the marble o'er him! It is well  
 That ye who mocked him in his long stern strife,  
 And planted in the pathway of his life  
 The ploughshares of your hatred hot from hell,  
 Who clamored down the bold reformer when  
 He pleaded for his captive fellow-men,  
 Who spurned him in the market-place, and sought  
 Within thy walls, St. Tammany, to bind  
 In party chains the free and honest thought,  
 The angel utterance of an upright mind,—  
 Well is it now that o'er his grave ye raise  
 The stony tribute of your tardy praise,  
 For not alone that pile shall tell to Fame  
 Of the brave heart beneath, but of the builders' shame!

### THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.

[A LETTER-WRITER from Mexico states that, at the terrible fight of Buena Vista, MEXICAN women were seen hovering near the field of death, for the purpose of giving aid and succor to the wounded. One poor woman was found surrounded by the maimed and suffering of both armies, ministering to the wants of AMERICANS as well as MEXICANS, with impartial tenderness.]

SPEAK and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward far away,  
 O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,  
 Who is losing? who is winning? are they far or come they near?  
 Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm we hear.

"Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle rolls;  
 Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have mercy on their souls!"  
 Who is losing? who is winning?—"Over hill and over plain,  
 I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the mountain rain."

Holy Mother! keep our brothers! Look, Ximena, look once more:  
 "Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as before,  
 Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foeman, foot and horse,  
 Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down its mountain  
 course."

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Ah! the smoke has rolled away ;  
And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the ranks of gray.  
Hark ! That sudden blast of bugles! there the troop of Minon wheels ;  
There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at their heels.

"Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat and now advance !  
Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's charging lance!  
Down they go, the brave young riders ; horse and foot together fall ;  
Like a plowshare in the fallow, through them plow the Northern ball."

Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling fast and frightful on:  
Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost, and who has won ?  
"Alas! alas! I know not ; friend and foe together fall,  
O'er the dying rush the living : pray, my sisters, for them all !"

"Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting: Blessed Mother, save my brain!  
I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps of slain.  
Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now they fall, and strive to rise ;  
Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die before our eyes !"

"Oh my heart's love! oh my dear one! lay thy poor head on my knee;  
Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee ? Canst thou hear me ? canst thou  
see ?

Oh, my husband, brave and gentle ! oh, my Bernal, look once more  
On the blessed cross before thee ! mercy ! mercy ! all is o'er !"

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena ; lay thy dear one down to rest ;  
Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon his breast ;  
Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses said ;  
To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a soldier lay,  
Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow his life away ;  
But, as tenderly before him, the lorn Ximena knelt,  
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned away her head ;  
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon her dead ;  
But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his struggling breath of  
pain,

And she raised the cooling water to his parching lips again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand and faintly smiled :  
Was that pitying face his mother's ? did she watch beside her child ?  
All his stranger words with meaning her woman's heart supplied ;  
With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother !" murmured he, and died !

"A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee forth,  
From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping, lonely, in the North !"  
Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him with her dead,  
And turned to soothe the living, and bind the wounds which bled.

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Like a cloud before the wind  
Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood and death behind.  
Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the dust the wounded strive;  
Hide your faces, holy angels! oh, thou Christ of God, forgive!"

Sink, oh Night, among thy Mountains! let the cool, gray shadows fall;  
Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy curtain over all!  
Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the battle rolled,  
In its sheath the sabre rested, and the cannon's lips grew cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pursued,  
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and faint and lacking  
food;

Over weak and suffering brothers, with a tender care they hung,  
And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange and Northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, oh Father! is this evil world of ours;  
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the Eden flowers;  
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send their prayer,  
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air!

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### FORGIVENESS.

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been  
Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong;  
So, turning gloomily from my fellow-men,  
One summer Sabbath day I strolled among  
The green mounds of the village burial place;  
Where, pondering how all human love and hate  
Find one sad level—and how, soon or late,  
Wronged and wrong-doer, each with meekened face,  
And cold hands folded over a still heart,  
Pass the green threshold of our common grave,  
Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart,  
Awd for myself, and pitying my race,  
Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,  
Swept all my pride away, and trembling I forgave!

## BARCLAY OF URY.

[Among the earliest converts to the doctrines of FRIENDS, in Scotland, was BARCLAY of URY, an old and distinguished soldier, who had fought under GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, in Germany. As a Quaker, he became the object of persecution and abuse at the hands of the magistrates and the populace. None bore the indignities of the mob with greater patience and nobleness of soul than this once proud gentleman and soldier. One of his friends, on an occasion of uncommon rudeness, lamented that he should be treated so harshly in his old age, who had been so honored before. "I find more satisfaction," said BARCLAY, "as well as honor, in being thus insulted for my religious principles, than when, a few years ago, it was usual for the magistrates, as I passed the city of Aberdeen, to meet me on the road and conduct me to public entertainment in their hall, and then escort me out again, to gain my favor."]

Up the streets of Aberdeen,  
By the kirk and college green,  
Rode the Laird of Ury;  
Close behind him, close beside,  
Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,  
Pressed the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,  
Jeered at him the serving girl,  
Prompt to please her master;  
And the begging carlin, late  
Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,  
Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet, with calm and stately mien,  
Up the streets of Aberdeen  
Came he slowly riding;  
And, to all he saw and heard  
Answering not with bitter word,  
Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadsword  
swinging,  
Bits and bridles sharply ringing,  
Loose and free and froward;  
Quoth the foremost, "Ride him  
down!  
Push him! prick him! through the  
town  
Drive the Quaker coward!"

But from out the thickening crowd  
Cried a sudden voice and loud:  
"Barclay! Ho! a Barclay!"  
And the old man at his side,  
Saw a comrade, battle tried,  
Scarred and sunburned darkly;

Who with ready weapon bare,  
Fronting to the troopers there,  
Cried aloud: "God save us?"

Call ye coward him who stood  
Ankle deep in Lutzen's blood,  
With the brave Gustavus?"

"Nay, I do not need thy sword,  
Comrade mine," said Ury's lord;  
"Put it up I pray thee:  
Passive to His holy will,  
Trust I in my Master's still,  
Even though He slay me."

"Pledges of thy love and faith,  
Proved on many a field of death,  
Not by me are needed."  
Marvelled much that henchman  
bold,  
That his laird, so stout of old,  
Now so meekly pleaded.

"Woe's the day," he sadly said,  
With a slowly shaking head,  
And a look of pity;  
"Ury's honest lord reviled,  
Mock of knave and sport of child,  
In his own good city!

"Speak the word, and, master  
mine,  
As we charged on Tilly's line,  
And his Walloon lancers,  
Smiting through their midst we'll  
teach  
Civil look and decent speech  
To these boyish prancers!"

"Marvel not, mine ancient friend,  
Like beginning, like the end:"  
Quoth the Laird of Ury,  
"Is the sinful servant more  
Than his gracious Lord who bore  
Bonds and stripes in Jewry?"

"Give me joy that in His name  
I can bear, with patient frame,  
All these vain ones offer;  
While for them He suffereth long,  
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,  
Scoffing with the scoffer?"

"Happier I, with loss of all,  
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,  
With few friends to greet me,  
Than when reeve and squire were  
seen,  
Riding out from Aberdeen,  
With bared heads, to meet me.

"When each good wife, o'er and  
o'er,  
Blessed me as I passed her door;  
And the snooded daughter,  
Through her casement glancing  
down,  
Smiled on him who bore renown  
From red fields of slaughter.

"Hard to feel the stranger's scoff,  
Hard the old friend's falling off,  
Hard to learn forgiving;  
But the Lord His own rewards,  
And his love with theirs accords,  
Warm and fresh and living.

"Through this dark and stormy  
night  
Faith beholds a feeble light  
Up the blackness streaking;  
Knowing God's own time is best,  
In a patient hope I rest  
For the full day-breaking!"

So the Laird of Ury said,  
Turning slow his horse's head  
Toward the Tolbooth prison,  
Where, though iron grates, he  
heard  
Poor disciples of the Word  
Preach of Christ arisen!

Not in vain, Confessor old,  
Unto us the tale is told  
Of thy day of trial;  
Every age on him, who strays  
From its broad and beaten ways,  
Pours its sevenfold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear  
Angel comfortings can hear,  
O'er the rabble's laughter;  
And, while Hatred's fagots burn,  
Glimpses through the smoke dis-  
cern  
Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this, that never yet  
Share of Truth was vainly set  
In the world's wide fallow;  
After hands shall sow the seed,  
After hands from hill and mead  
Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the Seer,  
Must the moral pioneer  
From the Future borrow;  
Clothe the waste with dreams of  
grain,  
And, on midnight's sky of rain,  
Paint the golden morrow!

### WHAT THE VOICE SAID.

MADDENED by Earth's wrong and evil,  
"Lord!" I cried in sudden ire,  
"From thy right hand, clothed with thunder,  
Shake the bolted fire!

"Love is lost, and Faith is dying;  
With the brute the man is sold;  
And the dropping blood of labor  
Hardens into gold.

"Here the dying wail of Famine,  
There the battle's groan of pain;  
And, in silence, smooth-faced Mammon  
Reaping men like grain.

" 'Where is God, that we should fear Him?'  
Thus the earth-born Titans say;  
'God! if thou art living, hear us!'  
Thus the weak ones pray.

"Thou, the patient Heaven upbraiding,"  
Spake a solemn Voice within;  
"Weary of our Lord's forbearance,  
Art thou free from sin?"

"Fearless brow to Him uplifting,  
Canst thou for his thunders call,  
Knowing that to guilt's attraction  
Ever more they fall?"

"Know'st thou not all germs of evil  
In thy heart await their time?  
Not thyself, but God's restraining,  
Stays their growth of crime.

"Could'st thou boast, oh child of weakness!  
O'er the sons of wrong and strife,  
Were their strong temptations planted  
In thy path of life?"

"Thou hast seen two streamlets gushing  
From one fountain, clear and free,  
But by widely varying channels  
Searching for the sea.

"Glideth one through greenest valleys,  
Kissing them with lips still sweet;  
One, mad roaring down the mountains,  
Stagnates at their feet.

"Is it choice whereby the Parsee  
Kneels before his mother's fire?  
In his black tent did the Tartar  
Choose his wandering sire?"

"He alone, whose hand is bounding  
Human power and human will,  
Looking through each soul's surrounding,  
Knows its good or ill.

"For thyself, while wrong and sorrow  
Make to thee their strong appeal,  
Coward wert thou not to utter  
What the heart must feel.

“ Earnest words must needs be spoken  
 When the warm heart bleeds or burns  
 With its scorn of wrong, or pity  
 For the wronged, by turns.

‘ But, by all thy nature’s weakness,  
 Hidden faults and follies known,  
 Be thou, in rebuking evil,  
 Conscious of thine own.

“ Not the less shall stern-eyed Duty  
 To thy lips her trumpet set,  
 But with harsher blasts shall mingle  
 Wailings of regret.”

Cease not, Voice of holy speaking,  
 Teacher sent of God, be near,  
 Whispering through the day’s cool silence,  
 Let my spirit hear!

So, when thoughts of evil-doers  
 Waken scorn or hatred move,  
 Shall a mournful fellow-feeling  
 Temper all with love.

---

### TO DELAWARE.

Written during the Discussion, in the Legislature of that State in the Winter of 1846-47, of a Bill for the Abolition of Slavery.

THRICE welcome to thy sisters of the East,  
 To the strong tillers of a rugged home,  
 With spray-wet locks to Northern winds released,  
 And hardy feet o’er-swept by ocean’s foam;  
 And to the young nymphs of the golden West,  
 Whose harvest mantles, fringed with prairie bloom,  
 Trail in the sunset,— oh, redeemed and blest,  
 To the warm welcome of thy sisters come!  
 Broad Pennsylvania, down her sail-white bay  
 Shall give thee joy, and Jersey from her plains,  
 And the great lakes, where echoes free alway  
 Moaned never shoreward with the clank of chains,  
 Shall weave new sun-bows in their tossing spray,  
 And all their waves keep grateful holiday.  
 And, smiling on thee through her mountain rains,  
 Vermont shall bless thee; and the Granite peaks,  
 And vast Katahdin o’er his woods, shall wear  
 Their snow-crowns brighter in the cold keen air;  
 And Massachusetts, with her rugged cheeks  
 O’errun with grateful tears, shall turn to thee,  
 When, at thy bidding, the electric wire  
 Shall tremble northward with its words of fire:  
 Glory and praise to God! another state is free!

WORSHIP.

[“ Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.”—*James i. 27.*]

THE Pagan's myths through marble lips are spoken,  
And ghosts of old Beliefs still flit and moan  
Round fane and altar overthrown and broken,  
O'er tree-grown barrow and gray ring of stone.

Blind Faith had martyrs in those old high places,  
The Syrian hill grove and the Druid's wood,  
With mothers' offering, to the Fiend's embraces,  
Bone of their bone, and blood of their own blood.

Red altars, kindling through that night of error,  
Smoked with warm blood beneath the cruel eye  
Of lawless Power and sanguinary Terror,  
Throned on the circle of a pitiless sky;

Beneath whose baleful shadow, overcasting  
All heaven above, and blighting earth below,  
The scourge grew red, the lip grew pale with fasting,  
And man's oblation was his fear and woe!

Then through great temples swelled the dismal moaning  
Of dirge-like music and sepulchral prayer;  
Pale wizard priests, o'er occult symbols droning,  
Swung their white censers in the burdened air:

As if the pomp of rituals, and the savor  
Of gums and spices, could the Unseen One please;  
As if His ear could bend, with childish favor,  
To the poor flattery of the organ keys!

Feet red from war fields trod the church aisles holy,  
With trembling reverence; and the oppressor there,  
Kneeling before his priest, abased and lowly,  
Crushed human hearts beneath his knee of prayer.

Not such the service the benignant Father  
Requireth at his earthly children's hands:  
Not the poor offering of vain rites, but rather  
The simple duty man from man demands.

For Earth he asks it: the full joy of Heaven  
Knoweth no change of waning or increase;  
The great heart of the Infinite beats even,  
Untroubled flows the river of his peace,

He asks no taper lights, on high surrounding  
 The priestly altar and the saintly grave,  
 No dolorous chant nor organ music sounding,  
 Nor incense clouding up the twilight nave.

For he whom Jesus loved hath truly spoken:  
 The holier worship which he deigns to bless  
 Restores the lost, and binds the spirit broken,  
 And feeds the widow and the fatherless!

Types of our human weakness and our sorrow!  
 Who lives unhaunted by his loved ones dead?  
 Who, with vain longing, seeketh not to borrow  
 From stranger eyes the home lights which have fled?

Oh, brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;  
 Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;  
 To worship rightly is to love each other,  
 Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example  
 of him whose holy work was "doing good";  
 So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,  
 Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangor  
 Of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease;  
 Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,  
 And in its ashes plant the tree of peace!

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#### THE ALBUM.

THE dark-eyed daughters of the Sun,  
 At morn and evening hours,  
 O'er-hung their graceful shrines alone  
 With wreaths of dewy flowers.

Not vainly did those fair ones cull  
 Their gifts by stream and wood;  
 The Good is always beautiful,  
 The Beautiful is good!

We live not in their simple day,  
 Our Northern blood is cold,  
 And few the offerings which we lay  
 On other shrines than Gold.

With Scripture texts to chill and ban  
 The heart's fresh morning hours,

The heavy-footed Puritan  
Goes trampling down the flowers;

Nor thinks of Him who sat of old  
Where Syrian lilies grew,  
And from their mingling shade and gold  
A holy lesson drew.

Yet lady, shall this book of thine,  
Where Love his gifts has brought,  
Become to thee a Persian shrine,  
O'er-hung with flowers of thought.

### THE DEMON OF THE STUDY.

THE Brownie sits in the Scotchman's room,  
And eats his meat and drinks his ale,  
And beats the maid with her unused broom,  
And the lazy lout with his idle flail,  
But he sweeps the floor and threshes the corn,  
And hies him away ere the break of dawn.

The shade of Denmark fled from the sun,  
And the Cocklane ghost from the barn-loft cheer,  
The fiend of Faust was a faithful one,  
Agrippa's demon wrought in fear,  
And the devil of Martin Luther sat  
By the stout monk's side in social chat.

The Old Man of the Sea, on the neck of him  
Who seven times crossed the deep,  
Twined closely each lean and withered limb,  
Like the nightmare in one's sleep.  
But he drank of the wine, and Sinbad cast  
The evil weight from his back at last.

But the demon that cometh day by day  
To my quiet room and fireside nook,  
Where the casement light falls dim and gray  
On faded painting and ancient book,  
Is a sorrier one than any whose names  
Are chronicled well by good king James.

No bearer of burdens like Caliban,  
No runner of errands like Ariel,  
He comes in the shape of a fat old man,  
Without rap of knuckle or pull of bell:  
And whence he comes, or whither he goes,  
I know as I do of the wind which blows.

A stout old man with a greasy hat  
Slouched heavily down to his dark, red nose,  
And two gray eyes enveloped in fat,  
Looking through glasses with iron bows.  
Read ye, and heed ye, and ye who can,  
Guard well your doors from that old man!

He comes with a careless "how d'ye do,"  
And seats himself in my elbow chair;  
And my morning paper and pamphlet new  
Fall forthwith under his special care,  
And he wipes his glasses and clears his throat,  
And, button by button, unfolds his coat.

And then he reads from paper and book,  
In a low and husky asthmatic tone,  
With the stolid sameness of posture and look  
Of one who reads to himself alone;  
And hour after hour on my senses come  
That husky wheeze and that dolorous hum.

The price of stocks, the auction sales,  
The poet's song and the lover's glee,  
The horrible murders, the seaboard gales,  
The marriage list, and the *jeu d'esprit*,  
All reach my ear in the self-same tone,—  
I shudder at each, but the fiend reads on!

Oh! sweet as the lapse of water at noon  
O'er the mossy roots of some forest tree,  
The sigh of the wind in the woods of June,  
Or sound of flutes o'er a moonlit sea,  
Or the low soft music, perchance which seems  
To float through the slumbering singer's dreams.

So sweet, so dear is the silvery tone  
Of her in whose features I sometimes look,  
As I sit at eve by her side alone,  
And we read by turns from the self-same book—  
Some tale perhaps of the olden time,  
Some lover's romance or quaint old rhyme.

Then when the story is one of woe,—  
Some prisoner's plaint through his dungeon-bar,  
Her blue eye glistens with tears, and low  
Her voice sinks down like a moan afar;  
And I seem to hear that prisoner's wail,  
And his face looks on me worn and pale.

And when she reads some merrier song,  
Her voice is glad as an April bird's,

And when the tale is of war and wrong,  
 A trumpet's summons is in her words,  
 And the rush of the hosts I seem to hear,  
 And see the tossing of plume and spear!—

Oh, pity me then, when, day by day,  
 The stout fiend darkens my parlor door;  
 And reads me perchance the self-same lay  
 Which melted in music the night before,  
 From lips as the lips of Hylas sweet,  
 And moved like twin roses which zephyrs meet!

I cross my floor with a nervous tread,  
 I whistle and laugh and sing and shout,  
 I flourish my cane above his head,  
 And stir up the fire to roast him out;  
 I topple the chairs, and drum on the pane,  
 And press my hands on my ears, in vain!

I've studied Glanville and James the wise,  
 And wizard black-letter tomes which treat  
 Of demons of every name and size,  
 Which a Christian man is presumed to meet,  
 But never a hint and never a line  
 Can I find of a reading fiend like mine.

I've crossed the Psalter with Brady and Tate,  
 And laid the Primer above them all,  
 I've nailed a horseshoe over the grate,  
 And hung a wig to my parlor wall  
 Once worn by a learned Judge, they say,  
 At Salem court in the witchcraft day!

"*Conjuro te, sceleratissime,  
 Abire ad tuum locum!*"—still  
 Like a visible nightmare he sits by me—  
 The exorcism has lost its skill;  
 And I hear again in my haunted room  
 The husky wheeze and the dolorous hum!

Ah!—commend me to Mary Magdalen  
 With her sevenfold plagues—to the wandering Jew,  
 To the terrors which haunted Orestes when  
 The furies his midnight curtains drew,  
 But charm him off, ye who charm him can,  
 That reading demon, that fat old man!

## THE PUMPKIN.

OH! greenly and fair in the lands of the sun,  
The vines of the gourd and the rich melon run,  
And the rock and the tree and the cottage enfold,  
With broad leaves all greenness and blossoms all gold,  
Like that which o'er Nineveh's prophet once grew,  
While he waited to know that his warning was true,  
And longed for the storm-cloud, and listened in vain,  
For the rush of the whirlwind and red fire-rain.

On the banks of the Xenil the dark Spanish maiden  
Comes up with the fruit of the tangled vine laden;  
And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to behold  
Through orange-leaves shining the broad spheres of gold;  
Yet with dearer delight from his home in the North,  
On the fields of his harvest the Yankee looks forth,  
Where crook-necks are coiling and yellow fruit shines,  
And the sun of September melts down on his vines.

Ah!—on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from West,  
From North and from South come the pilgrim and guest,  
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board  
The old broken links of affection restored,  
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,  
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,  
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye?  
What calls back the past, like the rich Pumpkin pie?

Oh!—fruit loved of boyhood!—the old days recalling,  
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling!  
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,  
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within!  
When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts all in tune,  
Our chair a broad pumpkin—our lantern the moon,  
Telling tales of the fairy who travelled like steam,  
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team!

Then thanks for thy present!—none sweeter or better  
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter!  
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine,  
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking than thine!  
And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to express,  
Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less:  
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,  
And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin-vine grow,  
And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky  
Golden-tinted and fair as thy own Pumpkin Pie!

## EXTRACT FROM "A NEW ENGLAND LEGEND."

How has New England's romance fled,  
Even as a vision of the morning!  
Its rites fordone—its guardians dead—  
Its priestesses, bereft of dread,  
Waking the veriest urchin's scorning!—  
Gone like the Indian wizard's yell  
And fire-dance round the magic rock,  
Forgotten like the Druid's spell  
At moonrise by his holy oak!  
No more along the shadowy glen,  
Glide the dim ghosts of murdered men;  
No more the unquiet church-yard dead  
Glimpse upward from their turfy bed,  
Startling the traveller, late and lone;  
As, on some night of starless weather,  
They silently commune together,  
Each sitting on his own head-stone!  
The roofless house, decayed, deserted,  
Its living tenants all departed,  
No longer rings with midnight revel  
Of witch, or ghost, or goblin evil;  
No pale, blue flame sends out its flashes  
Through creviced roof and shattered sashes!—  
The witch-grass round the hazel spring  
May sharply to the night-air sing,  
But there no more shall withered hags  
Refresh at ease their broom-stick nags,  
Or taste those hazel-shadowed waters  
As beverage meet for Satan's daughters;  
No more their mimic tones be heard—  
The mew of cat—the chirp of bird,  
Shrill blending with the hoarser laughter  
Of the fell demon following after!

The cautious good-man nails no more  
A horseshoe on his outer door,  
Lest some unseemly hag should fit  
To his own mouth her bridle-bit—  
The good-wife's churn no more refuses  
Its wonted culinary uses  
Until, with heated needle burned,  
The witch has to her place returned!  
Our witches are no longer old  
And wrinkled beldames, Satan-sold,  
But young and gay and laughing creatures,  
With the heart's sunshine on their features—

Their sorcery—the light which dances  
Where the raised lid unveils its glances;  
Or that low-breathed and gentle tone,

The music of Love's twilight hours,  
Soft, dream-like, as a fairy's moan

Above her nightly closing flowers,  
Sweeter than that which sighed of yore,  
Along the charmed Ausonian shore.

Even she, our own weird heroine,  
Sole Pythoness of ancient Lynn,

Sleeps calmly where the living laid her.  
And the wide realm of sorcery,  
Left by its latest mistress free,

Hath found no gray and skilled invader:  
So perished Albion's "glammarye,"

With him in Melrose Abbey sleeping,  
His charmed torch beside his knee,  
That even the dead himself might see

The magic scroll within his keeping.  
And now our modern Yankee sees  
Nor omens, spells, nor mysteries;  
And naught above, below, around,  
Of life or death, of sight or sound,

Whate'er its nature, form, or look,  
Excites his terror or surprise—  
All seeming to his knowing eyes  
Familiar as his "catechise,"  
Or "Webster's Spelling Book."

### HAMPTON BEACH.

THE sunlight glitters keen and bright,

Where, miles away,  
Lies stretching to my dazzled sight  
A luminous belt, a misty light,

Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes of sandy gray.

The tremulous shadow of the Sea!

Against its ground  
Of silvery light, rock, hill, and tree,  
Still as a picture, clear and free,

With varying outline mark the coast for miles around.

On—on—we tread with loose-flung rein

Our seaward way;

Through dark-green fields and blossoming grain,  
Where the wild brier-rose skirts the lane,

And bends above our heads the flowering locust spray.

Ha! like a kind hand on my brow  
    Comes this fresh breeze,  
Cooling its dull and feverish glow,  
While through my being seems to flow  
The breath of a new life—the healing of the seas!

Now rest we, where this grassy mound  
    His feet hath set  
In the great waters, which have bound  
His granite ankles greenly round  
With long and tangled moss, and weeds with cool spray wet.

Good-by to Pain and Care! I take  
    Mine ease to-day;  
Here where these sunny waters break,  
And ripples this keen breeze, I shake  
All burdens from the heart, all weary thoughts away.

I draw a freer breath—I seem  
    Like all I see—  
Waves in the sun—the white-winged gleam  
Of sea-birds in the slanting beam—  
And far-off sails which flit before the South wind free.

So when Time's veil shall fall asunder,  
    The soul may know  
No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,  
Nor sink the weight of mystery under,  
But with the upward rise, and with the vastness grow.

And all we shrink from now may seem  
    No new revealing;  
Familiar as our childhood's stream  
Or pleasant memory of a dream,  
The loved and cherished Past upon the new life stealing.

Serene and mild the untried light  
    May have its dawning;  
And, as in Summer's northern night  
The evening and the dawn unite,  
The sunset hues of Time blend with the soul's new morning.

I sit alone: in foam and spray  
    Wave after wave  
Breaks on the rocks which, stern and gray,  
Beneath like fallen Titans lay,  
Or murmurs hoarse and strong through mossy cleft and cave.

What heed I of the dusty land  
    And noisy town?  
I see the mighty deep expand  
From its white line of glimmering sand  
To where the blue of heaven on bluer waves shuts down!

In listless quietude of mind,  
     I yield to all  
 The change of cloud and wave and wind,  
 And passive on the flood reclined,  
 I wander with the waves, and with them rise and fall.

But look, thou dreamer!—wave and shore  
     In shadow lie;  
 The night-wind warns me back once more  
 To where my native hilltops o'er  
 Bends like an arch of fire the glowing sunset sky!

So then, beach, bluff, and wave, farewell!  
     I bear with me  
 No token stone nor glittering shell,  
 But long and oft shall Memory tell  
 Of this brief thoughtful hour of musing by the Sea.

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### LINES

Written on Hearing of the Death of Silas Wright, of New York.

As they who, tossing midst the storm at night,  
 While turning shoreward, where a beacon shone,  
 Meet the walled blackness of the heaven alone,  
 So, on the turbulent waves of party tossed,  
 In gloom and tempest, men have seen thy light  
     Quenched in the darkness. At thy hour of noon,  
 While life was pleasant to thy undimmed sight,  
 And, day by day, within thy spirit grew  
 A holier hope than young Ambition knew,  
 As through thy rural quiet, not in vain,  
 Pierced the sharp thrill of Freedom's cry of pain,  
 Man of the millions, thou art lost too soon!  
 Portents at which the bravest stand aghast—  
 The birth-throes of a Future, strange and vast,  
 Alarm the land; yet thou, so wise and strong,  
 Suddenly summoned to the burial bed,  
 Lapped in its slumbers deep and ever long,  
 Hear'st not the tumult surging overhead.  
 Who now shall rally Freedom's scattering host?  
 Who wear the mantle of the leader lost?  
 Who stay the march of slavery? He, whose voice  
     Hath called thee from thy task-field, shall not lack  
     Yet bolder champions, to beat bravely back  
 The wrong which, through His poor ones, reaches Him:  
 Yet firmer hands shall Freedom's torch-lights trim,  
     And wave them high across the abysmal black,  
 Till bound, dumb millions there shall see them and rejoice.

## LINES

## ACCOMPANYING MANUSCRIPTS PRESENTED TO A FRIEND.

'Tis said that in the Holy Land  
The angels of the place have blessed  
The pilgrim's bed of desert sand,  
Like Jacob's stone of rest.

That down the hush of Syrian skies  
Some sweet-voiced saint at twilight sings  
The song whose holy symphonies  
Are beat by unseen wings;

Still starting from his sandy bed,  
The way-worn wanderer looks to see  
The halo of an angel's head  
Shine through the tamarisk tree.

So through the shadows of my way  
Thy smile hath fallen soft and clear,  
So at the weary close of day  
Hath seemed thy voice of cheer.

That pilgrim pressing to his goal  
May pause not for the vision's sake,  
Yet all fair things within his soul  
The thought of it shall wake;

The graceful palm tree by the well,  
Seen on the far horizon's rim;  
The dark eyes of the fleet gazelle,  
Bent timidly on him;

Each pictured saint, whose golden hair  
Streams sunlike through the convent's gloom;  
Pale shrines of martyrs young and fair,  
And loving Mary's tomb;

And thus each tint or shade which falls  
From sunset cloud or waving tree,  
Along my pilgrim path recalls  
The pleasant thought of thee.

Of one, in sun and shade the same,  
In weal and woe my steady friend,  
Whatever by that holy name  
The angels comprehend.

Not blind to faults and follies, thou  
Hast never failed the good to see,  
Nor judged by one unseemly bough  
The upward-struggling tree.

These light leaves at thy feet I lay—  
Poor common thoughts on common things,  
Which time is shaking, day by day,  
Like feathers from his wings—

Chance shootings from a frail life-tree,  
To nurturing care but little known,  
Their good was partly learned of thee,  
Their folly is my own.

That tree still clasps the kindly mould,  
Its leaves still drink the twilight dew,  
And weaving its pale green with gold,  
Still shines the sunlight through.

There still the morning zephyrs play.  
And there at times the spring bird sings,  
And mossy trunk and fading spray  
Are flowered with glossy wings.

Yet, even in genial sun and rain,  
Root, branch, and leaflet fail and fade,  
The wanderer on its lonely plain  
Ere long shall miss its shade.

Oh, friend beloved, whose curious skill  
Keeps bright the last year's leaves and flowers,  
With warm, glad summer thoughts to fill  
The cold, dark, winter hours!

Pressed on thy heart, the leaves I bring  
May well defy the wintry cold,  
Until, in Heaven's eternal spring,  
Life's fairer ones unfold.

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### THE REWARD.

Who, looking backward from his manhood's prime,  
Sees not the spectre of his misspent time?  
And, through the shade  
Of funeral cypress planted thick behind,  
Hears no reproachful whisper on the wind  
From his loved dead?

Who bears no trace of passion's evil force?  
 Who shuns thy sting, oh terrible Remorse?—  
     Who does not cast  
 On the thronged pages of his memory's book,  
 At times, a sad and half reluctant look,  
     Regretful of the Past?

Alas!—the evil which we fain would shun  
 We do, and leave the wished-for good undone:  
     Our strength to-day  
 Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone to fall;  
 Poor, blind, unprofitable servants all  
     Are we alway.

Yet, who, thus looking backward o'er his years,  
 Feels not his eyelids wet with grateful tears,  
     If he hath been  
 Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,  
 To cheer and aid, in some ennobling cause,  
     His fellow-men?

If he hath hidden the outcast, or let in  
 A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin,—  
     If he hath lent  
 Strength to the weak, and, in an hour of need,  
 Over the suffering, mindless of his creed  
     Or home, hath bent,

He has not lived in vain, and while he gives  
 The praise to Him, in whom he moves and lives,  
     With thankful heart;  
 He gazes backward, and with hope before,  
 Knowing that from his works he never more  
     Can henceforth part.

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RAPHAEL.\*

I SHALL not soon forget that sight:  
 The glow of Autumn's westering day,  
 A hazy warmth, a dreamy light,  
 On Raphael's picture lay.

It was a simple print I saw,  
 The fair face of a musing boy;  
 Yet while I gazed a sense of awe  
 Seemed blending with my joy.

\* Suggested by a portrait of Raphael, at the age of fifteen, in the possession of Thomas Tracy, of Newburyport.

A simple print:—the graceful flow  
Of boyhood's soft and wavy hair,  
And fresh young lip and cheek, and brow  
Unmarked and clear, were there.

Yet through its sweet and calm repose  
I saw the inward spirit shine;  
It was as if before me rose  
The white veil of a shrine.

As if, as Gothland's sage has told,  
The hidden life, the man within,  
Dissevered from its frame and mould,  
By mortal eye were seen.

Was it the lifting of that eye,  
The waving of that pictured hand?  
Loose as a cloud-wreath on the sky,  
I saw the walls expand.

The narrow room had vanished,—space  
Broad, luminous, remained alone,  
Through which all hues and shapes of grace  
And beauty looked or shone.

Around the mighty master came  
The marvels which his pencil wrought,  
Those miracles of power whose fame  
Is wide as human thought.

There drooped thy more than mortal face,  
Oh Mother, beautiful and mild!  
Enfolding in one dear embrace  
Thy Saviour and Thy Child!

The rapt brow of the Desert John;  
The awful glory of that day,  
When all the Father's brightness shone  
Through manhood's veil of clay.

And, midst gray prophet forms, and wild  
Dark visions of the days of old,  
How sweetly woman's beauty smiled  
Through locks of brown and gold!

There Fornarina's fair young face  
Once more upon her lover shone,  
Whose model of an angel's grace  
He borrowed from her own.

Slow passed that vision from my view,  
But not the lesson which it taught;  
The soft, calm shadows which it threw  
Still rested on my thought:

The truth, that painter, bard, and sage,  
Even in Earth's cold and changeful clime,  
Plant for their deathless heritage  
The fruits and flowers of time.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear  
Of which the coming life is made  
And fill our Future's atmosphere  
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the Life to be  
We weave with colors all our own,  
And in the field of Destiny  
We reap as we have sown.

Still shall the soul around it call  
The shadows which it gathered here,  
And painted on the eternal wall  
The Past shall reappear.

Think ye the notes of holy song  
On Milton's tuneful ear have died?  
Think ye that Raphael's angel throng  
Has vanished from his side?

Oh no!—We live our life again:  
Or warmly touched or coldly dim  
The pictures of the Past remain,—  
Man's works shall follow him!

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LINES

Written on visiting a singular cave in Chester, N. H., known in the vicinity by the name of  
"The Devil's Den."

THE moon is bright on the rocky hill,  
But its dwarfish pines rise gloomily still,—  
Fix'd, motionless forms in the silent air,  
The moonlight is on them, but darkness is there.  
The drowsy flap of the owl's wing,  
And the stream's low gush from its hidden spring,  
And the passing breeze, in its flight-betray'd  
By the timid shiver of leaf and blade;  
Half like a sigh and half a moan,  
The ear of the listener catches alone.

A dim cave yawns in the rude hillside,  
 Like the jaws of a monster open'd wide,  
 Where a few wild bushes of thorn and fern  
 Their leaves from the breath of the night-air turn;  
 And half with twining foliage cover  
 The mouth of that shadowy cavern over:  
 Above it, the rock rests gloomy and high  
 Its rugged outline against the sky,  
 Which seems as, it opens on either hand,  
 Like some bright sea leaving a desolate land.

Below it, a stream on its bed of stone  
 From a rift in the rock comes hurrying down.  
 Telling forever the same wild tale  
 Of its loftier home to the lowly vale;  
 And over its waters an oak is bending,  
 Its boughs like a skeleton's arms extending—  
 A naked tree, by the lightning shorn,  
 With its trunk all bare and its branches torn;  
 And the rocks beneath it, blacken'd and rent,  
 Tell where the bolt of the thunder went.

'Tis said that this cave is an evil place—  
 The chosen haunt of the fallen race;  
 That the midnight traveller oft hath seen  
 A red flame tremble its jaws between,  
 And lighten and quiver the boughs among,  
 Like the fiery play of a serpent's tongue;  
 That sounds of fear from its chambers swell—  
 The ghostly gibber, the fiendish yell;  
 That bodiless hands at its entrance wave,—  
 And hence they have named it **THE DEMON'S CAVE!**

The fears of man to this place have lent  
 A terror which Nature never meant;  
 For who hath wander'd, with curious eye,  
 This dim and shadowy cavern by,  
 And known, in the sun or starlight, aught  
 Which might not beseem so lonely a spot,—  
 The stealthy fox, and the shy raccoon,  
 The night-bird's wing in the shining moon,  
 The frog's low croak, and, upon the hill,  
 The steady chant of the whippoorwill?

Yet is there something to fancy dear  
 In this silent cave and its lingering fear,—  
 Something which tells of another age,  
 Of the wizard's wand, and the Sybil's page,  
 Of the fairy ring and the haunted glen,  
 And the restless phantoms of murder'd men,  
 The grandame's tale and the nurse's song,  
 The dreams of childhood remember'd long;  
 And I love even now to list the tale  
 Of the Demon's Cave, and its haunted vale.

## SUICIDE POND.

'Tis a dark and dismal little pool, and fed by tiny rills,  
 And bosom'd in waveless quietude between two barren hills;  
 There is no tree on its rugged marge, save a willow old and lone,  
 Like a solitary mourner for its sylvan sisters gone.

The plough of the farmer turneth not the sward of its gloomy shore,  
 Which bears even now the same gray moss which in other times it bore;  
 And seldom or never the tread of man is heard in that lonely spot,  
 For with all the dwellers around that pool its story is unforgot.

And why does the traveller turn aside from that dark and silent pool,  
 Though the sun be burning above his head, and the willow's shade be  
 cool?

Or glance with fear to its shadowy brink, when night rests darkly there,  
 And down, through its sullen and evil depths, the stars of the mid-  
 night glare?

Merrily whistles the cowboy on—but he hushes his music when  
 He hurries his cows, with a sidelong glance, from that cold forsaken  
 glen!

Laughing and mirthful the young girl comes, with her gamesome mates,  
 from school,

But her laugh is lost and her lip is white as she passes the haunted pool!

'Tis said that a young, a beautiful girl, with a brow and with an eye,—  
 One like a cloud in the moonlight robed, and one like a star on high!—  
 One who was loved by the villagers all, and whose smile was a gift to  
 them,

Was found one morn in that pool as cold as the water-lily's stem!

Ay, cold as the rank and wasting weeds, which lie in the pool's dark  
 bed,

The villagers found that beautiful one, in the slumber of the dead.  
 She had strangely whisper'd her dark design in a young companion's  
 ear,

But so wild and vague that the listener smiled and knew not what to  
 fear.

And she went to die in that loathsome pool when the summer day was  
 done,

With her dark hair curl'd on her pure white brow, and her fairest gar-  
 ments on;

With the ring on her taper finger still, and her necklace of ocean pearl,  
 Twined as in mockery round the neck of that suicidal girl.

And why she perish'd so strangely there no mortal tongue can tell—  
 She told her story to none, and Death retains her secret well!

And the willow, whose mossy and aged boughs o'er the silent water  
 lean,

Like a sad and sorrowful mourner of the beautiful dead, is seen!

But oft, our village maidens say, when the summer evenings fall,  
 When the frog is calling from his pool to the cricket in the wall;  
 When the night-hawk's wing dips lightly down to that dull and sleeping  
     lake,  
 And slow through its green and stagnant mass the shoreward circles  
     break—

At a time like this, a misty form—as fog beneath the moon—  
 Like a meteor glides to the startled view, and vanishes as soon;  
 Yet wearéth it ever a human shape, and ever a human cry  
 Comes faintly and low on the still night-air, as when the despairing die.

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### STANZAS

SUGGESTED BY THE LETTER OF A FRIEND.

I SEE thee still before me, even  
     As when we parted,  
 When o'er thy blue eye's brilliant heaven  
     A tear had started;—  
 And a slight tremor in thy tone,  
 Like that of some frail harp string blown  
     By fitful breezes, faint and low,  
 Told, in that brief and sad farewell,  
 All that affection's heart may tell,  
     And more than words can show!

Yet, thou art with the dreamless dead  
     Quietly sleeping,  
 Around the marble at thy head  
     The wild grass creeping!—  
 How many thoughts, which but belong  
 Unto the living and the young,  
     Have whisper'd from my heart of thee,  
 When thou wast resting calmly there,  
 Shut from the blessed sun and air—  
     From life and love and me!

Why did I leave thee?—Well I knew  
     A flower so frail  
 Might sink beneath the Summer dew,  
     Or soft Spring gale:  
 I knew how delicately wrought,  
 With feeling and intensest thought,  
     Was each sweet lineament of thine;—  
 And that thy heavenward soul would gain  
 An early freedom from its chain,  
     Was there not many a sign?

There was a brightness in thine eye,  
     Yet not of mirth—

A light whose clear intensity  
 Was not of earth!  
 Along thy cheek a deepened red  
 Told where the feverish hectic fed,  
 And, yet, each fearful token gave  
 A newer and a dearer grace  
 To the mild beauty of thy face,  
 Which spoke not of the grave!

Why did I leave thee?—Far away  
 They told of lands  
 Glittering with gold, and none to stay  
 The gleaner's hands.  
 For this I left thee—ay, and sold  
 The *riches of my heart for gold!*  
 For yonder mansion's vanity—  
 For green verandas, hung with flowers,  
 For marbled fount and orange bowers,  
 And grove and flowering tree.

Vain—worthless, all! The lowliest spot  
 Enjoy'd with thee,  
 A richer and a dearer lot  
 Would seem to me:  
 For well I knew that thou couldst find  
 Contentment in thy spotless mind  
 And in my own unchanging love.  
 Why did I leave thee?—Fully mine  
 The blessing of a heart like thine,  
 What could I ask above?

Mine is a selfish misery—  
 I cannot weep  
 For one supremely blest, like thee,  
 With Heaven's sleep;  
 The passion and the strife of time  
 Can never reach that sinless clime,  
 Where the redeem'd of spirit dwell!—  
 Why should I weep that thou art free  
 From all the grief which maddens me?—  
 Sainted and loved—Farewell!

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LINES ON A PORTRAIT.

How beautiful!—That brow of snow,  
 That glossy fall of fair brown tresses,  
 The blue eye's tranquil heaven below,  
 The hand whereon the fair cheek presses,  
 Half-shadow'd by a falling curl  
 Which on the temple's light reposes—  
 Each finger like a line of pearl  
 Contrasted with the cheek's pure roses!  
 There as she sits beneath the shade

By vine and rose-wreath'd arbor made,  
 Tempering the light which, soft and warm,  
 Reveals her full and matchless form,  
 In thoughtful quietude, she seems  
 Like one of Raphael's pictur'd dreams,  
 Where blend in one all radiant face  
 The woman's warmth—the angel's grace!

Well—I can gaze upon it now,  
 As on some cloud of autumn's even,  
 Bathing its pinions in the glow  
 And glory of the sunset heaven—  
 So holy and so far away  
 That love without desire is cherish'd,  
 Like that which lingers o'er the clay  
 Whose warm and breathing life has perish'd,  
 While yet upon its brow is shed  
 The mournful beauty of the dead!  
 And I can look on her as one  
 Too pure for aught save gazing on—  
 An Idol in some holy place,  
 Which man may kneel to, not caress—  
 Or melting tone of music heard  
 From viewless lip, or unseen bird.

I know her not. And what is all  
 Her beauty to a heart like mine,  
 While memory yet hath power to call  
 Its worship from a stranger-shrine?  
 Still midst the weary din of life  
 The tones I love my ear has met;  
 Midst lips of scorn and brows of strife  
 The smiles I love are lingering yet!  
 The hearts in sun and shadow known—  
 The kind hands lingering in our own—  
 The cords of strong affection spun  
 By early deeds of kindness done—  
 The blessed sympathies which bind  
 The spirit to its kindred mind,—  
 Oh, who would leave these tokens tried  
 For all the stranger-world beside?

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### THE MURDERED LADY.

A DARK-HULLED brig at anchor rides  
 Within the still and moonlit bay,  
 And round its black, portentous sides  
 The waves like living creatures play!  
 And close at hand a tall ship lies,  
 A voyager from the Spanish Main,  
 Laden with gold and merchandise—  
 She'll ne'er return again!

The fisher in his seaward skiff  
 Creeps stealthily along the shore  
 Within the shadow of the cliff,  
 Where keel had never plowed before:  
 He turns him from that stranger bark  
 And hurries down the silvery bay,  
 Where like a demon still and dark,  
 She watches o'er her prey.

\* \* \* \* \*

The midnight came.—A dash of oars  
 Broke on the ocean-stillness then,  
 And swept toward the rocky shores  
 The fierce wild forms of outlawed men;—  
 The tenants of this fearful ship,  
 Grouped strangely in the pale moonlight—  
 Dark, iron brow and bearded lip,  
 Ghastly with storm and fight.

They reached the shore,—but who is she,  
 The white-robed one they bear along?  
 She shrieks—she struggles to be free—  
 God shield that gentle one from wrong;  
 It may not be,—those pirate men  
 Along the hushed, deserted street  
 Have borne her to a narrow glen  
 Scarce trod by human feet.

\* \* \* \* \*

And there the ruffians murdered her,  
 When not an eye, save Heaven's beheld,—  
 Ask of the shuddering villager  
 What sounds upon the night-air swelled:  
 Woman's long shriek of mortal fear—  
 Her wild appeal to hearts of stone,  
 The oath—the taunt—the brutal jeer—  
 The pistol-shot—the groan!

With shout and jest and losel song,  
 From savage tongues which knew no rein,  
 The stained with murder passed along  
 And sought their ocean-home again;  
 And all the night their revel came  
 In hoarse and sullen murmurs on,—  
 A yell rang up—a burst of flame—  
 The Spanish ship was gone!

The morning light came red and fast  
 Along the still and blushing sea;  
 The phantoms of the night had passed—  
 That ocean-robber—where was she?

Her sails were reaching from the wind,  
Her crimson banner-folds were stirred;  
And ever and anon behind  
Her shouting crew were heard

Then came the village-dwellers forth  
And sought with fear the fatal glen;  
The stain of blood—the trampled earth—  
Told where the deed of death had been.  
They found a grave—a new made one—  
With bloody sabres hollowed out.  
And shadowed from the searching sun  
By tall trees round about.

They left the hapless stranger there;  
They knew her sleep would be as well  
As if the priest had poured his prayer  
Above her, with the funeral-bell.  
The few poor rites which man can pay  
Are felt not by the lonely sleeper;  
The deaf, unconscious ear of clay  
Heeds not the living weeper.

They tell a tale—those sea-worn men  
Who dwell along that rocky coast—  
Of sights and sounds within the glen,  
Of midnight shriek and gliding ghost.  
And oh! if ever from their chill  
And dreamless sleep the dead arise,  
That victim of unhallowed ill  
Might wake to human eyes!

They say that often when the morn  
Is struggling with the gloomy even,  
And over moon and stars is drawn  
The curtain of a clouded heaven,  
Strange sounds swell up the narrow glen,  
As if that robber-crew were there—  
The hellish laugh—the shouts of men—  
And woman's dying prayer!

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### THE WEIRD GATHERING.

A Trumpet in the darkness blown—  
A peal upon the air—  
The church-yard answers to its tone  
With boding shriek and wail and groan—  
The dead are gliding there!

It rose upon the still midnight,  
A summons long and clear—  
The wakeful shuddered with affright—  
The dreaming sleeper sprang upright  
And pressed his stunning ear.

The Indian, where his serpent eye  
Beneath the green-wood shone,  
Started, and tossed his arms on high,  
And answered, with his own wild cry,  
The sky's unearthly tone.

The wild birds rose in startled flocks  
As the long trumpet swelled;  
And loudly from their old, gray rocks  
The gaunt, fierce wolf and cavered fox  
In mutual terror yelled.

There is a wild and haunted glen  
'Twixt Saugus and Naumkeag—  
'Tis said of old that wizard-men  
And demons to that spot have been  
To consecrate their league.

A fitting place for such as these—  
That small and sterile plain,  
So girt about with tall old trees  
Which rock and groan in every breeze,  
Like spirits cursed with pain.

It was the witch's trysting-place,  
The wizard's chosen ground,  
Where the accursed of human race  
With demons gathered, face to face,  
By the midnight trumpet's sound.

And there that night the trumpet rang  
And rock and hill replied,  
And down the glen strange shadows sprang,  
Mortal and fiend—a wizard gang—  
Seen dimly side by side.

They gathered there from every land  
That sleepeth in the sun,—  
They came with spell and charm in hand,  
Waiting their Master's high command—  
Slaves to the Evil One!

From islands of the far-off seas—  
From Hecla's ice and flame—  
From where the loud and savage breeze  
Grows through the tall Norwegian trees  
Seer, witch, and wizard came!

And from the sunny land of palms  
 The negro hag was there—  
 The Gree-gree, with his Obi charms—  
 The Indian, with his tattooed arms  
 And wild and streaming hair.

The Gypsy, with her fierce, dark eyes,  
 The worshipper of flame—  
 The searcher out of mysteries  
 Above a human sacrifice—  
 All—all—together came!

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Nay, look not down that lighted dell,  
 Thou startled traveller!—  
 Thy christian eye should never dwell  
 On gaunt, gray witch and fiend of hell  
 And evil Trumpeter!

But the traveller turned him from his way,  
 For he heard the revelling,  
 And saw the red light's wizard ray  
 Among the dark-leaved branches play  
 Like an unholy thing

He knelt him on the rocks and cast  
 A fearful glance beneath;  
 Wizard and hag before him passed,  
 Each wilder, fiercer than the last,—  
 His heart grew cold as death!

He saw the dark-browed Trumpeter,  
 In human shape was he;  
 And witch and fiend and sorcerer,  
 With shriek and laugh and curses, were  
 Assembled at his knee.

And lo! beneath his straining glance  
 A light form stole along—  
 Free, as if moving to the dance,  
 He saw her fairy steps advance  
 Toward the evil throng.

The light along her forehead played—  
 A wan, unearthly glare;  
 Her cheek was pale beneath the shade  
 The wildness of her tresses made,  
 Yet nought of fear was there!

Now God have mercy on thy brain,  
 Thou stricken traveller!  
 Look on thy victim once again,  
 Bethink thee of her wrongs and pain—  
 Dost thou remember her?

The traveller smote his burning brow,  
 For he saw the wronged one there—  
 He knew her by her forehead's snow,  
 And by her large blue eye below,  
 And by her wild, dark hair.

Slowly, yet firm she held her way,—  
 The wizard's song grew still—  
 The sorcerer left his elfish play,  
 And hideous imp and beldame gray  
 Waited the stranger's will.

A voice came up that place of fear—  
 The Trumpeter's hoarse tone:  
 "Speak—who art thou that comest here  
 With brow baptized and christian ear,  
 Unsummoned and alone?"

One moment, and a tremor shook  
 Her light and graceful frame,—  
 It passed, and then her features took  
 A fiercer and a haughtier look  
 As thus her answer came:—

"Spirits of evil—  
 Workers of doom!—  
 Lo! to your revel  
 For vengeance I come—  
 Vengeance on him  
 Who hath blighted my fame!

Fill his cup to the brim  
 With a curse without name!  
 Let his false heart inherit  
 The madness of mine,  
 And I yield ye my spirit  
 And bow at your shrine!"

A sound—a mingled laugh and yell,  
 Went howling fierce and far;  
 A redder light shone through the dell,  
 As if the very gates of hell  
 Swung suddenly ajar.

"Breathe then thy curse, thou daring one,"  
 A low, deep voice replied:  
 "Whate'er thou askest shall be done,  
 The burthen of thy doom upon  
 The false one shall abide."

The maiden stood erect—her brow  
 Grew dark as those around her,  
 As burned upon her lip that vow  
 Which christian ear may never know,—  
 And the dark fetter bound her!

Ay, there she stood—the holy Heaven  
 Was looking down on her—  
 An angel from her bright home driven—  
 A spirit lost and doomed and given  
 To fiend and sorcerer!

And changed—how changed!—her aspect grew  
 Fearful and elfish there;  
 The warm tinge from her cheek withdrew,  
 And one dark spot of blood-red hue  
 Burned on her forehead fair.

Wild from her eye of madness shone  
 The baleful fire within,  
 As with a shrill and lifted tone  
 She made her fearful purpose known  
 Before the powers of sin:—

“Let my curse be upon him—  
 The faithless of heart!  
 Let the smiles that have won him  
 In frowning depart!  
 Let his last, cherished blossom  
 Of sympathy die,  
 And the hopes of his bosom  
 In shadows go by!  
 Ay, curse him—but keep  
 The poor boon of his breath  
 Till he sigh for the sleep  
 And the quiet of death!  
 Let a viewless one haunt him  
 With whisper and jeer,  
 And an evil one daunt him  
 With phantoms of fear!  
 Be the fiend unforgiving  
 That follows his tread!  
 Let him walk with the living,  
 Yet gaze on the dead!”

She ceased. The doomed one felt the spell  
 Already on his brain;  
 He turned him from the wizard-dell;  
 He prayed to Heaven; he cursed at hell;—  
 He wept—and all in vain.

The night was one of mortal fear;  
 The morning rose to him  
 Dark as the shroudings of a bier,  
 As if the blessed atmosphere,  
 Like his own soul, was dim.

He passed among his fellow-men  
 With wild and dreamy air,  
 For, whispering in his ear again

The horrors of the midnight glen,  
The demon found him there.

And when he would have knelt and prayed  
Amidst his household band,  
An unseen power his spirit stayed,  
And on his moving lip was laid  
A hot and burning hand!

The lost one in the solitude  
Of dreams he gazed upon,  
And when the holy morning glowed  
Her dark eye shone, her wild hair flowed  
Between him and the sun!

His brain grew wild,—and then he died;  
Yet, ere his heart grew cold,  
To the gray priest who at his side  
The strength of prayer and blessing tried,  
His fearful tale was told.

\* \* \* \* \*

They've bound the witch with many a thong—  
The holy priest is near her;  
And ever as she moves along,  
A murmur rises fierce and strong  
From those who hate and fear her

She's standing up for sacrifice  
Beneath the gallows-tree;  
The silent town beneath her lies,  
Above her are the summer skies,  
Far off the quiet sea.

So young—so frail—so very fair—  
Why should the victim die?  
Look on her brow!—the red stain there  
Burns underneath her tangled hair—  
And mark her fiery eye!

A thousand eyes are looking up  
In scorn and hate to her;  
A bony hand hath coiled the rope,  
And yawns upon the green hill's slope  
The witch's sepulchre!

Ha! she hath spurned both priest and book—  
Her hand is tossed on high—  
Her curse is loud, she will not brook  
The impatient crowd's abiding look—  
Hark! how she shrieks to die!

Up—up—one struggle—all is done!  
One groan—the deed is wrought!  
Wo for the wronged and fallen one!  
Her corse is blackened in the sun,  
Her spirit—trace it not!

## THE BLACK FOX.

It was on a cold and cruel night,  
 Some fourscore years ago,  
 The clouds across the winter sky  
 Were scudding to and fro;  
 The air above was cold and keen,  
 The earth was white below.

Around an ancient fireplace  
 A happy household drew;  
 The husband and his own goodwife,  
 And children not a few;  
 And bent above the spinning-wheel  
 The aged grandame too.

The fire-light reddened all the  
 room,

It rose so high and strong,  
 And mirth was in each pleasant  
 eye

Within that household throng;  
 And while the grandame turned  
 her wheel

The good man hummed a song.

At length spoke up a fair-haired  
 girl,

Some seven summers old,  
 "Now grandame, tell the tale again  
 Which yesterday you told;  
 About the Black Fox and the men  
 Who followed him so bold."

"Yes, tell it," said a dark-eyed  
 boy,

And "Tell it," said his brother;  
 "Just tell the story of the Fox,  
 We will not ask another."

And all the children gathered close  
 Around their old grandmother

Then lightly in her withered hands  
 The grandame turned her reel.

And when the thread was wound  
 away

She set aside her wheel,  
 And smiled with that peculiar joy  
 The old and happy feel,

"'Tis more than sixty years ago  
 Since first the Fox was seen—  
 'Twas in the winter of the year,  
 When not a leaf was green,  
 Save where the dark old hemlock  
 stood  
 The naked oaks between.

"My father saw the creature first,  
 One bitter winter's day—  
 It passed so near that he could see  
 Its fiery eyeballs play,  
 And well he knew an evil thing,  
 And foul, had crossed his way.

"A hunter like my father then  
 We never more shall see—  
 The mountain-cat was not more  
 swift  
 Of eye and foot than he:  
 His aim was fatal in the air  
 And on the tallest tree.

"Yet close beneath his ready aim  
 The Black Fox hurried on,  
 And when the forest echoes mocked  
 The sharp voice of his gun,  
 The creature gave a frightful yell,  
 Long, loud, but only one.

"And there was something horrible  
 And fiendish in that yell;  
 Our good old parson heard it once,  
 And I have heard him tell  
 That it might well be likened to  
 A fearful cry from hell.

"Day after day that Fox was seen,  
 He prowled our forests through,  
 Still gliding wild and spectre-like  
 Before the hunter's view;  
 And howling louder than the  
 storm  
 When savagely it blew.

"The Indians, when upon the  
 wind  
 That howl rose long and clear,

Shook their wild heads mysteri-  
ously  
And muttered, as in fear;  
Or veiled their eyes, as if they knew  
An evil thing was near.

"They said it was a Fox accurst  
By Hobomocko's will,  
That it was once a mighty chief  
Whom battle might not kill,  
But who, for some unspoken  
crime,  
Was doomed to wander still.

"That every year, when all the  
hills  
Were white with winter snow,  
And the tide of Salmon River ran  
The gathering ice below,  
His howl was heard and his form  
was seen  
Still hurrying to and fro.

"At length two gallant hunter  
youths,  
The boast and pride of all—  
The gayest in the hour of mirth  
The first at danger's call,  
Our playmates at the village  
school,  
Our partners at the ball—

"Went forth to hunt the sable Fox  
Beside that haunted stream,  
Where it so long had glided like  
The creature of a dream,  
Or like unearthly forms that dance  
Under the cold moonbeam!

"They went away one winter day,  
When all the air was white,  
And thick and hazed with falling  
snow,  
And blinding to the sight;  
They bade us never fear for them,  
They would return by night.

"The night fell thick and darkly  
down,  
And still the storm blew on;  
And yet the hunters came not  
back,  
Their task was yet undone;

Nor came they with their words of  
cheer,  
Even with the morrow's sun.

"And then our old men shook their  
heads,  
And the red Indians told  
Their tales of evil sorcery  
Until our blood ran cold,—  
The stories of their Powwow seers,  
And withered hags of old.

"They told us that our hunters  
Would never more return—  
That they would hunt for ever-  
more  
Through tangled swamp and  
fern,  
And that their last and dismal fate  
No mortal e'er might learn.

"And days and weeks passed  
slowly on,  
And yet they came not back,  
Nor evermore by stream or hill  
Was seen that form of black—  
Alas! for those who hunted still  
Within its fearful track!

"But when the winter passed  
away,  
And early flowers began  
To bloom along the sunned hill-  
side,  
And where the waters ran,  
There came unto my father's door  
A melancholy man.

"His form had not the sign of  
years,  
And yet his locks were white,  
And in his deep and restless eye  
There was a fearful light;  
And from its glance we turned  
away  
- As from an adder's sight.

"We placed our food before that  
man,  
So haggard and so wild,—  
He thrust it from his lips as he  
Had been a fretful child;

And when we spoke with words of  
cheer,  
Most bitterly he smiled.

"He smiled, and then a gush of  
tears,  
And then a fierce, wild look,  
And then he murmured of the Fox  
Which haunted Salmon Brook,  
Until his hearers every one  
With nameless terror shook.

"He turned away with a frightful  
cry,  
And hurried madly on,  
As if the dark and spectral thing  
Before his path had gone:  
We called him back, but he heeded  
not  
The kind and warning tone.

"He came not back to us again,  
But the Indian hunters said  
That far, where the howling wilder-  
ness  
Its leafy tribute shed,  
They found our missing hunters—  
Naked and cold and dead.

"Their grave they made beneath  
the shade  
Of the old and solemn wood,  
Where oaks by Time alone hewn  
down  
For centuries had stood,  
And left them without shroud or  
prayer  
In the dark solitude.

"The Indians always shun that  
grave—  
The wild deer treads not there—  
The green grass is not trampled  
down  
By catamount or bear—  
The soaring wild-bird turns away,  
Even in the upper air.

"For people said that every year,  
When winter snows are spread  
All over the face of the frozen  
earth,  
And the forest leaves are shed,  
The Spectre Fox comes forth and  
howls  
Above the hunters' bed."

### THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

GRAY searcher of the upper air!  
There's sunshine on thy ancient walls—  
A crown upon the forehead bare—  
A flashing on thy water-falls—  
A rainbow glory in the cloud,  
Upon thy awful summit bowed,  
Dim relic of the recent storm!  
And music, from the leafy shroud  
Which wraps in green thy giant form,  
Mellowed and softened from above,  
Steals down upon the listening ear,  
Sweet as the maiden's dream of love,  
With soft tones melting on her ear,

The time has been, gray mountain, when  
Thy shadows veiled the red man's home;  
And over crag and serpent den,  
And wild gorge, where the steps of men  
In chase or battle might not come,  
The mountain eagle bore on high  
The emblem of the free of soul;

And midway in the fearful sky  
Sent back the Indian's battle-cry,  
Or answered to the thunder's roll.

The wigwam fires have all burned out—  
The moccasin hath left no track—  
Nor wolf nor wild-deer roam about  
The Saco or the Merrimack.  
And thou that liftest up on high  
Thine awful barriers to the sky,  
Art not the haunted mount of old,  
When on each crag of blasted stone

Some mountain-spirit found a throne,  
And shrieked from out the thick cloud-fold,  
And answered to the Thunderer's cry  
When rolled the cloud of tempest by,  
And jutting rock and riven branch  
Went down before the avalanche.

The Father of our people then  
Upon thy awful summit trod,  
And the red dwellers of the glen  
Bowed down before the Indian's God.  
There, when His shadow veiled the sky,  
The Thunderer's voice was long and loud,  
And the red flashes of His eye  
Were pictured on the o'erhanging cloud.

The Spirit moveth there no more,  
The dwellers of the hill have gone,  
The sacred groves are trampled o'er,  
And footprints mar the altar-stone,  
The white man climbs thy tallest rock  
And hangs him from the mossy steep,  
Where, trembling to the cloud-fire's shock,  
Thy ancient prison-walls unlock,  
And captive waters leap to light,  
And dancing down from height to height,  
Pass onward to the far-off deep.

Oh, sacred to the Indian seer,  
Gray altar of the days of old!  
Still are thy rugged features dear,  
As when unto my infant ear  
The legends of the past were told.  
Tales of the downward sweeping flood,  
When bowed like reeds thy ancient wood,—  
Of armed hand and spectral form,  
Of giants in their misty shroud,  
And voices calling long and loud  
In the drear pauses of the storm!

Farewell! The red man's face is turned  
 Toward another hunting ground;  
 For where the council-fire has burned,  
 And o'er the sleeping warrior's mound  
 Another fire is kindled now:  
 Its light is on the white man's brow!  
 The hunter race have passed away—  
 Ay, vanished like the morning mist,  
 Or dewdrops by the sunshine kissed,—  
 And wherefore should the red man stay?

### THE INDIAN'S TALE.

THE War-God did not wake to strife  
 The strong men of our forest land,  
 No red hand grasped the battle-knife  
 At Areouski's high command:—  
 We held no war-dance by the dim  
 And red light of the creeping flame;  
 Nor warrior yell, nor battle hymn  
 Upon the midnight breezes came.

There was no portent in the sky,  
 No shadow on the round, bright sun,  
 With light and mirth and melody  
 The long, fair summer days came on.  
 We were a happy people then,  
 Rejoicing in our hunter mood  
 No footprints of the pale-faced men  
 Had marred our forest solitude.

The land was ours—this glorious land—  
 With all its wealth of wood and streams;  
 Our warriors strong of heart and hand,  
 Our daughters beautiful as dreams.  
 When wearied at the thirsty noon,  
 We knelt us where the spring gushed up,  
 To taste our Father's blessed boon—  
 Unlike the white man's poison cup.

There came unto my father's hut  
 A wan, weak creature of distress;  
 The red man's door is never shut  
 Against the lone and shelterless.  
 And when he knelt before his feet,  
 My father led the stranger in;  
 He gave him of his hunter meat—  
 Alas! It was a deadly sin!

The stranger's voice was not like ours—  
 His face at first was sadly pale,

Anon 'twas like the yellow flowers  
Which tremble in the meadow gale :  
And when he laid him down to die,  
And murmured of his fatherland,  
My mother wiped his tearful eye,  
My father held his burning hand !

He died at last—the funeral yell  
Rang upward from his burial sod,  
And the old Powwah knelt to tell  
The tidings to the white man's God !  
The next day came—my father's brow  
Grew heavy with a fearful pain,  
He did not take his hunting-bow—  
He never sought the woods again ?

He died even as the white man died ;  
My mother, she was smitten too ;  
My sisters vanished from my side,  
Like diamonds from the sunlit dew.  
And then we heard the Powwahs say  
That God had sent his angel forth  
To sweep our ancient tribes away,  
And poison and unpeople Earth.

And it was so : from day to day  
The Spirit of the Plague went on—  
And those at morning blithe and gay  
Were dying at the set of sun.  
They died—our free, bold hunters died—  
The living might not give them graves,  
Save when along the water-side  
They cast them to the hurrying waves.

The carrion crow, the ravenous beast,  
Turned loathing from the ghastly dead ;  
Well might they shun the funeral feast  
By that destroying angel spread !  
One after one the red men fell,  
Our gallant war-tribe passed away,  
And I alone am left to tell  
The story of its swift decay.

Alone—alone—a withered leaf,  
Yet clinging to its naked bough ;  
The pale race scorn the aged chief,  
And I will join my fathers now.  
The spirits of my people bend  
At midnight from the solemn West,  
To me their kindly arms extend,  
To call me to their home of rest !

## THE SPECTRE SHIP.

THE morning light is breaking forth  
 All over the dark blue sea,  
 And the waves are changed—they are rich with gold  
 As the morning waves should be,  
 And the rising winds are wandering out  
 On their seaward pinions free.

The bark is ready, the sails are set,  
 And the boat rocks on the shore—  
 Say why do the passengers linger yet?  
 Is not the farewell o'er?  
 Do those who enter that gallant ship  
 Go forth to return no more?

A wailing rose by the water-side,  
 A young, fair girl was there,  
 With a face as pale as the face of Death  
 When its coffin-lid is bare;  
 And an eye as strangely beautiful  
 As a star in the upper air

She leaned on a youthful stranger's arm—  
 A tall and silent one—  
 Who stood in the very midst of the crowd,  
 Yet uttered a word to none;  
 He gazed on the sea and the waiting-ship,  
 But he gazed on them alone!

The fair girl leaned on the stranger's arm,  
 And she wept as one in fear,  
 But he heeded not the plaintive moan  
 And the dropping of the tear;  
 His eye was fixed on the stirring sea,  
 Cold, darkly and severe!

The boat was filled—the shore was left—  
 The farewell word was said—  
 But the vast crowd lingered still behind  
 With an overpowering dread;  
 They feared that stranger and his bride,  
 So pale and like the dead.

And many said that an evil pair  
 Among their friends had gone,—  
 A demon with his human prey,  
 From the quiet graveyard drawn;  
 And a prayer was heard that the innocent  
 Might escape the Evil One,

Away—the good ship sped away,  
Out on the broad high seas,  
The sun upon her path before—  
Behind, the steady breeze—  
And there was naught in sea or sky  
Of fearful auguries.

The day passed on—the sunlight fell  
All slantwise from the west,  
And then the heavy clouds of storm  
Sat on the ocean's breast;  
And every swelling billow'd mourn'd  
Like a living thing distressed.

The sun went down among the clouds,  
Tinging with sudden gold,  
The fall-like shadow of the storm,  
On every mighty fold—  
And then the lightning's eye look'd forth  
And the red thunder rolled.

The storm came down upon the sea,  
In its surpassing dread,  
Rousing the white and broken surge  
Above its rocky bed,  
As if the deep was stirred beneath  
A giant's viewless tread.

All night the hurricane went on,  
And all along the shore  
The smothered cry of shipwreck'd men  
Blent with the ocean's roar;  
The gray-haired man had scarcely known  
So wild a night before.

Morn rose upon a tossing sea,  
The tempest's work was done,  
And freely over land and wave  
Shone out the blessed sun;  
But where was she—the merchant bark—  
Where had the good ship gone?

Men gathered on the shore to watch  
The billows' heavy swell,  
Hoping, yet fearing much, some frail  
Memorial might tell  
The fate of that disastrous ship—  
Of friends they loved so well.

None came—the billows smoothed away,  
And all was strangely calm,  
As if the very sea had felt  
A necromancer's charm;

And not a trace was left behind  
Of violence and harm.

The twilight came with sky of gold,  
And curtaining of night—  
And then a sudden cry rang out,  
"A ship—the ship in sight!"  
And lo! tall masts grew visible  
Within the fading light.

Near and more near the ship came on,  
With all her broad sails spread—  
The night grew thick, but a phantom light  
Around her path was shed,  
And the gazers shuddered as on she came,  
For against the wind she sped.

They saw by the dim and baleful glare  
Around that voyager thrown,  
The upright forms of the well-known crew,  
As paled and fixed as stone;  
And they called to them, but no sound came back  
Save the echoed cry alone.

The fearful stranger youth was there,  
And clasped in his embrace  
The pale and passing sorrowful  
Gazed wildly in his face,  
Like one who had been wakened from  
The silent burial-place.

A shudder ran along the crowd,  
And a holy man knelt there,  
On the wet sea-sand, and offered up  
A faint and trembling prayer,  
That God would shield his people from  
The spirits of the air!

And lo! the vision passed away—  
The spectre ship—the crew—  
The stranger and his pallid bride,  
Departed from their view;  
And nought was left upon the waves  
Beneath the arching blue.

It passed away, that vision strange,  
Forever from their sight,  
Yet long shall Naumkeag's annals tell  
The story of that night—  
The phantom bark—the ghostly crew—  
The pale, encircling light.

## THE SPECTRE WARRIORS.

AWAY to your arms! for the foemen are here,  
The yell of the red man is loud on the ear!  
On—on to the garrison—soldiers away,  
The moccasin's track shall be bloody to-day.

The fortress is reached, they have taken their stand,  
With war-knife in girdle, and rifle in hand;—  
Their wives are behind them, the savage before—  
Will the Puritan fail at his hearthstone and door?

There's a yell in the forest, unearthly and dread,  
Like the shriek of a fiend o'er the place of the dead;  
Again—how it swells through the forest afar—  
Have the tribes of the fallen arisen to war?

Ha—look! they are coming—not cautious and slow,  
In the serpent-like mood of the blood-seeking foe,  
Nor stealing in shadow nor hiding in grass,  
But tall and uprightly and sternly they pass.

“Be ready!”—the watchword has passed on the wall—  
The maidens have shrunk to the innermost hall—  
The rifles are levelled—each head is bowed low—  
Each eye fixes steady—God pity the foe!

They are closely at hand! Ha! the red flash has broke  
From the garrisoned wall through a curtain of smoke,  
There's a yell from the dying—that aiming was true—  
The red man no more shall his hunting pursue!

Look, look to the earth, as the smoke rolls away,  
Do the dying and dead on the green herbage lay?  
What mean those wild glances? no slaughter is there—  
The red man has gone like the mist on the air!

Unharm'd as the bodiless air he has gone  
From the war-knife's edge and the ranger's long gun,  
And the Puritan warrior has turned him away  
From the weapons of war, and is kneeling to pray!

He fears that the Evil and Dark One is near,  
On an errand of wrath, with his phantoms of fear  
And he knows that the aim of his rifle is vain—  
That the spectres of evil may never be slain!

He knows that the Powwah has cunning and skill  
To call up the Spirit of Darkness at will;  
To waken the dead in their wilderness-graves,  
And summons the demons of forest and waves.

And he layeth the weapons of battle aside,  
And forgetteth the strength of his natural pride,  
And he kneels with the priest by his garrisoned door,  
That the spectres of evil may haunt him no more!

## THE LAST NORRIDGEWOCK.

SHE stood beneath the shadow of an oak,  
 Grim with uncounted winters, and whose boughs  
 Had sheltered in their youth the giant forms  
 Of the great chieftain's warriors. She was fair,  
 Even to a white man's vision—and she wore  
 A blended grace and dignity of mien  
 Which might befit the daughter of a king—  
 The queenliness of nature. She had all  
 The magic of proportion which might haunt  
 The dream of some rare painter, or steal in  
 Upon the musings of the sanctuary  
 Like an unreal vision. She was dark,—  
 There was no play of crimson on her cheek,  
 Yet were her features beautiful. Her eye  
 Was clear and wild—and brilliant as a beam  
 Of the live sunshine ; and her long, dark hair  
 Sway'd in rich masses to th' unquiet wind.  
 The West was glad with sunset. Over all  
 The green hills and the wilderness there fell  
 A great and sudden glory. Half the sky  
 Was full of glorious tints, as if the home  
 And fountain of the rainbow were revealed ;  
 And through its depth of beauty looked the star  
 Of the blest Evening, like an angel's eye.

The Indian watched the sunset, and her eye  
 Glistened one moment ; then a tear fell down,  
 For she was dreaming of her fallen race—  
 The mighty who had perished—for her creed  
 Had taught her that the spirits of the brave  
 And beautiful were gathered in the West—  
 The red man's Paradise ;—and then she sang  
 Faintly her song of sorrow, with a low  
 And half-hushed tone, as if she knew that those  
 Who listened were unearthly auditors,  
 And that the dead had bowed themselves to hear.

“ The moons of autumn wax and wane, the sound of swelling floods  
 Is borne upon the mournful wind, and broadly on the woods  
 The colors of the changing leaves—the fair, frail flowers of frost,  
 Before the round and yellow sun most beautiful are tossed.  
 The morning breaketh with a clear, bright pencilling of sky,  
 And blushes through its golden clouds as the great sun goes by ;  
 And evening lingers in the West—more beautiful than dreams  
 Which whisper of the Spirit-land, its wilderness and streams !

“ A little time—another moon—the forest will be sad—  
 The streams will mourn the pleasant light which made their journey  
 glad ;

The morn will faintly lighten up, the sunlight glisten cold,  
 And wane into the western sky without its autumn gold.  
 "And yet I weep not for the sign of desolation near—  
 The ruin of my hunter race may only ask a tear,—  
 The wailing streams will laugh again, the naked trees put on  
 The beauty of their summer green beneath the summer sun;  
 The autumn cloud will yet again its crimson draperies fold,  
 The star of sunset smile again—a diamond set in gold!  
 But never for their forest lake, or for their mountain path,  
 The mighty of our race shall leave the hunting ground of Death.

"I know the tale my fathers told—the legend of their fame—  
 The glory of our spotless race before the pale ones came—  
 When asking fellowship of none, by turns the foe of all,  
 The death-bolts of our vengeance fell, as Heaven's own lightnings fall;  
 When at the call of Tacomet, my warrior-sire of old,  
 The war-shout of a thousand men upon the midnight rolled;  
 And fearless and companionless our warriors strode alone,  
 And from the big lake to the sea the green earth was their own.

"Where are they now? Around their changed and stranger-peopled  
 home,  
 Full sadly o'er their thousand graves the flowers of autumn bloom—  
 The bow of strength is buried with the calumet and spear,  
 And the spent arrow slumbereth, forgetful of the deer!  
 The last canoe is rotting by the lake it glideth o'er,  
 When dark-eyed maidens sweetly sang its welcome from the shore.  
 The footprints of the hunter race from all the hills have gone—  
 Their offerings to the Spirit-land have left the altar-stone—  
 The ashes of the council-fire have no abiding token—  
 The song of war has died away—the Powwah's charm is broken—  
 The startling war-whoop cometh not upon the loud, clear air—  
 The ancient woods are vanishing—the pale men gathered there.

"And who is left to mourn for this?—a solitary one  
 Whose life is waning into death like yonder setting sun!  
 A broken reed, a faded flower, that lingereth behind,  
 To mourn above its fallen race, and wrestle with the wind!  
 Lo! from the Spirit-land I hear the voices of the blest;  
 The holy faces of the loved are leaning from the West.  
 The mighty and the beautiful—the peerless ones of old—  
 They call me to their pleasant sky and to their thrones of gold;  
 Ere the spoilers' eye hath found me, when there are none to save—  
 Or the evil-hearted pale-face made the free of soul a slave;  
 Ere the step of air grow weary, or the sunny eye be dim,  
 The father of my people is calling me to him."

## THE AERIAL OMENS.

A LIGHT is troubling Heaven!—A strange, dull glow  
Is trembling like a fiery veil between  
The blue sky and the earth; and the far stars  
Glimmer but faintly through it. Day hath left  
No traces of its presence, and the blush  
With which it welcomed the embrace of Night  
Has faded from the sky's blue cheek, as fades  
The blush of human beauty when the tone  
Or look which woke its evidence of love  
Hath passed away forever. Wherefore then  
Burns the strange fire in Heaven?—It is as if  
Nature's last curse—the terrible plague of fire,  
Were working in her elements, and the sky  
Consuming like a vapor.

Lo—a change!

The fiery flashes sink, and all along  
The dim horizon of the fearful North  
Rests a broad crimson, like a sea of blood,  
Untroubled by a wave. And lo—above,  
Bendeth a luminous arch of pale, pure white,  
Clearly contrasted with the blue above,  
And the dark red beneath it. Glorious!  
How like a pathway for the sainted ones—  
The pure and beautiful intelligences  
Who minister in Heaven, and offer up  
Their praise as incense; or, like that which rose  
Before the pilgrim-prophet, when the tread  
Of the most holy angels brightened it,  
And in his dream the haunted sleeper saw  
The ascending and descending of the blest!  
Another change. Strange, fiery forms uprise  
On the wide arch, and take the throngful shape  
Of warriors gathering to the strife on high,  
A dreadful marching of infernal shapes,  
Beings of fire with plumes of bloody red,  
With banners flapping o'er their crowded ranks,  
And long swords quivering up against the sky!  
And now they meet and mingle; and the ear  
Listens with painful earnestness to catch  
The ring of cloven helmets and the groan  
Of the down-trodden. But there comes no sound,  
Save a low, sullen rush upon the air,  
Such as the unseen wings of spirits make,  
Sweeping the void above us. All is still.  
Yet falls each red sword fiercely, and the hoof  
Of the wild steed is crushing on the breast  
Of the o'erthrown and vanquished. 'Tis a strange

And awful conflict—an unearthly war!  
 It is as if the dead had risen up  
 To battle with each other—the stern strife  
 Of spirits visible to mortal eyes.

Steed, plume, and warrior vanish one by one,  
 Wavering and changing to unshapely flame;  
 And now across the red and fearful sky  
 A long bright flame is trembling, like the sword  
 Of the great Angel at the guarded gate  
 Of Paradise, when all the sacred groves  
 And beautiful flowers of Eden-land blushed red  
 Beneath its awful shadow; and the eye  
 Of the lone outcast quailed before its glare,  
 As from the immediate questioning of God.

And men are gazing on that troubled sky  
 With most unwonted earnestness, and fair  
 And beautiful brows are reddening in the light  
 Of that strange vision of the upper air;  
 Even as the dwellers of Jerusalem,  
 The leaguered of the Roman, when the sky  
 Of Palestine was thronged with fiery shapes,  
 And from Antonio's tower the mailed Jew  
 Saw his own image pictured in the air,  
 Contending with the heathen; and the priest  
 Beside the Temple's altar veiled his face  
 From that most horrid phantasy, and held  
 The censer of his worship with a hand  
 Shaken by terror's palsy.

It has passed—  
 And Heaven again is quiet; and its stars  
 Smile down serenely. There is not a stain  
 Upon its dream-like loveliness of blue—  
 No token of the fiery mystery  
 Which made the evening fearful. But the hearts  
 Of those who gazed upon it, yet retained  
 The shadow of its awe—the chilling fear  
 Of its ill-boding aspect. It is deemed  
 A revelation of the things to come—  
 Of war and its calamities—the storm  
 Of the pitched battle, and the midnight strife  
 Of heathen inroad—the devouring flame,  
 The dripping tomahawk, the naked knife,  
 The swart hand twining with the silken locks  
 Of the fair girl—the torture, and the bonds  
 Of perilous captivity with those  
 Who know not mercy, and with whom revenge  
 Is sweeter than the cherished gift of life.

## MEMORIALS.

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### LUCY HOOPER.\*

THEY tell me, Lucy, thou art dead—  
That all of thee we loved and cherished,  
Has with the summer roses perished:  
And left, as its young beauty fled,  
An ashen memory in its stead—  
The twilight of a parted day  
Whose fading light is cold and vain:  
The heart's faint echo of a strain  
Of low, sweet music passed away.  
That true and loving heart—that gift  
Of a mind, earnest, clear, profound,  
Bestowing, with a glad unthrift,  
Its sunny light on all around,  
Affinities which only could  
Cleave to the pure, the true, and good;  
And sympathies which found no rest,  
Save with the loveliest and best.  
Of them—of thee remains there naught  
But sorrow in the mourner's breast?—  
A shadow in the land of thought?  
No!—Even *my* weak and trembling faith  
Can lift for thee the veil which doubt  
And human fear have drawn about  
The all-awaiting scene of death.  
Even as thou wast I see thee still;  
And, save the absence of all ill,  
And pain and weariness, which here  
Summoned the sigh or wrung the tear,  
The same as when, two summers back,  
Beside our childhood's Merrimack,  
I saw thy dark eye wander o'er  
Stream, sunny upland, rocky shore,  
And heard thy low, soft voice alone  
Midst lapse of waters, and the tone  
Of pine leaves by the west-wind blown,  
There's not a charm of soul or brow—  
Of all we knew and loved in thee—  
But lives in holier beauty now,  
Baptized in immortality!  
Not mine the sad and freezing dream

\* Died at Brooklyn, L. I., on the 1st of 8th mo., 1841, aged twenty-four years.

Of souls that, with their earthly mould,  
 Cast off the loves and joys of old—  
 Unbodied—like a pale moonbeam,  
 As pure, as passionless, and cold;  
 Nor mine the hope of Indra's son,  
 Of slumbering in oblivion's rest,  
 Life's myriads blending into one—  
 In blank annihilation blest;  
 Dust-atoms of the infinite—  
 Sparks scattered from the central light,  
 And winning back through mortal pain  
 Their old unconsciousness again.  
 No!—I have FRIENDS in Spirit Land—  
 Not shadows in a shadowy band,  
 Not *others*, but *themselves* are they.  
 And still I think of them the same  
 As when the Master's summons came;  
 Their change—the holy morn-light breaking  
 Upon the dream-worn sleeper, waking—  
 A change from twilight into day.  
 They've laid thee midst the household graves,  
 Where father, brother, sister lie;  
 Below thee sweep the dark blue waves,  
 Above thee bends the summer sky.  
 Thy own loved church in sadness read  
 Her solemn ritual o'er thy head,  
 And blessed and hallowed with her prayer  
 The turf laid lightly o'er thee there.  
 That church, whose rites and liturgy,  
 Sublime and old, were truth to thee,  
 Undoubted to thy bosom taken,  
 As symbols of a faith unshaken.  
 Even I, of simple views, could feel  
 The beauty of thy trust and zeal;  
 And, owning not thy creed, could see  
 How deep a truth it seemed to thee,  
 And how thy fervent heart had thrown  
 O'er all, a coloring of its own,  
 And kindled up, intense and warm,  
 A life in every rite and form,  
 As, when on Chebar's banks of old,  
 The Hebrew's gorgeous vision rolled,  
 A spirit filled the vast machine—  
 A life "within the wheels" was seen.

Farewell! A little time, and we  
 Who knew thee well, and loved thee here,  
 One after one shall follow thee  
 As pilgrims through the gate of fear,  
 Which opens on eternity.  
 Yet shall we cherish not the less  
 All that is left our hearts meanwhile;

The memory of thy loveliness  
 Shall round our weary pathway smile,  
 Like moonlight when the sun has set—  
 A sweet and tender radiance yet.  
 Thoughts of thy clear-eyed sense of duty,  
 Thy generous scorn of all things wrong—  
 The truth, the strength, the graceful beauty  
 Which blended in thy song.  
 All lovely things by thee beloved,  
 Shall whisper to our hearts of thee;  
 These green hills, where thy childhood roved—  
 Yon river winding to the sea—  
 The sunset light of autumn eves  
 Reflecting on the deep, still floods,  
 Cloud, crimson sky, and trembling leaves  
 Of rainbow-tinted woods,—  
 These, in our view, shall henceforth take  
 A tenderer meaning for thy sake;  
 And all thou loved'st of earth and sky,  
 Seem sacred to thy memory.

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#### CHANNING.

Not vainly did old poets tell,  
 Nor vainly did old genius paint  
 God's great and crowning miracle—  
 The hero and the saint!  
  
 For even in a faithless day  
 Can we our sainted ones discern;  
 And feel, while with them on the way,  
 Our hearts within us burn.  
  
 And thus the common tongue and pen  
 Which, world-wide, echo CHANNING's fame,  
 As one of Heaven's anointed men,  
 Have sanctified his name.  
  
 In vain shall Rome her portals bar,  
 And shut from him her saintly prize,  
 Whom, in the world's great calendar,  
 All men shall canonize.  
  
 By Narragansett's sunny bay,  
 Beneath his green embowering wood,  
 To me it seems but yesterday  
 Since at his side I stood.  
  
 The slopes lay green with summer rains,  
 The western wind blew fresh and free,

And glimmered down the orchard lanes  
The white surf of the sea.

With us was one, who, calm and true,  
Life's highest purpose understood,  
And like his blessed Master knew  
The joy of doing good.

Unlearned, unknown to lettered fame,  
Yet on the lips of England's poor  
And toiling millions dwelt his name,  
With blessings evermore.

Unknown to power or place, yet where  
The sun looks o'er the Carib sea,  
It blended with the freeman's prayer  
And song of jubilee.

He told of England's sin and wrong—  
The ills her suffering children know—  
The squalor of the city's throng—  
The green field's want and woe.

O'er Channing's face the tenderness  
Of sympathetic sorrow stole  
Like a still shadow, passionless,  
The sorrow of the soul.

But, when the generous Briton told  
How hearts were answering to his own,  
And Freedom's rising murmur rolled  
Up to the dull-eared throne,

I saw, methought, a glad surprise  
Thrill through that frail and pain-worn frame  
And kindling in those deep, calm eyes  
A still and earnest flame.

His few, brief words were such as move  
The human heart—the Faith-sown seeds  
Which ripen in the soil of love  
To high heroic deeds.

No bars of sect or clime were felt—  
The Babel strife of tongues had ceased,—  
And at one common altar knelt  
The Quaker and the priest.

And not in vain: with strength renewed,  
And zeal refreshed, and hope less dim,

For that brief meeting, each pursued  
The path allotted him.

How echoes yet each Western hill  
And vale with Channing's dying word !  
How are the hearts of freemen still  
By that great warning stirred !

The stranger treads his native soil,  
And pleads with zeal unfelt before  
The honest right of British toil,  
The claim of England's poor.

Before him time-wrought barriers fall,  
Old fears subside, old hatreds melt,  
And, stretching o'er the sea's blue wall,  
The Saxon greets the Celt.

The yeoman on the Scottish lines,  
The Sheffield grinder, worn and grim,  
The delver in the Cornwall mines,  
Look up with hope to him.

Swart smiters of the glowing steel,  
Dark feeders of the forge's flame,  
Pale watchers at the loom and wheel,  
Repeat his honored name.

And thus the influence of that hour  
Of converse on Rhode Island's strand,  
Lives in the calm, resistless power  
Which moves our father-land.

God blesses still the generous thought,  
And still the fitting word He speeds,  
And Truth, at His requiring taught,  
He quickens into deeds.

Where is the victory of the grave ?  
What dust upon the spirit lies ?  
God keeps the sacred life He gave—  
The prophet never dies !

## TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES B. STORRS,

LATE PRESIDENT OF WESTERN RESERVE COLLEGE.

THOU hast fallen in thine armor,  
 Thou martyr of the Lord!  
 With thy last breath crying—  
 “Onward!”

And thy hand upon the sword.  
 The haughty heart derideth,  
 And the sinful lip reviles,  
 But the blessing of the perishing  
 Around thy pillow smiles!

When to our cup of trembling  
 The added drop is given,  
 And the long suspended thunder  
 Falls terribly from Heaven,—  
 When a new and fearful freedom  
 Is proffered of the Lord  
 To the slow consuming Famine—  
 The Pestilence and Sword!

When the refuges of Falsehood  
 Shall be swept away in wrath,  
 And the temple shall be shaken,  
 With its idol, to the earth,—  
 Shall not thy words of warning  
 Be all remembered then?  
 And thy now unheeded message  
 Burn in the hearts of men?

Oppression's hand may scatter  
 Its nettles on thy tomb,  
 And even Christian bosoms  
 Deny thy memory room;  
 For lying lips shall torture  
 Thy mercy into crime,  
 And the slanderer shall flourish  
 As the bay-tree for a time.

But, where the south wind lingers  
 On Carolina's pines,  
 Or, falls the careless sunbeam  
 Down Georgia's golden mines,—  
 Where now beneath his burden  
 The toiling slave is driven,—  
 Where now a tyrant's mockery  
 Is offered unto Heaven,—

Where Mammon hath its altars  
 Wet o'er with human blood,  
 And pride and lust debases  
 The workmanship of God—  
 There shall thy praise be spoken,  
 Redeemed from Falsehood's ban,  
 When the fetters shall be broken,  
 And the *slave* shall be a *man*!

Joy to thy spirit, brother!  
 A thousand hearts are warm—  
 A thousand kindred bosoms  
 Are baring to the storm.  
 What though red-handed Violence  
 With secret Fraud combine,  
 The wall of fire is round us—  
 Our Present Help was thine!

Lo—the waking up of nations,  
 From Slavery's fatal sleep—  
 The murmur of a Universe—  
 Deep calling unto Deep!  
 Joy to thy spirit, brother!  
 On every wind of heaven  
 The onward cheer and summons  
 OF FREEDOM'S VOICE is given!

Glory to God forever!  
 Beyond the despot's will  
 The soul of Freedom liveth  
 Imperishable still.  
 The words which thou hast uttered  
 Are of that soul a part,  
 And the good seed thou hast scattered  
 Is springing from the heart.

In the evil days before us,  
 And the trials yet to come—  
 In the shadow of the prison,  
 Or the cruel martyrdom—  
 We will think of thee, O, brother!  
 And thy sainted name shall be  
 In the blessing of the captive,  
 And the Anthem of the free.

## LINES

On the Death of S. Oliver Torrey, Secretary of the Boston Young Men's Anti-Slavery Society.

GONE before us, O our brother,  
To the spirit-land!  
Vainly look we for another  
In thy place to stand.  
Who shall offer youth and beauty  
On the wasting shrine  
Of a stern and lofty duty,  
With a faith like thine?

Oh! thy gentle smile of greeting  
Who again shall see?  
Who amidst the solemn meeting  
Gaze again on thee?—  
Who, when peril gathers o'er us,  
Wear so calm a brow?  
Who, with evil men before us,  
So serene as thou?

Early hath the spoiler found thee,  
Brother of our love!  
Autumn's faded earth around thee,  
And its storms above!  
Evermore that turf lie lightly,  
And, with future showers,  
O'er thy slumbers fresh and  
brightly  
Blow the summer flowers!

In the locks thy forehead gracing,  
Not a silvery streak;  
Nor a line of sorrow's tracing  
On thy fair young cheek;

Eyes of light and lips of roses,  
Such as Hylas wore—  
Over all that curtain closes,  
Which shall rise no more!

Will the vigil Love is keeping  
Round that grave of thine,  
Mournfully, like Jazer weeping  
Over Sibmah's vine\*—  
Will the pleasant memories, swell-  
ing  
Gentle hearts, of thee,  
In the spirit's distant dwelling  
All unheeded be?

If the spirit ever gazes,  
From its journeyings, back;  
If the immortal ever traces  
O'er its mortal track;  
Wilt thou not, O brother, meet us  
Sometimes on our way,  
And, in hours of sadness, greet us  
As a spirit may?

Peace be with thee, O our brother,  
In the spirit-land!  
Vainly look we for another  
In thy place to stand.  
Unto Truth and Freedom giving  
All thy early powers,  
Be thy virtues with the living,  
And thy spirit ours!

## A LAMENT.

"The parted spirit,  
Knoweth it not our sorrow? Answereth not  
Its blessing to our tears?"

THE circle is broken—one seat is forsaken,—  
One bud from the tree of our friendship is shaken—  
One heart from among us no longer shall thrill  
With joy in our gladness, or grief in our ill.

\* "O vine of Sibmah! I will weep for thee with the weeping of Jazer!"—*Jeremiah* xlviii.

Weep!—lonely and lowly, are slumbering now  
 The light of her glances, the pride of her brow,  
 Weep!—sadly and long shall we listen in vain  
 To hear the soft tones of her welcome again.

Give our tears to the dead! For humanity's claim  
 From its silence and darkness is ever the same;  
 The hope of that World whose existence is bliss  
 May not stifle the tears of the mourners of this.

For, oh! if one glance the freed spirit can throw  
 On the scene of its troubled probation below,  
 Than the pride of the marble—the pomp of the dead—  
 To that glance will be dearer the tears which we shed.

Oh, who can forget the mild light of her smile,  
 Over lips moved with music and feeling the while—  
 The eye's deep enchantment, dark, dream-like, and clear,  
 In the glow of its gladness—the shade of its tears.

And the charm of her features, while over the whole  
 Played the hues of the heart and the sunshine of soul,—  
 And the tones of her voice, like the music which seems  
 Murmured low in our ears by the Angel of dreams!

But holier and dearer our memories hold  
 Those treasures of feeling, more precious than gold—  
 The love and the kindness and pity which gave  
 Fresh flowers for the bridal, green wreaths for the grave!

The heart ever open to Charity's claim,  
 Unmoved from its purpose by censure and blame,  
 While vainly alike on her eye and her ear  
 Fell the scorn of the heartless, the jesting and jeer.

How true to our hearts was that beautiful sleeper!  
 With smiles for the joyful, with tears for the weeper!—  
 Yet, evermore prompt, whether mournful or gay,  
 With warnings in love to the passing astray.

For, though spotless herself, she could sorrow for them  
 Who sullied with evil the spirit's pure gem;  
 And a sigh or a tear could the erring reprove,  
 And the sting of reproof was still tempered by love.

As a cloud of the sunset, slow melting in heaven,  
 As a star that is lost when the daylight is given,  
 As a glad dream of slumber, which wakens in bliss,  
 She hath passed to the world of the holy from this.

## DANIEL WHEELER.

[DANIEL WHEELER, a minister of the Society of Friends, and who had labored in the cause of his Divine Master in Great Britain, Russia, and the islands of the Pacific, died in New York, in the spring of 1840, while on a religious visit to this country.]

Oh, dearly loved  
 And worthy of our love !—No more  
 Thy aged form shall rise before  
 The hushed and waiting worshipper,  
 In meek obedience utterance giving  
 To words of truth, so fresh and living,  
 That, even to the inward sense,  
 They bore unquestioned evidence  
 Of an anointed Messenger !  
 Or, bowing down thy silver hair  
 In reverent awfulness of prayer—  
 The world, its time and sense, shut out—  
 The brightness of Faith's holy trance  
 Gathered upon thy countenance,  
 As if each lingering cloud of doubt—  
 The cold, dark shadows resting here  
 In Time's unluminous atmosphere—  
 Were lifted by an angel's hand,  
 And through them on thy spiritual eye  
 Shone down the blessedness on high,  
 The glory of the Better Land !

The oak has fallen !  
 While, meet for no good work, the vine  
 May yet its worthless branches twine.  
 Who knoweth not that with thee fell  
 A great man in our Israel ?  
 Fallen, while thy loins were girded still,  
 Thy feet with Zion's dews still wet,  
 And in thy hand retaining yet  
 The pilgrim's staff and scallop shell !  
 Unharm'd and safe, where, wild and free,  
 Across the Neva's cold morass  
 The breezes from the Frozen Sea  
 With winter's arrowy keenness pass ;  
 Or, where the unwarning tropic gale  
 Smote to the waves thy tattered sail,  
 Or, where the noon-hour's fervid heat

Against Tahiti's mountains beat ;  
 The same mysterious hand which gave  
 Deliverance upon land and wave,  
 Tempered for thee the blasts which blew  
 Ladoga's frozen surface o'er,  
 And blessed for thee the baleful dew  
 Of evening upon Eimeo's shore,

Beneath this sunny heaven of ours,  
Midst our soft airs and opening flowers  
Hath given thee a grave !

His will be done,  
Who seeth not as man, whose way  
Is not as ours !—'Tis well with thee !  
Nor anxious doubt nor dark dismay  
Disquieted thy closing day,  
But, evermore, thy soul could say,  
" My Father careth still for me ! "  
Called from thy hearth and home—from her,  
The last bud on thy household tree,  
The last dear one to minister  
In duty and in love to thee,  
From all which nature holdeth dear,  
Feeble with years and worn with pain,  
To seek our distant land again,  
Bound in the spirit, yet unknowing  
The things which should befall thee here,  
Whether for labor or for death,  
In childlike trust serenely going  
To that last trial of thy faith !

Oh, far away,  
Where never shines our Northern star  
On that dark waste which Balboa saw  
From Darien's mountains stretching far,  
So strange, heaven-broad, and lone, that there  
With forehead to its damp wind bare  
He bent his mailed knee in awe ;  
In many an isle whose coral feet  
The surges of that ocean beat,  
In thy palm shadows, Oahu,  
And Honolulu's silver bay,  
Amidst Owhyhee's hills of blue,  
And Taro-plains of Tooboonaï,  
Are gentle hearts, which long shall be  
Sad as our own at thought of thee,—  
Worn sowers of Truth's holy seed,  
Whose souls in weariness and need  
Were strengthened and refreshed by thine,  
For, blessed by our Father's hand,  
Was thy deep love and tender care,  
Thy ministry and fervent prayer—  
Grateful as Eschol's clustered vine  
To Israel in a weary land !

And they who drew  
By thousands round thee, in the hour  
Of prayerful waiting, hushed and deep  
That He who bade the islands keep

Silence before Him, might renew  
 Their strength with His unslumbering power,  
 They too shall mourn that thou art gone,  
 That never more thy aged lip  
 Shall soothe the weak, the erring warn,  
 Of those who first, rejoicing, heard  
 Through thee the Gospel's glorious word—  
 Seals of thy true apostleship.  
 And, if the brightest diadem,  
 Whose gems of glory purely burn  
 Around the ransomed ones in bliss,  
 Be evermore reserved for them  
 Who here, through toil and sorrow, turn  
 Many to righteousness,—  
 May we not think of thee, as wearing  
 That star-like crown of light, and bearing,  
 Amidst Heaven's white and blissful band,  
 The fadeless palm-branch in thy hand ;  
 And joining with a seraph's tongue  
 In that new song the elders sung,  
 Ascribing to its blessed Giver  
 Thanksgiving, love, and praise forever!

#### Farewell!

And though the ways of Zion mourn  
 When her strong ones are called away,  
 Who like thyself have calmly borne  
 The heat and burden of the day,  
 Yet He who slumbereth not nor sleepeth  
 His ancient watch around us keepeth;  
 Still sent from His creating hand,  
 New witnesses for Truth shall stand—  
 New instruments to sound abroad  
 The Gospel of a risen Lord;  
 To gather to the fold once more,  
 The desolate and gone astray,  
 The scattered of a cloudy day,  
 And Zion's broken walls restored!  
 And, through the travail and the toil  
 Of true obedience, minister  
 Beauty for ashes, and the oil  
 Of joy for mourning, unto her!  
 So shall her holy bounds increase  
 With walls of praise and gates of peace:  
 So shall the Vine, which martyr tears  
 And blood sustained in other years,  
 With fresher life be clothed upon;  
 And to the world in beauty show  
 Like the rose-plant of Jericho,  
 And glorious as Lebanon!

## DANIEL NEALL.

## I.

FRIEND of the Slave, and yet the friend of all;  
 Lover of peace, yet ever foremost, when  
 The need of battling Freedom called for men  
 To plant the banner on the outer wall;  
 Gentle and kindly, ever at distress  
 Melted to more than woman's tenderness,  
 Yet firm and steadfast, at his duty's post  
 Fronting the violence of a maddened host,  
 Like some gray rock from which the waves are tossed!  
 Knowing his deeds of love, men questioned not  
 The faith of one whose walk and word were right—  
 Who tranquilly in Life's great task-field wrought  
 And, side by side with evil, scarcely caught  
 A stain upon his pilgrim garb of white:  
 Prompt to redress another's wrong, his own  
 Leaving to Time and Truth and Penitence alone.

## II.

Such was our friend. Formed on the good old plan,  
 A true and brave and downright honest man!—  
 He blew no trumpet in the market-place,  
 Nor in the church with hypocritic face  
 Supplied with cant the lack of Christian grace;  
 Loathing pretense, he did with cheerful will  
 What others talked of while their hands were still:  
 And, while "Lord, Lord!" the pious tyrants cried,  
 Who, in the poor, their Master crucified,  
 His daily prayer, far better understood  
 In acts than words, was simply DOING GOOD.  
 So calm, so constant was his rectitude,  
 That, by his loss alone we know its worth,  
 And feel how true a man has walked with us on earth.

## TO MY FRIEND ON THE DEATH OF HIS SISTER.\*

THINE is a grief, the death of which another  
 May never know;  
 Yet, o'er the waters, O, my stricken brother!  
 To thee I go.

\* SOPHIA STURGE, sister of JOSEPH STURGE, of Birmingham, the President of the British Complete Suffrage Association, died in the 6th mo., 1845. She was the colleague, counselor, and ever ready helpmate of her brother in all his vast designs of beneficence. The *Birmingham Pilot* says of her: "Never, perhaps, were the active and passive virtues of the human character more harmoniously and beautifully blended, than in this excellent woman."

I lean my heart unto thee, sadly folding  
Thy hand in mine;  
With even the weakness of my soul upholding  
The strength of thine.

I never knew, like thee, the dear departed;  
I stood not by  
When, in calm trust, the pure and tranquil-hearted  
Lay down to die.

And on thy ears my words of weak condoling  
Must vainly fall:  
The funeral bell which in thy heart is tolling,  
Sounds over all!

I will not mock thee with the poor world's common  
And heartless phrase,  
Nor wrong the memory of a sainted woman  
With idle praise.

With silence only as their benediction,  
God's angels come  
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,  
The soul sits dumb!

Yet, would I say what thy own heart approveth:  
Our Father's will,  
Calling to Him the dear one whom He loveth,  
Is mercy still.

Not upon thee or thine the solemn angel  
Hath evil wrought:  
Her funeral anthem is a glad evangel—  
The good die not!

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly  
What He hath given;  
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly  
As in His heaven.

And she is with thee; in thy path of trial  
She walketh yet;  
Stil with the baptism of thy self-denial  
Her locks are wet.

Up, then, my brother! Lo, the fields of harvest  
Lie white in view!  
She lives and loves thee, and the God thou servest  
To both is true.

Thrust in thy sickle!—England's toil-worn peasants  
Thy call abide;  
And she thou mourn'st, a pure and holy presence,  
Shall glean beside!

## GONE.

ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,  
Another call is given;  
And glows once more with Angel-steps  
The path which reaches Heaven.

Our young and gentle friend whose smile  
Made brighter summer hours,  
Amid the frosts of autumn time,  
Has left us, with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom  
Forewarned us of decay;  
No shadow from the Silent Land  
Fell around our sister's way.

The light of her young life went down,  
As sinks behind the hill  
The glory of a setting star—  
Clear, suddenly, and still.

As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed—  
Eternal as the sky;  
And like the brook's low song, her voice—  
A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she needed not  
The changing of her sphere,  
To give to Heaven a Shining One,  
Who walked an Angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life  
Fell on us like the dew;  
And good thoughts, where her footsteps pressed,  
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds  
Were in her very look;  
We read her face, as one who reads  
A true and holy book,

The measure of a blessed hymn,  
To which our hearts could move;  
The breathing of an inward psalm;  
A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer,  
And by the hearth-fire's light;  
We pause beside her door to hear  
Once more her sweet "Good-night!"

There seems a shadow on the day,  
 Her smile no longer cheers;  
 A dimness on the stars of night,  
 Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will  
 One thought hath reconciled;  
 That He whose love exceedeth ours  
 Hath taken home His child.

Fold her, oh Father! in thine arms,  
 And let her henceforth be  
 A messenger of love between  
 Our human hearts and Thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand  
 Between us and the wrong,  
 And her dear memory serve to make  
 Our faith in Goodness strong.

And grant that she who, trembling, here  
 Distrusted all her powers,  
 May welcome to her holier home  
 The well beloved of ours.

#### TO THE MEMORY OF J. O. ROCKWELL.

THE turf is smooth above him! and this rain  
 Will moisten the rent roots, and summon back  
 The perishing life of its green-bladed grass,  
 And the crush'd flower will lift its head again  
 Smilingly unto Heaven, as if it kept  
 No vigil with the dead.

Well—it is meet  
 That the green grass should tremble, and the flowers  
 Blow wild about his resting-place. His mind  
 Was in itself a flower, but half disclosed—  
 A bud of blessed promise, which the storm  
 Visited rudely, and the passer by  
 Smote down in wantonness.—But we may trust  
 That it hath found a dwelling, where the sun  
 Of a more holy clime will visit it,  
 And the pure dews of mercy will descend,  
 Through Heaven's own atmosphere, upon its head.

His form is now before me, with no trace  
 Of death in its fine lineaments, and there  
 Is a faint crimson on his youthful cheek,  
 And his free lip is softening with the smile

Which in his eye is kindling. I can feel  
 The parting pressure of his hand, and hear  
 His last "*God bless you!*"—Strange—that he is there  
 Distinct before me like a breathing thing,  
 Even when I know that he is with the dead,  
 And that the damp earth hides him. I would not  
 Think of him otherwise—his image lives  
 Within my memory as he seem'd before  
 The curse of blighted feeling, and the toil  
 And fever of an uncongenial strife, had left  
 Their traces on his aspect.

Peace to him!

He wrestled nobly with the weariness  
 And trials of our being—smiling on,  
 While poison mingled with his springs of life  
 And wearing a calm brow, while on his heart  
 Anguish was resting like a hand of fire—  
 Until at last the agony of thought  
 Grew insupportable, and madness came  
 Darkly upon him,—*and the sufferer died!*

Nor died he unlamented! To his grave  
 The beautiful and gifted shall go up,  
 And muse upon the sleeper. And young lips  
 Shall murmur in the broken tones of grief—  
 His own sweet melodies—and if the ear  
 Of the freed spirit heedeth aught beneath  
 The brightness of its new inheritance,  
 It may be joyful to the parted one  
 To feel that Earth remembers him in love.

## THE UNQUIET SLEEPER.

THE Hunter went forth with his dog and gun,  
 In the earliest glow of the golden sun;—  
 The trees of the forest bent over his way,  
 In the changeful colors of Autumn gay;  
 For a frost had fallen the night before  
 On the quiet greenness which Nature wore.

A bitter frost!—for the night was chill,  
 And starry dark, and the wind was still,  
 And so when the sun looked out on the hills,  
 On the stricken woods and the frosted rills,  
 The unvaried green of the landscape fled,  
 And a wild, rich robe was given instead.

We know not whither the Hunter went,  
 Or how the last of his days was spent;

For the moon drew nigh—but he came not back,  
Weary and faint from his forest track;  
And his wife sat down to her frugal board,  
Beside the empty seat of her lord.

And the day passed on, and the sun came down  
To the hills of the west, like an angel's crown,  
The shadows lengthened from wood and hill,  
The mist crept up from the meadow-rill,  
Till the broad sun sank, and the red light rolled  
All over the west, like a wave of gold!

Yet he came not back—though the stars gave forth  
Their wizard light to the silent Earth;  
And his wife looked out from the lattice dim  
In the earnest manner of fear for him;  
And his fair-haired child on the door-stone stood  
To welcome his father back from the wood!

He came not back!—yet they found him soon,  
In the burning light of the morrow's noon,  
In the fixed and visionless sleep of death,  
Where the red leaves fell at the soft wind's breath;  
And the dog, whose step in the chase was fleet,  
Crouched silent and sad at the Hunter's feet.

He slept in death;—but his sleep was one  
Which his neighbors shuddered to look upon;  
For his brow was black, and his open eye  
Was red with the sign of agony:  
And they thought, as they gazed on his features grim,  
That an evil deed had been done on him.

They buried him where his fathers laid,  
By the mossy mounds in the graveyard shade,  
Yet whispers of doubt passed over the dead,  
And beldames muttered while prayers were said;  
And the hand of the sexton shook as he pressed  
The damp earth down on the Hunter's breast.

The season passed—and the Autumn rain  
And the colored forests returned again;  
'Twas the very eve that the Hunter died,  
The winds wail'd over the bare hillside,  
And the wreathing limbs of the forest shook  
The red leaves over the swollen brook.

There came a sound on the night-air then,  
Like a spirit-shriek, to the homes of men,  
And louder and shriller it rose again,  
Like the fearful cry of the mad with pain;

And trembled alike the timid and brave,  
For they knew that it came from the Hunter's grave!

And every year when Autumn flings  
Its beautiful robe on created things,  
When Piscataqua's tide is turbid with rain  
And Cocheco's woods are yellow again,  
That cry is heard from the graveyard earth,  
Like the howl of a demon struggling forth!

## SONGS OF LABOR

AND OTHER POEMS.

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### DEDICATION.

I WOULD the gift I offer here  
Might grace from thy favor take,  
And, seen through Friendship's atmosphere,  
On softened lines and coloring, wear  
The unaccustomed light of beauty, for thy sake.

Few leaves of Fancy's spring remain :  
But what I have I give to thee,—  
The o'er-sunned bloom of summer's plain,  
And paler flowers, the latter rain  
Calls from the westerling slope of life's autumnal lea.

Above the fallen groves of green,  
Where youth's enchanted forest stood,  
The dry and wasting roots between,  
A sober after-growth is seen,  
As springs the pine where falls the gay-leaved maple wood!

Yet birds will sing, and breezes play  
Their leaf-harps in the sombre-tree;  
And through the bleak and wintry day  
It keeps its steady green away,—  
So even my after-thoughts may have a charm for thee.

Art's perfect forms no moral need,  
And beauty is its own excuse;\*  
But for the dull and flowerless weed  
Some healing virtue still must plead,  
And the rough ore must find its honors in its use.

So haply these, my simple lays  
Of homely toil, may serve to show  
The orchard bloom and tasselled maize  
That skirt and gladden duty's ways,  
The unsung beauty hid life's common things below!

\* For the idea of this line, I am indebted to Emerson, in his inimitable sonnet to the Rhodora:—

“ If eyes were made for seeing,  
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.”

Haply from them the toiler, bent  
 Above his forge or plough, may gain  
 A manlier spirit of content,  
 And feel that life is wisest spent  
 Where the strong working hand makes strong the working  
 brain.

The doom which to the guilty pair  
 Without the walls of Eden came,  
 Transforming sinless ease to care  
 And rugged toil, no more shall bear  
 The burden of old crime, or mark of primal shame.

A blessing now—a curse no more;  
 Since He, whose name we breathe with awe,  
 The coarse mechanic vesture wore,—  
 A poor man toiling with the poor,  
 In labor, as in prayer, fulfilling the same law.

## THE SHIP-BUILDERS.

THE sky is ruddy in the East,  
 The earth is gray below,  
 And, spectral in the river-mist,  
 The ship's white timbers show.  
 Then let the sounds of measured stroke  
 And grating saw begin;  
 The broad-axe to the gnarled oak,  
 The mallet to the pin!

Hark!—roars the bellows, blast on blast  
 The sooty smithy jars,  
 And fire-sparks, rising far and fast,  
 Are fading with the stars.  
 All day for us the smith shall stand  
 Beside that flashing forge;  
 All day for us his heavy hand  
 The groaning anvil scourge.

From far-off hills, the panting team  
 For us is toiling near;  
 For us the raftsmen down the stream  
 Their island barges steer.  
 Rings out for us the axeman's stroke  
 In forests old and still,—  
 For us the century-circled oak  
 Falls crashing down his hill.

Up—up!—in nobler toil than ours  
 No craftsmen bear a part:

We make of nature's giant powers  
 The slaves of human Art.  
 Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,  
 And drive the treenails free;  
 Nor faithless joint nor yawning seam  
 Shall tempt the searching sea!

Where'er the keel of our good ship  
 The sea's rough field shall plough—  
 Where'er her tossing spars shall drip  
 With salt-spray caught below—  
 That ship must heed her master's beck,  
 Her helm obey his hand,  
 And seamen tread her reeling deck  
 As if they trod the land.

Her oaken ribs the vulture-beak  
 Of Northern ice may peel;  
 The sunken rock and coral peak  
 May grate along her keel;  
 And know we well the painted shell  
 We give to wind and wave,  
 Must float, the sailor's citadel,  
 Or sink, the sailor's grave!

Oh!—strike away the bars and blocks,  
 And set the good ship free!  
 Why lingers on these dusty rocks  
 The young bride of the sea?  
 Look! how she moves adown the grooves  
 In graceful beauty now!  
 How lowly on the breast she loves  
 Sinks down her virgin prow!

God bless her! wheresoe'er the breeze  
 Her snowy wing shall fan,  
 Aside the frozen Hebrides,  
 Or sultry Hindostan!  
 Where'er, in mart or on the main  
 With peaceful flag unfurled,  
 She helps to wind the silken chain  
 Of commerce round the world!

Speed on the ship!—But let her bear  
 No merchandise of sin,  
 No groaning cargo of despair  
 Her roomy hold within.  
 No Lethean drug for Eastern lands,  
 Nor poison-draught for ours;  
 But honest fruits of toiling hands  
 And Nature's sun and showers.

Be hers the Prairie's golden grain,  
 The Desert's golden sand,  
 The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,  
 The spice of Morning-land!  
 Her pathway on the open main  
 May blessings follow free,  
 And glad hearts welcome back again  
 Her white sails from the sea!

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 THE SHOEMAKERS.

Ho! workers of the old time styled  
 The Gentle Craft of Leather!  
 Young brothers of the ancient guild,  
 Stand forth once more together!  
 Call out again your long array,  
 In the olden merry manner!  
 Once more, on gay St. Crispin's day,  
 Fling out your blazoned banner!

Rap, rap! upon the well worn stone  
 How falls the polished hammer!  
 Rap, rap! the measured sound has grown  
 A quick and merry clamor.  
 Now shape the sole! now deftly curl  
 The glossy vamp around it,  
 And bless the while the bright-eyed girl  
 Whose gentle fingers bound it!

For you, along the Spanish main  
 A hundred keels are ploughing;  
 For you, the Indian on the plain  
 His lasso-coil is throwing;  
 For you, deep glens with hemlock dark  
 The woodman's fire is lighting;  
 For you, upon the oak's gray bark  
 The woodman's axe is smiting.

For you, from Carolina's pine  
 The rosin-gum is stealing;  
 For you, the dark-eyed Florentine  
 Her silken skein is reeling;  
 For you, the dizzy goat-herd roams  
 His rugged Alpine ledges;  
 For you, round all her shepherd homes,  
 Bloom England's thorny hedges.

The foremost still, by day or night,  
 On moated mound or heather,  
 Where'er the need of trampled right  
 Brought toiling men together;

Where the free burghers from the wall  
 Defied the mail-clad master,  
 Than yours, at Freedom's trumpet-call,  
 No craftsmen rallied faster.

Let foplings sneer, let fools deride—  
 Ye heed no idle scorner;  
 Free hands and hearts are still your pride,  
 And duty done, your honor.  
 Ye dare to trust, for honest fame,  
 The jury Time empanels,  
 And leave to truth each noble name  
 Which glorifies your annals.

Thy songs, Hans Sachs, are living yet,  
 In strong and hearty German;  
 And Bloomfield's lay, and Gifford's wit,  
 And patriot fame of Sherman;  
 Still from his book, a mystic seer,  
 The soul of Behmen teaches,  
 And England's priestcraft shakes to hear  
 Of Fox's leathern breeches.

The foot is yours; where'er it falls,  
 It treads your well-wrought leather,  
 On earthen floor, in marble halls,  
 On carpet, or on heather.  
 Still there the sweetest charm is found  
 Of matron grace or vestal's,  
 As Hebe's foot bore nectar round  
 Among the old celestials!

Rap! rap!—your stout and bluff brogan,  
 With footsteps slow and weary,  
 May wander where the sky's blue span  
 Shuts down upon the prairie.  
 On Beauty's foot, your slippers glance,  
 By Saratoga's fountains,  
 Or twinkle down the summer dance  
 Beneath the Crystal Mountains!

The red brick to the mason's hand,  
 The brown earth to the tiller's,  
 The shoe in yours shall wealth command,  
 Like fairy Cinderella's!  
 As they who shunned the household maid  
 Beheld the crown upon her,  
 So all shall see your toil repaid  
 With hearth and home and honor.

Then let the toast be freely quaffed,  
 In water cool and brimming—

"All honor to the good old Craft,  
 Its merry men and women!"  
 Call out again your long array,  
 In the old time's pleasant manner;  
 Once more, on gay St. Crispin's day,  
 Fling out his blazoned banner!

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## THE DROVERS.

THROUGH heat and cold, and shower and sun  
 Still onward cheerly driving!  
 There's life alone in duty done,  
 And rest alone in striving.  
 But see! the day is closing cool,  
 The woods are dim before us;  
 The white fog of the wayside pool  
 Is creeping slowly o'er us.

The night is falling, comrades mine,  
 Our foot-sore beasts are weary,  
 And through yon elms the tavern sign  
 Looks out upon us cheery.  
 The landlord beckons from his door,  
 His beechen fire is glowing;  
 These ample barns, with feed in store,  
 Are filled to overflowing.

From many a valley frowned across  
 By brows of rugged mountains;  
 From hillsides where, through spongy moss,  
 Gush out the river fountains;  
 From quiet farm-fields, green and low,  
 And bright with blooming clover;  
 From vales of corn the wandering crow  
 No richer hovers over;

Day after day our way has been,  
 O'er many a hill and hollow;  
 By lake and stream, by wood and glen,  
 Our stately drove we follow.  
 Through dust-clouds rising thick and dun,  
 As smoke and battle o'er us,  
 Their white horns glisten in the sun,  
 Like plumes and crests before us.

We see them slowly climb the hill,  
 As slow behind it sinking;  
 Or, thronging close, from roadside rill,  
 Or sunny lakelet, drinking.

Now crowding in the narrow road,  
In thick and struggling masses,  
They glare upon the teamster's load,  
Or rattling coach that passes.

Anon, with toss of horn and tail,  
And paw of hoof, and bellow,  
They leap some farmer's broken pale,  
O'er meadow-close or fallow.  
Forth comes the startled good-man; forth  
Wife, children, house-dog, sally,  
Till once more on their dusty path  
The baffled truants rally.

We drive no starvelings, scraggy grown,  
Loose-legged, and ribbed and bony,  
Like those who grind their noses down  
On pastures bare and stony—  
Lank oxen, rough as Indian dogs,  
And cows too lean for shadows,  
Disputing feebly with the frogs  
The crop of saw-grass meadows!

In our good drove, so sleek and fair,  
No bones of leanness rattle;  
No tottering hide-bound ghosts are there,  
Or Pharaoh's evil cattle.  
Each stately beeve bespeaks the hand  
That fed him unrepining;  
The fatness of a goodly land  
In each dun hide is shining.

We've sought them where, in warmest nooks,  
The freshest feed is growing,  
By sweetest springs and clearest brooks  
Through honeysuckle flowing;  
Wherever hillsides, sloping south,  
Are bright with early grasses,  
Or, tracking green the lowland's drouth,  
The mountain streamlet passes.

But now the day is closing cool,  
The woods are dim before us,  
The white fog of the wayside pool  
Is creeping slowly o'er us.  
The cricket to the frog's bassoon  
His shrillest time is keeping;  
The sickle of yon setting moon  
The meadow-mist is reaping.

The night is falling, comrades mine,  
Our foot-sore beasts are weary,

And through yon elms the tavern sign  
 Looks out upon us cheery.  
 To-morrow, eastward with our charge  
 We'll go to meet the dawning,  
 Ere yet the pines of Kéarsarge  
 Have seen the sun of morning.

When snow-flakes o'er the frozen earth,  
 Instead of birds, are flitting;  
 When children throng the glowing hearth,  
 And quiet wives are knitting;  
 While in the fire-light strong and clear  
 Young eyes of pleasure glisten,  
 To tales of all we see and hear  
 The ears of home shall listen.

By many a Northern lake and hill,  
 From many a mountain pasture,  
 Shall Fancy play the Drover still,  
 And speed the long night faster.  
 Then let us on, through shower and sun,  
 And heat and cold, be driving;  
 There's life alone in duty done,  
 And rest alone in striving.

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### THE FISHERMEN.

HURRAH! the seaward breezes  
 Sweep down the bay amain;  
 Heave up, my lads, the anchor!  
 Run up the sail again!  
 Leave to the lubber landsmen  
 The rail-car and the steed;  
 The stars of heaven shall guide us,  
 The breath of heaven shall speed.

From the hill-top looks the steeple,  
 And the lighthouse from the sand;  
 And the scattered pines are waving  
 Their farewell from the land.  
 One glance, my lads, behind us,  
 For the homes we leave one sigh,  
 Ere we take the change and chances  
 Of the ocean and the sky.

Now brothers, for the icebergs  
 Of frozen Labrador,  
 Floating spectral in the moonshine,  
 Along the low, black shore!

Where like snow the gannet's feathers  
Of Brador's rocks are shed,  
And the noisy murr are flying,  
Like black scuds, overhead;

Where in mist the rock is hiding,  
And the sharp reef lurks below,  
And the white squall smites in summer,  
And the autumn tempests blow;  
Where, through gray and rolling vapor,  
From evening unto morn,  
A thousand boats are hailing,  
Horn answering unto horn.

Hurrah! for the Red Island,  
With the white cross on its crown!  
Hurrah! for Meccatina,  
And its mountains bare and brown!  
Where the Caribou's tall antlers  
O'er the dwarf-wood freely toss,  
And the footstep of the Mickmack  
Has no sound upon the moss.

There we'll drop our lines, and gather  
Old Ocean's treasures in,  
Where'er the mottled mackerel  
Turns up a steel-dark fin.  
The sea's our field of harvest,  
Its scaly tribes our grain;  
We'll reap the teeming waters  
As at home they reap the plain!

Our wet hands spread the carpet,  
And light the hearth of home;  
From our fish, as in the old time,  
The silver coin shall come.  
As the demon fled the chamber  
Where the fish of Tobit lay,  
So ours from all our dwellings  
Shall frighten Want away.

Though the mist upon our jackets  
In the bitter air congeals,  
And our lines wine stiff and slowly  
From off the frozen reels;  
Though the fog be dark around us,  
And the storm blow high and loud,  
We will whistle down the wild wind,  
And laugh beneath the cloud!

In the darkness as in daylight,  
On the water as on land,

God's eye is looking on us,  
 And beneath us is his hand!  
 Death will find us soon or later,  
 On the deck or in the cot;  
 And we cannot meet him better  
 Than in working out our lot.

Hurrah!—hurrah!—the west wind  
 Comes freshening down the bay,  
 The rising sails are filling—  
 Give way, my lads, give way!  
 Leave the coward landsman clinging  
 To the dull earth, like a weed—  
 The stars of heaven shall guide us,  
 The breath of heaven shall speed!

## THE HUSKERS.

It was late in mild October, and the long autumnal rain  
 Had left the summer harvest-fields all green with grass again;  
 The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the woodlands gay  
 With the hues of summer's rainbow, or the meadow-flowers of May.

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning, the sun rose broad and red,  
 At first a rayless disc of fire, he brightened as he sped;  
 Yet, even his noontide glory fell chastened and subdued,  
 On the corn-fields and the orchards, and softly pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the night,  
 He wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow light;  
 Slanting through the painted beeches, he glorified the hill;  
 And, beneath it, pond and meadow lay brighter, greener still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught glimpses of that sky,  
 Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and laughed, they knew not why;  
 And schoolgirls, gay with aster-flowers, beside the meadow brooks,  
 Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of sweet looks.

From spire and barn, looked westerly the patient weather-cocks;  
 But even the birches on the hill stood motionless as rocks.  
 No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's dropping shell,  
 And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low rustling as they fell

The summer grains were harvested; the stubble-fields lay dry,  
 Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the pale-green waves of rye;  
 But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed with wood,  
 Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn crop stood.

Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain, through husks that, dry and sere,  
 Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the yellow ear;  
 Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in many a verdant fold,  
 And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters; and many a creaking wain  
 Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its load of husk and grain;  
 Till broad and red, as when he rose, the sun sank down, at last,  
 And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in brightness passed.

And lo! as through the western pines, on meadow, stream and pond,  
 Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all afire beyond,  
 Slowly o'er the Eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory shone,  
 And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled into one!

As thus into the quiet night the twilight lapsed away,  
 And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil shadows lay;  
 From many a brown old farmhouse, and hamlet without name,  
 Their milking and their home-tasks done, the merry huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitchforks in the mow,  
 Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant scene below;  
 The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears before,  
 And laughing eyes and busy hands and brown cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look and heart,  
 Talking their old times over, the old men sat apart;  
 While, up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling in its shade,  
 At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy children played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden young and fair,  
 Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and pride of soft brown hair,  
 The master of the village school, sleek of hair and smooth of tongue,  
 To the quaint tune of some old psalm, a husking-ballad sung.

#### THE CORN SONG.

HEAP high the farmer's wintry hoard!  
 Heap high the golden corn!  
 No richer gift has Autumn poured  
 From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean  
 The apple from the pine,  
 The orange from its glossy green,  
 The cluster from the vine;

We better love the hardy gift  
 Our rugged vales bestow,  
 To cheer us when the storm shall drift  
 Our harvest-fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,  
Our ploughs their furrows made,  
While on the hills the sun and showers  
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,  
Beneath the sun of May,  
And frightened from our sprouting grain  
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June,  
Its leaves grew green and fair,  
And waved in hot midsummer's noon  
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with Autumn's moonlit eves,  
Its harvest time has come,  
We pluck away the frosted leaves,  
And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fabled gift  
Apollo showered of old,  
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,  
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk,  
Around their costly board;  
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,  
By homespun beauty poured!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth  
Sends up its smoky curls,  
Who will not thank the kindly earth,  
And bless our farmer girls!

Then shame on all the proud and vain,  
Whose folly laughs to scorn  
The blessing of our hardy grain,  
Our wealth of golden corn!

Let earth withhold her goodly root,  
Let mildew blight the rye,  
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,  
The wheat-field to the fly:

But let the good old crop adorn  
The hills our fathers trod;  
Still let us, for his golden corn,  
Send up our thanks to God!

## THE LUMBERMEN.

WILDLY round our woodland quarters,  
Sad-voiced Autumn grieves;  
Thickly down these swelling waters  
Float his fallen leaves.

Through the tall and naked timber,  
Column-like and old,  
Gleam the sunsets of November,  
From their skies of gold.

O'er us, to the southland heading,  
Screams the gray wild-goose;  
On the night-frost sounds the treading  
Of the brindled moose.  
Noiseless creeping, while we're sleeping,  
Frost his task-work plies;  
Soon, his icy bridges heaping,  
Shall our log-piles rise.

When, with sounds of smothered thunder,  
On some night of rain,  
Lake and river break asunder  
Winter's weakened chain,  
Down the wild March flood shall bear them  
To the saw-mill's wheel,  
Or where Steam, the slave, shall tear them  
With his teeth of steel.

Be it starlight, be it moonlight,  
In these vales below,  
When the earliest beams of sunlight  
Streak the mountain's snow,  
Crisps the hoar-frost, keen and early,  
To our hurrying feet,  
And the forest echoes clearly  
All our blows repeat.

Where the crystal Ambijejis  
Stretches broad and clear,  
And Millnoket's pine-black ridge  
Hide the browsing deer :  
Where, through lakes and wide morasses,  
Or through rocky walls,  
Swift and strong, Penobscot passes  
White with foamy falls;

Where, through clouds, are glimpses given  
Of Katahdin's sides,—

Rock and forest piled to heaven,  
Torn and ploughed by slides!  
Far below, the Indian trapping,  
In the sunshine warm;  
Far above, the snow-cloud wrapping  
Half the peak in storm!

Where are mossy carpets better  
Than the Persian weaves,  
And than Eastern perfumes sweeter  
Seem the fading leaves;  
And a music wild and solemn,  
From the pine-tree's height,  
Rolls its vast and sea-like volume  
On the wind of night;

Make we here our camp of winter;  
And, through sleet and snow,  
Pitchy knot and beechen splinter  
On our hearth shall glow.  
Here, with mirth to lighten duty,  
We shall lack alone  
Woman's smile and girlhood's beauty,  
Childhood's lisping tone.

But their hearth is brighter burning  
For our toil to-day;  
And the welcome of returning  
Shall our loss repay,  
When, like seamen from the waters,  
From the woods we come,  
Greeting sisters, wives, and daughters,  
Angels of our home!

Not for us the measured ringing  
From the village spire,  
Not for us the Sabbath singing  
Of the sweet-voiced choir:  
Ours the old, majestic temple,  
Where God's brightness shines  
Down the dome so grand and ample,  
Propped by lofty pines!

Through each branch-enwoven skylight,  
Speaks He in the breeze,  
As of old beneath the twilight  
Of lost Eden's trees!  
For his ear, the inward feeling  
Needs no outward tongue;  
He can see the spirit kneeling  
While the axe is swung.

Heeding truth alone, and turning  
 From the false and dim,  
 Lamp of toil or altar burning  
 Are alike to Him.  
 Strike, then, comrades!—Trade is waiting  
 On our rugged toil;  
 Far ships waiting for the freighting  
 Of our woodland spoil!

Ships, whose traffic links these highlands,  
 Bleak and cold, of ours,  
 With the citron planted islands  
 Of a clime of flowers;  
 To our frosts the tribute bringing  
 Of eternal heats;  
 In our lap of winter flinging  
 Tropic fruits and sweets,

Cheerily, on the axe of labor,  
 Let the sunbeams dance,  
 Better than the flash of sabre  
 Or the gleam of lance!  
 Strike!—With every blow is given  
 Freer sun and sky,  
 And the long-hid earth to heaven  
 Looks, with wondering eye!

Loud behind us grow the murmurs  
 Of the age to come;  
 Clang of smiths, and tread of farmers.  
 Bearing harvest-home!  
 Here her virgin lap with treasures  
 Shall the green earth fill;  
 Waving wheat and golden maize-ears  
 Crown each beechen hill.

Keep who will the city's alleys,  
 Take the smooth-shorn plain,—  
 Give to us the cedar valleys,  
 Rocks and hills of Maine!  
 In our North-land, wild and woody,  
 Let us still have part;  
 Rugged nurse and mother sturdy,  
 Hold us to thy heart!

O! our free hearts beat the warmer  
 For thy breath of snow;  
 And our tread is all the firmer  
 For thy rocks below.  
 Freedom, hand in hand with labor,  
 Walketh strong and brave:

On the forehead of his neighbor  
No man writeth Slave!

Lo, the day breaks! old Katahdin's  
Pine-trees show its fires,  
While from these dim forest gardens  
Rise their blackened spires.  
Up, my comrades! up and doing!  
Manhood's rugged play  
Still renewing, bravely hewing  
Through the world our way?

## MISCELLANEOUS.

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### THE LAKE-SIDE.

THE shadows round the inland sea  
Are deepening into night;  
Slow, up the slopes of Ossipee,  
They chase the lessening light.  
Tired of the long day's blinding heat,  
I rest my languid eye,  
Lake of the Hills! where, cool and sweet,  
Thy sunset waters lie!

Along the sky, in wavy lines,  
O'er isle and reach and bay,  
Green-belted with eternal pines,  
The mountains stretch away.  
Below, the maple masses sleep  
Where shore with water blends,  
While midway on the tranquil deep  
The evening light descends.

So seemed it when yon hill's red crown,  
Of old, the Indian trod,  
And, through the sunset air, looked down  
Upon the Smile of God.\*  
To him of light and shade the laws  
No forest sceptic taught;  
Their living and eternal Cause  
His truer instinct sought.

He saw these mountains in the light  
Which now across them shines;  
This lake, in summer sunset bright,  
Walled round with sombering pines.  
God near him seemed; from earth and skies  
His loving voice he heard,  
As, face to face in Paradise,  
Man stood before the Lord.

Thanks, oh, our Father! that, like him,  
Thy tender love I see,

\* Winnipiseogee: "Smile of the Great Spirit."

In radiant hill and woodland dim,  
 And tinted sunset sea.  
 For not in mockery dost Thou fill  
 Our earth with light and grace;  
 Thou hid'st no dark and cruel will  
 Behind Thy smiling face!

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## THE HILL-TOP.

THE burly driver at my side,  
 We slowly climbed the hill,  
 Whose summit, in the hot noontide,  
 Seemed rising, rising still.  
 At last, our short noon-shadows hid  
 The top-stone, bare and brown,  
 From whence, like Gizeh's pyramid,  
 The rough mass slanted down.

I felt the cool breath of the North;  
 Between me and the sun,  
 O'er deep, still lake, and ridgy earth,  
 I saw the cloud-shades run.  
 Before me, stretched for glistening miles,  
 Lay mountain-girdled Squam;  
 Like green-winged birds, the leafy isles  
 Upon its bosom swam.

And, glimmering through the sun-haze warm,  
 Far as the eye could roam,  
 Dark billows of an earthquake storm  
 Beflecked with clouds like foam,  
 Their vales in misty shadow deep,  
 Their rugged peaks in shine,  
 I saw the mountain ranges sweep  
 The horizon's northern line.

There towered Chocorua's peak ; and west,  
 Moosehillock's woods were seen,  
 With many a nameless slide-scarred crest  
 And pine-dark gorge between.  
 Beyond them, like a sun-rimmed cloud,  
 The great Notch mountains shone,  
 Watched over by the solemn-browed.  
 And awful face of stone!

"A good look-off!" the driver spake:  
 "About this time, last year,  
 I drove a party to the Lake,  
 And stopped, at evening, here.

"Twas duskish down below; but all  
These hills stood in the sun,  
Till, dipped behind yon purple wall,  
He left them, one by one.

"A lady, who, from Thornton hill,  
Had held her place outside,  
And, as a pleasant woman will,  
Had cheered the long, dull ride,  
Besought me, with so sweet a smile,  
That—though I hate delays—  
I could not choose but rest awhile—  
(These women have such ways!)

"On yonder mossy ledge she sat,  
Her sketch upon her knees,  
A stray brown lock beneath her hat  
Unrolling in the breeze;  
Her sweet face, in the sunset light  
Upraised and glorified,—  
I never saw a prettier sight  
In all my mountain ride.

"As good as fair; it seemed her joy  
To comfort and to give;  
My poor, sick wife, and crippled boy,  
Will bless her while they live!"  
The tremor in the driver's tone  
His manhood did not shame:  
"I dare say, sir, you may have known—"  
He named a well-known name.

Then sank the pyramidal mounds,  
The blue lake fled away;  
For mountain-scope a parlor's bounds,  
A lighted hearth for day!  
From lonely years and weary miles  
The shadows fell apart;  
Kind voices cheered, sweet human smiles  
Shone warm into my heart.

We journeyed on; but earth and sky  
Had power to charm no more;  
Still dreamed my inward-turning eye  
The dream of memory o'er.  
Ah! human kindness, human love—  
To few who seek denied—  
Too late we learn to prize above  
The whole round world beside!

ON RECEIVING AN EAGLE'S QUILL FROM LAKE  
SUPERIOR.

ALL day the darkness and the cold  
Upon my heart have lain,  
Like shadows on the winter sky,  
Like frost upon the pane;

But now my torpid fancy wakes,  
And, on thy Eagle's plume,  
Rides forth, like Sinbad on his bird,  
Or witch upon her broom!

Below me roar the rocking pines,  
Before me spreads the lake,  
Whose long and solemn-sounding waves  
Against the sunset break.

I hear the wild Rice-Eater thresh  
The grain he has not sown;  
I see, with flashing scythe of fire,  
The prairie harvest mown!

I hear the far-off voyager's horn;  
I see the Yankee's trail—  
His foot on every mountain-pass,  
On every stream his sail.

By forest, lake and water-fall,  
I see his pedler show;  
The mighty mingling with the mean,  
The lofty with the low.

He's whittling by St. Mary's Falls,  
Upon his loaded wain;  
He's measuring o'er the Pictured Rocks,  
With eager eyes of gain.

I hear the mattock in the mine,  
The axe-stroke in the dell,  
The clamor from the Indian lodge,  
The Jesuit chapel bell!

I see the swarthy trappers come  
From Mississippi's springs;  
And war-chiefs with their painted brows,  
And crests of eagle wings.

Behind the scared squaw's birch canoe,  
The steamer smokes and raves;

And city lots are staked for sale  
Above old Indian graves.

I hear the tread of pioneer,  
Of nations yet to be;  
The first low wash of waves, where soon  
Shall roll a human sea.

The rudiments of empire here  
Are plastic yet and warm;  
The chaos of a mighty world  
Is rounded into form!

Each rude and jostling fragment soon  
Its fitting place shall find—  
The raw material of a State,  
Its muscle and its mind!

And, westering still, the star which leads  
The New World in its train  
Has tipped with fire the icy spears  
Of many a mountain chain.

The snowy cones of Oregon  
Are kindling on its way;  
And California's golden sands  
Gleam brighter in its ray!

Then, blessings on thy eagle quill,  
As, wandering far and wide,  
I thank thee for this twilight dream  
And Fancy's airy ride!

Yet, welcomer than regal plumes,  
Which Western trappers find,  
Thy free and pleasant thoughts, chance-sown,  
Like feathers on the wind.

Thy symbol be the mountain-bird,  
Whose glistening quill I hold;  
Thy home the ample air of hope,  
And memory's sunset gold!

In thee, let joy with duty join,  
And strength unite with love,  
The eagle's pinions folding round  
The warm heart of the dove!

So, when in darkness sleeps the vale  
Where still the blind bird clings,  
The sunshine of the upper sky  
Shall glitter on thy wings!

## MEMORIES.

A BEAUTIFUL and happy girl,  
 With step as light as summer air,  
 Eyes glad with smiles, and brow of pearl,  
 Shadowed by many a careless curl  
 Of unconfined and flowing hair ;  
 A seeming child in everything,  
 Save thoughtful brow and ripening charms,  
 As Nature wears the smile of Spring  
 When sinking into Summer's arms.

A mind rejoicing in the light  
 Which melted through its graceful bower,  
 Leaf after leaf, dew-moist and bright,  
 And stainless in its holy white,  
 Unfolding like a morning flower:  
 A heart, which, like a fine-toned lute,  
 With every breath of feeling woke,  
 And, even when the tongue was mute,  
 From eye and lip in music spoke.

How thrills once more the lengthening chain  
 Of memory, at the thought of thee !  
 Old hopes which long in dust have lain  
 Old dreams, come thronging back again,  
 And boyhood lives again in me ;  
 I feel its glow upon my cheek,  
 Its fulness of the heart is mine,  
 As when I leaned to hear thee speak,  
 Or raised my doubtful eye to thine.

I hear again thy low replies,  
 I feel thy arm within my own,  
 And timidly again arise  
 The fringed lids of hazel eyes,  
 With soft brown tresses overblown.  
 Ah ! memories of sweet summer eves,  
 Of moonlit wave and willowy way,  
 Of stars and flowers, and dewy leaves,  
 And smiles and tones more dear than they ?

Ere this, thy quiet eye has smiled  
 My picture of thy youth to see,  
 When, half a woman, half a child,  
 Thy very artlessness beguiled,  
 And folly's self seemed wise in thee ;  
 I too can smile, when o'er that hour  
 The lights of memory backward stream,  
 Yet feel the while that manhood's power  
 Is vainer than my boyhood's dream.

Years have passed on, and left their trace  
 Of graver care and deeper thought;  
 And unto me the calm, cold face  
 Of manhood, and to thee the grace  
 Of woman's pensive beauty brought.  
 More wide, perchance, for blame than praise,  
 The schoolboy's humble name has flown;  
 Thine, in the green and quiet ways  
 Of unobtrusive goodness known.

And wider yet in thought and deed  
 Diverge our pathways, one in youth;  
 Thine the Genevan's sternest creed,  
 While answers to my spirit's need  
 The Derby dalesman's simple truth.  
 For thee, the priestly rite and prayer,  
 And holy day, and solemn psalm;  
 For me, the silent reverence where  
 My brethren gather, slow and calm.

Yet hath thy spirit left on me  
 An impress Time has worn not out,  
 And something of myself in thee,  
 A shadow from the past, I see,  
 Lingering, even yet, thy way about;  
 Not wholly can the heart unlearn  
 That lesson of its better hours,  
 Not yet has Time's dull footstep worn  
 To common dust that path of flowers.

Thus, while at times before our eyes  
 The shadows melt, and fall apart,  
 And, smiling through them, round us lies  
 The warm light of our morning skies—  
 The Indian Summer of the heart!—  
 In secret sympathies of mind,  
 In founts of feeling which retain  
 Their pure, fresh flow, we yet may find  
 Our early dreams not wholly vain!

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### THE LEGEND OF ST. MARK.\*

THE day is closing dark and cold,  
 With roaring blast and sleety showers;  
 And through the dusk the lilacs wear  
 The bloom of snow, instead of flowers.

\* This legend is the subject of a celebrated picture by Tintoretto, of which Mr. Rogers possesses the original sketch. The slave lies on the ground, amid a crowd of spectators, who look on, animated by all the various emotions of sympathy, rage, terror; a woman, in front, with a child in her arms, has always been admired for the lifelike vivacity of her attitude and expression. The executioner holds up the broken implements; St. Mark, with a headlong movement, seems to rush down from heaven in haste to save his worshiper. The dramatic grouping in this picture is wonderful; the coloring, in its gorgeous depth and harmony, is, in Mr. Rogers's sketch, finer than in the picture.—*Mrs. Jamieson's Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art*, vol. i. p. 121.

I turn me from the gloom without,  
To ponder o'er a tale of old,  
A legend of the age of Faith,  
By dreaming monk or abbeſs told.

On Tintoretto's canvas lives  
That fancy of a loving heart,  
In graceful lines and ſhapes of power,  
And hues immortal as his art.

In Provence (ſo the ſtory runs)  
There lived a lord, to whom, as ſlave,  
A peasant boy of tender years  
The chance of trade or conqueſt gave.

Forth-looking from the caſtle tower,  
Beyond the hills with almonds dark,  
The ſtraining eye could ſcarce diſcern  
The chapel of the good St. Mark.

And there, when bitter word or fare  
The ſervice of the youth repaid,  
By ſtealth, before that holy ſhrine,  
For grace to bear his wrong, he prayed.

The ſteed ſtamped at the caſtle gate,  
The boar-hunt ſounded on the hill;  
Why ſtayed the Baron from the chase,  
With looks ſo ſtern, and words ſo ill?

“Go, bind yon ſlave! and let him learn,  
By ſcath of fire and ſtrain of cord,  
How ill they ſpeed who give dead ſaints  
The homage due their living lord!”

They bound him on the fearful rack,  
When, through the dungeon's vaulted dark,  
He ſaw the light of ſhining robes,  
And knew the face of good St. Mark.

Then ſank the iron rack apart,  
The cords released their cruel clasp,  
The pincers, with their teeth of fire,  
Fell broken from the torturer's graſp.

And lo! before the Youth and Saint,  
Barred door and wall of ſtone gave way;  
And up from bondage and the night  
They paſſed to freedom and the day!

O, dreaming monk! thy tale is true;—  
O, painter! true thy pencil's art;

In tones of hope and prophecy,  
Ye whisper to my listening heart!

Unheard no burdened heart's appeal  
Moans up to God's inclining ear;  
Unheeded by his tender eye,  
Falls to the earth no sufferer's tear.

For still the Lord alone is God!  
The pomp and power of tyrant man  
Are scattered at his lightest breath,  
Like chaff before the winnower's fan.

Not always shall the slave uplift  
His heavy hands to Heaven in vain;  
God's angel, like the good St. Mark,  
Comes shining down to break his chain!

O, weary ones! ye may not see  
Your helpers in their downward flight;  
Nor hear the sound of silver wings  
Slow beating through the hush of night!

But not the less gray Dothan shone,  
With sunbright watches bending low,  
That Fear's dim eye beheld alone  
The spear-heads of the Syrian foe.

There are, who, like the Seer of old,  
Can see the helpers God has sent,  
And how life's rugged mountain-side  
Is white with many an angel tent!

They hear the heralds whom our Lord  
Sends down his pathway to prepare;  
And light, from others hidden, shines  
On their high place of faith and prayer.

Let such, for earth's despairing ones,  
Hopeless, yet longing to be free,  
Breathe once again the Prophet's prayer:  
"Lord, ope their eyes, that they may see!"

## THE WELL OF LOCH MAREE.\*

CALM on the breast of Loch Maree  
 A little isle reposes;  
 A shadow woven of the oak  
 And willow o'er it closes.

Within, a Druid's mound is seen,  
 Set round with stony warders;  
 A fountain, gushing through the turf,  
 Flows o'er its grassy borders.

And whoso bathes therein his brow,  
 With care or madness burning,  
 Feels once again his healthful thought  
 And sense of peace returning.

O ! restless heart and fevered brain,  
 Unquiet and unstable,  
 That holy well of Loch Maree  
 Is more than idle fable !

Life's changes vex, its discords stun,  
 Its glaring sunshine blindeth,  
 And blest is he who on his way  
 That fount of healing findeth !

The shadows of a humbled will  
 And contrite heart are o'er it:  
 Go, read its legend—"TRUST IN GOD"—  
 On Faith's white stones before it.

## TO MY SISTER:

WITH A COPY OF "SUPERNATURALISM IN NEW ENGLAND."

DEAR SISTER !—while the wise and sage  
 Turn coldly from my playful page,  
 And count it strange that ripened age  
 Should stoop to boyhood's folly;  
 I know that thou wilt judge aright  
 Of all which makes the heart more light,  
 Or lends one star-gleam to the night  
 Of clouded Melancholy.

Away with the weary cares and themes !—  
 Swing wide the moonlit gate of dreams !

\* Pennant, in his "Voyage to the Hebrides," describes the holy well of Loch Maree, the waters of which were supposed to effect a miraculous cure of melancholy, trouble, and insanity.

Leave free once more the land which teems  
 With wonders and romances!  
 Where thou, with clear discerning eyes,  
 Shalt rightly read the truth which lies  
 Beneath the quaintly masking guise  
 Of wild and wizard fancies.

Lo! once again our feet we set  
 On still green wood-paths, twilight wet,  
 By lonely brooks, whose waters fret  
 The roots of spectral beeches;  
 Again the hearth-fire glimmers o'er  
 Home's whitewashed wall and painted floor,  
 And young eyes widening to the lore  
 Of faëry-folks and witches.

Dear heart!—the legend is not vain  
 Which lights that holy hearth again,  
 And, calling back from care and pain,  
 And death's funereal sadness,  
 Draws round its old familiar blaze  
 The clustering groups of happier days,  
 And lends to sober manhood's gaze  
 A glimpse of childish gladness.

And, knowing how my life hath been  
 A weary work of tongue and pen,  
 A long, harsh strife, with strong-willed men  
 Thou wilt not chide my turning,  
 To con, at times, an idle rhyme,  
 To pluck a flower from childhood's clime,  
 Or listen, at Life's noonday chime,  
 For the sweet bells of Morning!

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### AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

FROM "MARGARET SMITH'S JOURNAL."

GONE hath the Spring, with all its flowers,  
 And gone the Summer's pomp and show,  
 And Autumn, in his leafless bowers,  
 Is waiting for the Winter's snow.

I said to Earth, so cold and gray,  
 "An emblem of myself thou art:"  
 "Not so," the Earth did seem to say,  
 "For Spring shall warm my frozen heart."

I soothe my wintry sleep with dreams  
 Of warmer sun and softer rain,

And wait to hear the sound of streams  
And songs of merry birds again.

But thou, from whom the Spring hath gone,  
For whom the flowers no longer blow,  
Who standest blighted and forlorn,  
Like Autumn waiting for the snow:

No hope is thine of sunnier hours,  
Thy Winter shall no more depart;  
No Spring revive thy wasted flowers,  
Nor Summer warm thy frozen heart.

## CALEF IN BOSTON, 1692.

IN the solemu days of old,  
Two men met in Boston town—  
One a tradesman frank and bold,  
One a preacher of renown.

Cried the last, in bitter tone—  
“Poisoner of the wells of truth!  
Satan’s hireling, thou hast sown  
With his tares the heart of youth!”

Spake the simple tradesman then—  
“God be judge ’twixt thou and I;  
All thou knowest of truth hath been  
Unto men like thee a lie.

“Falsehoods which we spurn to-day  
Were the truths of long ago;  
Let the dead boughs fall away,  
Fresher shall the living grow.

“God is good and God is light.  
In this faith I rest secure;  
Evil can but serve the right,  
Over all shall love endure.

“Of your spectral puppet play  
I have traced the cunning wires;  
Come what will, I needs must say,  
God is true, and ye are liars.”

When the thought of man is free,  
Error fears its lightest tones;  
So the priest cried, “Sadducee!”  
And the people took up stones.

In the ancient burying-ground,  
 Side by side the twain now lie—  
 One with humble grassy mound,  
 One with marbles pale and high.

But the Lord hath blest the seed  
 Which that tradesman scattered then,  
 And the preacher's spectral creed  
 Chills no more the blood of men.

Let us trust, to one is known  
 Perfect love which casts out fear,  
 While the other's joys atone  
 For the wrong he suffered here.

---

TO PIUS IX.\*

THE cannon's brazen lips are cold;  
 No red shell blazes down the air;  
 And street and tower, and temple old,  
 Are silent as despair.

The Lombard stands no more at bay—  
 Rome's fresh young life has bled in vain;  
 The ravens scattered by the day  
 Come back with night again.

Now, while the fratricides of France  
 Are treading on the neck of Rome,  
 Hider at Gaeta—seize thy chance!  
 Coward and cruel, come!

Creep now from Naples' bloody skirt;  
 Thy mummer's part was acted well,  
 While Rome, with steel and fire begirt,  
 Before thy crusade fell!

Her death-groans answered to thy prayer;  
 Thy chant, the drum and bugle-call;  
 Thy lights, the burning villa's glare;  
 Thy beads, the shell and ball!

Let Austria clear thy way, with hands  
 Foul from Ancona's cruel sack,

\* The writer of these lines is no enemy of Catholics. He has, on more than one occasion, exposed himself to the censures of his Protestant brethren, by his strenuous endeavors to procure indemnification for the owners of the convent destroyed near Boston. He defended the cause of the Irish patriots long before it had become popular in this country; and he was one of the first to urge the most liberal aid to the suffering and starving population of the Catholic island. The severity of his language finds its ample apology in the reluctant confession of one of the most eminent Romish priests, the eloquent and devoted Father Ventura.

And Naples, with his dastard bands  
Of murderers, lead thee back!

Rome's lips are dumb; the orphan's wail,  
The mother's shriek, thou may'st not hear,  
Above the faithless Frenchman's hail,  
The unsexed shaveling's cheer!

Go, bind on Rome her cast-off weight,  
The double curse of crook and crown,  
Though woman's scorn and manhood's hate  
From wall and roof flash down!

Nor heed those blood-stains on the wall,  
Not Tiber's flood can wash away,  
Where, in thy stately Quirinal,  
Thy mangled victims lay!

Let the world murmur; let its cry  
Of horror and disgust be heard;—  
Truth stands alone; thy coward lie  
Is backed by lance and sword!

The cannon of St. Angelo,  
And chanting priest and clanging bell,  
And beat of drum and bugle blow,  
Shall greet thy coming well!

Let lips of iron and tongues of slaves  
Fit welcome give thee;—for her part,  
Rome, frowning o'er her new-made graves,  
Shall curse thee from her heart!

No wreaths of sad Campagna's flowers  
Shall childhood in thy pathway fling;  
No garlands from their ravaged bowers  
Shall Terni's maidens bring;

But, hateful as that tyrant old,  
The mocking witness of his crime,  
In thee shall loathing eyes behold  
The Nero of our time!

Stand where Rome's blood was freest shed,  
Mock Heaven with impious thanks, and call  
Its curses on the patriot dead,  
Its blessings on the Gaul!

Or sit upon thy throne of lies,  
A poor, mean idol, blood-besmeared,  
Whom even its worshippers despise—  
Unhonored, unrevered!

Yet, Scandal of the World! from thee  
 One needful truth mankind shall learn—  
 That kings and priests to Liberty  
 And God are false in turn.

Earth wearies of them; and the long  
 Meek sufferance of the Heavens doth fail;  
 Woe for weak tyrants, when the strong  
 Wake, struggle, and prevail!

Not vainly Roman hearts have bled  
 To feed the Crozier and the Crown,  
 If, roused thereby, the world shall tread  
 The twin-born vampires down!

---

ELLIOTT.\*

HANDS off! thou tythe-fat plunderer! play  
 No trick of priestcraft here!  
 Back, puny lordling! darest thou lay  
 A hand on Elliott's bier?  
 Alive, your rank and pomp, as dust,  
 Beneath his feet he trod:  
 He knew the locust swarm that cursed  
 The harvest-fields of God.

On these pale lips, the smothered thought  
 Which England's millions feel,  
 A fierce and fearful splendor caught,  
 As from his forge the steel.  
 Strong-armed as Thor—a shower of fire  
 His smitten anvil flung;  
 God's curse, Earth's wrong, dumb Hunger's ire—  
 He gave them all a tongue!

Then let the poor man's horny hands  
 Bear up the mighty dead,  
 And labor's swart and stalwart bands  
 Behind as mourners tread.  
 Leave cant and craft their baptized bounds,  
 Leave rank its minster floor;  
 Give England's green and daisied grounds  
 The poet of the poor!

\* Ebenezer Elliott, the intelligence of whose death has recently reached us, was to the artisans of England what Burns was to the peasantry of Scotland. His "Corn-law Rhymes" contributed not a little to that overwhelming tide of popular opinion and feeling which resulted in the repeal of the tax on bread. Well has the eloquent author of "The Reforms and Reformers of Great Britain" said of him: "Not corn-law repealers alone, but all Britons who moisten their scanty bread with the sweat of the brow, are largely indebted to his inspiring lays for the mighty bound which the laboring mind of England has taken in our day."

Lay down upon his Sheaf's green verge  
 That brave old heart of oak,  
 With fitting dirge from sounding forge,  
 And pall of furnace smoke!  
 Where whirls the stone its dizzy rounds,  
 And axe and sledge are swung,  
 And, timing to their stormy sounds,  
 His stormy lays are sung.

Then let the peasant's step be heard,  
 The grinder chant his rhyme;  
 Nor patron's praise nor dainty word  
 Befits the man or time.  
 No soft lament nor dreamer's sigh  
 For him whose words were dread—  
 The Runic rhyme and spell whereby  
 The foodless poor were fed!

Pile up thy tombs of rank and pride,  
 O England, as thou wilt!  
 With pomp to nameless worth denied,  
 Emblazon titled guilt!  
 No part or lot in these we claim;  
 But, o'er the sounding wave,  
 A common right to Elliott's name,  
 A free hold in his grave!

---

ICHABOD!

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn  
 Which once he wore!  
 The glory from his gray hairs gone  
 Forevermore!

Reville him not—the Tempter hath  
 A snare for all;  
 And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,  
 Befit his fall!

Oh! dumb be passion's stormy rage  
 When he who might  
 Have lighted up and led his age,  
 Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to mark  
 A bright soul driven,  
 Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,  
 From hope and heaven?

Let not the land, once proud of him,  
 Insult him now,  
 Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,  
 Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,  
 From sea to lake,  
 A long lament, as for the dead,  
 In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught  
 Save power remains—  
 A fallen angel's pride of thought,  
 Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes  
 The soul has fled:  
 When faith is lost, when honor dies,  
 The man is dead!

Then, pay the reverence of old days  
 To his dead fame;  
 Walk backward, with averted gaze,  
 And hide the shame!

### THE CHRISTIAN TOURISTS.\*

No aimless wanderers, by the fiend Unrest  
 Goaded from shore to shore;  
 No schoolmen, turning, in their classic quest,  
 The leaves of empire o'er.  
 Simple of faith, and bearing in their hearts  
 The love of man and God,  
 Isles of old song, the Moslem's ancient marts,  
 And Scythia's steppes, they trod.

Where the long shadows of the fir and pine  
 In the night sun are cast,  
 And the deep heart of many a norland mine  
 Quakes at each riving blast;  
 Where, in barbaric grandeur, Moskwa stands,  
 A baptized Scythian queen,  
 With Europe's arts and Asia's jewelled hands,  
 The North and East between!

Where still, through vales of Grecian fable, stray  
 The classic forms of yore,

\* The reader of the Biography of the late William Allen, the philanthropic associate of Clarkson and Romilly, cannot fail to admire his simple and beautiful record of a tour through Europe in the years 1818 and 1819, in the company of his American friend, Stephen Grellett.

And Beauty smiles, new risen from the spray,  
And Dian weeps once more;  
Where every tongue in Smyrna's mart resounds!  
And Stamboul from the sea  
Lifts her tall minarets over burial-grounds  
Black with the cypress tree!

From Malta's temples to the gates of Rome,  
Following the track of Paul,  
And where the Alps gird round the Switzer's home  
Their vast, eternal wall;  
They paused not by the ruins of old time,  
They scanned no pictures rare,  
Nor lingered where the snow-locked mountains climb  
The cold abyss of air!

But unto prisons, where men lay in chains,  
To haunts where Hunger pined,  
To kings and courts forgetful of the pains  
And wants of human kind,  
Scattering sweet words, and quiet deeds of good,  
Along their way, like flowers,  
Or, pleading as Christ's freemen only could  
With princes and with powers;

Their single aim the purpose to fulfil  
Of Truth, from day to day,  
Simply obedient to its guiding will,  
They held their pilgrim way.  
Yet dream not, hence, the beautiful and old,  
Were wasted on their sight,  
Who in the school of Christ had learned to hold  
All outward things aright.

Not less to them the breath of vineyards blown  
From off the Cyprian shore,  
Not less for them the Alps in sunset shone,  
That man they valued more.  
A life of beauty lends to all it sees  
The beauty of its thought;  
And fairest forms and sweetest harmonies  
Make glad its way, unsought.

In sweet accordancy of praise and love,  
The singing waters run;  
And sunset mountains wear in light above  
The smile of duty done;  
Sure stands the promise—ever to the meek  
A heritage is given:  
Nor lose they Earth who, single-hearted, seek  
The righteousness of Heaven!

## THE MEN OF OLD.

WELL speed thy mission, bold Iconoclast!  
 Yet all unworthy of its trust thou art,  
 If, with dry eye, and cold, unloving heart,  
 Thou tread'st the solemn Pantheon of the Past,  
 By the great Future's dazzling hope made blind  
 To all the beauty, power, and truth, behind.  
 Not without reverent awe shouldst thou put by  
 The cypress branches and the amaranth blooms,  
 Where, with clasped hands of prayer, upon their tombs  
 The effigies of old confessors lie,  
 God's witnesses; the voices of his will,  
 Heard in the slow march of the centuries still!  
 Such were the men at whose rebuking frown,  
 Dark with God's wrath, the tyrant's knee went down;  
 Such from the terrors of the guilty drew  
 The vassal's freedom and the poor man's due.

St. Anselm (may he rest forevermore  
 In Heaven's sweet peace!) forbade, of old, the sale  
 Of men as slaves, and from the sacred pale  
 Hurl'd the Northumbrian buyers of the poor.  
 To ransom souls from bonds and evil fate  
 St. Ambrose melted down the sacred plate—  
 Image of saint, the chalice, and the pix,  
 Crosses of gold, and silver candlesticks.  
 "MAN IS WORTH MORE THAN TEMPLES!" he replied  
 To such as came his holy work to chide.  
 And brave Cesarius, stripping altars bare,  
 And coining from the Abbey's golden hoard  
 The captive's freedom, answered to the prayer  
 Or threat of those whose fierce zeal for the Lord  
 Stifled their love of man—"An earthen dish  
 The last sad supper of the Master bore:  
 Most miserable sinners! do ye wish  
 More than your Lord, and grudge his dying poor  
 What your own pride and not his need requires?  
 Souls, than these shining gauds, He values more;  
 Mercy, not sacrifice, his heart desires!"  
 O faithful worthies! resting far behind  
 In your dark ages, since ye fell asleep,  
 Much has been done for truth and human kind—  
 Shadows are scattered wherein ye groped blind;  
 Man claims his birthright, freer pulses leap  
 Through peoples driven in your day like sheep;  
 Yet, like your own, our age's sphere of light,  
 Though widening still, is walled around by night;  
 With slow, reluctant eye, the Church has read,  
 Sceptic at heart, the lessons of its Head;

Counting, too oft, its living members less  
 Than the wall's garnish and the pulpit's dress;  
 World-moving zeal, with power to bless and feed  
 Life's fainting pilgrims, to their utter need,  
 Instead of bread, holds out the stone of creed;  
 Sect builds and worships where its wealth and pride  
 And vanity stand shrined and deified,  
 Careless that in the shadow of its walls  
 God's living temple into ruin falls.  
 We need, methinks, the prophet-hero still,  
 Saints true of life, and martyrs strong of will,  
 To tread the land, even now, as Xavier trod  
 The streets of Goa, barefoot, with his bell,  
 Proclaiming freedom in the name of God,  
 And startling tyrants with the fear of hell!  
 Soft words, smooth prophecies, are doubtless well;  
 But to rebuke the age's popular crime,  
 We need the souls of fire, the hearts of that old time!

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## THE PEACE CONVENTION AT BRUSSELS.

STILL in thy streets, oh Paris! doth the stain  
 Of blood defy the cleansing autumn rain;  
 Still breaks the smoke Messina's ruins through,  
 And Naples mourns that new Bartholomew,  
 When squalid beggary, for a dole of bread,  
 At a crowned murderer's beck of license fed  
 The yawning trenches with her noble dead;  
 Still, doomed Vienna, through thy stately halls  
 The shell goes crashing and the red shot falls,  
 And, leagued to crush thee, on the Danube's side,  
 The bearded Croat and Bosniak spearmen ride;  
 Still in that vale where Himalaya's snow  
 Melts round the cornfields and the vines below,  
 The Sikh's hot cannon, answering ball for ball,  
 Flames in the breach of Moultan's shattered wall;  
 On Chenab's side the vulture seeks the slain,  
 And Sutlej paints with blood its banks again.  
 "What folly, then," the faithless critic cries,  
 With sneering lip, and wise, world-knowing eyes,  
 "While fort to fort, and post to post, repeat  
 The ceaseless challenge of the war-drum's beat,  
 And round the green earth, to the church-bell's chime,  
 The morning drum-roll of the camp keeps time,  
 To dream of peace amidst a world in arms,  
 Of swords to ploughshares changed by scriptural charms,  
 Of nations, drunken with the wine of blood,  
 Staggering to take the Pledge of Brotherhood,  
 Like tipplers answering Father Mathew's call—  
 The sullen Spaniard, and the mad-cap Gaul,

The bulldog Briton, yielding but with life,  
 The Yankee swaggering with his bowie knife,  
 The Russ, from banquets with the vulture shared  
 The blood still dripping from his amber beard,  
 Quitting their mad Berserker dance, to hear  
 The dull, meek droning of a drab-coat seer;  
 Leaving the sport of Presidents and Kings,  
 Where men for dice each titled gambler flings,  
 To meet alternate on the Seine and Thames,  
 For tea and gossip, like old country dames!  
 No! let the cravens plead the weakling's cant,  
 Let Cobden cipher, and let Vincent rant,  
 Let Sturge preach peace to democratic throngs,  
 And Burritt, stammering through his hundred tongues,  
 Repeat, in all, his ghostly lessons o'er,  
 Timed to the pauses of the battery's roar;  
 Check Ban or Kaiser with the barricade  
 Of 'Olive-leaves' and Resolutions made,  
 Spike guns with pointed scripture-texts, and hope  
 To capsize navies with a windy trope;  
 Still shall the glory and the pomp of War  
 Along their train the shouting millions draw;  
 Still dusty Labor to the passing Brave  
 His cap shall doff, and Beauty's kerchief wave;  
 Still shall the bard to Valor tune his song,  
 Still Hero-worship kneel before the Strong;  
 Rosy and sleek, the sable-gowned divine,  
 O'er his third bottle of suggestive wine,  
 To plumed and sworded auditors, shall prove  
 Their trade accordant with the Law of Love;  
 And Church for State, and State for Church, shall fight,  
 And both agree, that Might alone is Right!"  
 Despite of sneers like these, oh, faithful few,  
 Who dare to hold God's word and witness true,  
 Whose clear-eyed faith transcends our evil time,  
 And, o'er the present wilderness of crime,  
 Sees the calm future, with its robes of green,  
 Its fleece-flecked mountains, and soft streams between,—  
 Still keep the path which duty bids ye tread,  
 Though worldly wisdom shake the cautious head;  
 No truth from Heaven descends upon our sphere,  
 Without the greeting of the sceptic's sneer;  
 Denied and mocked at, till its blessings fall,  
 Common as dew and sunshine, over all.

Then, o'er Earth's war-field, till the strife shall cease,  
 Like Morven's harpers, sing your song of peace;  
 As in old fable rang the Thracian's lyre,  
 Midst howl of fiends and roar of penal fire,  
 Till the fierce din to pleasing murmurs fell,  
 And love subdued the maddened heart of hell.

Lend, once again, that holy song a tongue,  
 Which the glad angels of the Advent sung,  
 Their cradle-anthem for the Saviour's birth,  
 Glory to God, and peace unto the earth!  
 Through the mad discord send that calming word  
 Which wind and wave on wild Genesareth heard,  
 Lift in Christ's name his Cross against the Sword!  
 Not vain the vision which the prophets saw,  
 Skirting with green the fiery waste of war,  
 Through the hot sand-gleam, looming soft and calm  
 On the sky's rim, the fountain-shading palm.  
 Still lives for Earth, which fiends so long have trod,  
 The great hope resting on the truth of God—  
 Evil shall cease and Violence pass away,  
 And the tired world breathe free through a long Sabbath  
 day.

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### THE WISH OF TO-DAY.

I ASK not now for gold to gild  
 With mocking shine a weary frame;  
 The yearning of the mind is stilled—  
 I ask not now for Fame.

A rose-cloud, dimly seen above,  
 Melting in heaven's blue depths away—  
 O! sweet, fond dream of human Love!  
 For thee I may not pray.

But, bowed in lowliness of mind,  
 I make my humble wishes known—  
 I only ask a will resigned,  
 O Father, to thine own!

To-day, beneath thy chastening eye,  
 I crave alone for peace and rest,  
 Submissive in thy hand to lie,  
 And feel that it is best.

A marvel seems the Universe,  
 A miracle our Life and Death;  
 A mystery which I cannot pierce,  
 Around, above, beneath.

In vain I task my aching brain,  
 In vain the sage's thought I scan  
 I only feel how weak and vain,  
 How poor and blind, is man.

And now my spirit sighs for home,  
 And longs for light whereby to see,

And, like a weary child, would come,  
O Father, unto Thee!

Though oft, like letters traced on sand,  
My weak resolves have passed away,  
In mercy lend thy helping hand  
Unto my prayer to-day!

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### OUR STATE.

THE South-land boasts its teeming cane,  
The prairied West its heavy grain,  
And sunset's radiant gates unfold  
On rising marts and sands of gold!

Rough, bleak and hard, our little State  
Is scant of soil, of limits strait;  
Her yellow sands are sands alone,  
Her only mines are ice and stone.

From Autumn frost to April rain,  
Too long her Winter woods complain;  
From budding flower to falling leaf,  
Her Summer time is all too brief.

Yet, on her rocks, and on her sands,  
And wintry hills, the school-house stands,  
And what her rugged soil denies,  
The harvest of the mind supplies.

The riches of the commonwealth  
Are free, strong minds, and hearts of health;  
And more to her than gold or grain,  
The cunning hand and cultured brain.

For well she keeps her ancient stock,  
The stubborn strength of Pilgrim Rock;  
And still maintains, with milder laws,  
And clearer light, the Good Old Cause!

Nor heeds the sceptic's puny hands,  
While near her school the church spire stands;  
Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule,  
While near her church-spire stands the school!

---

### ALL'S WELL.

THE clouds, which rise with thunder, slake  
Our thirsty souls with rain;  
The blow most dreaded falls to break  
From off our limbs a chain;

And wrongs of man to man but make  
The love of God more plain.  
As through the shadowy lens of even  
The eye looks farthest into heaven,  
On gleams of star and depths of blue  
The glaring sunshine never knew!

---

## SEED TIME AND HARVEST.

As o'er his furrowed fields which lie  
Beneath a coldly-dropping sky  
Yet chill with winter's melted snow,  
The husbandman goes forth to sow;

Thus, Freedom, on the bitter blast  
The ventures of thy seed we cast,  
And trust to warmer sun and rain,  
To swell the germ, and fill the grain.

Who calls thy glorious service hard?  
Who deems it not its own reward?  
Who, for its trials, counts it less  
A cause of praise and thankfulness?

It may not be our lot to wield  
The sickle in the ripened field;  
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,  
The reaper's song among the sheaves;

Yet where our duty's task is wrought  
In unison with God's great thought,  
The near and future blend in one,  
And whatsoe'er is willed is done!

And ours the grateful service whence  
Comes, day by day, the recompense;  
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed  
The fountain and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span,  
The only end and aim of man,  
Better the toil of fields like these  
Than waking dream and slothful ease.

But life, though falling like our grain,  
Like that revives and springs again;  
And, early called, how blest are they  
Who wait in heaven their harvest-day!

## TO A. K.

## ON RECEIVING A BASKET OF SEA-MOSSES.

THANKS for thy gift  
 Of ocean flowers,  
 Born where the golden drift  
 Of the slant sunshine falls  
 Down the green, tremulous walls  
 Of water, to the cool, still coral bowers,  
 Where, under rainbows of perpetual showers,  
 God's gardens of the deep  
 His patient angels keep;  
 Gladdening the dim, strange solitude  
 With fairest forms and hues, and thus  
 Forever teaching us  
 The lesson which the many-colored skies,  
 The flowers, and leaves, and painted butterflies,  
 The deer's branched antlers, the gay bird that flings  
 The tropic sunshine from its golden wings,  
 The brightness of the human countenance,  
 Its play of smiles, the magic of a glance,  
 Forevermore repeat,  
 In varied tones and sweet,  
 That beauty, in and of itself, is good.

O, kind and generous friend, o'er whom  
 The sunset hues of Time are cast,  
 Painting, upon the overpast  
 And scattered clouds of noonday sorrow,  
 The promise of a fairer morrow,  
 An earnest of the better life to come;  
 The binding of the spirit broken,  
 The warning to the erring spoken,  
 The comfort of the sad,  
 The eye to see, the hand to cull  
 Of common things the beautiful,  
 The absent heart made glad  
 By simple gift or graceful token  
 Of love it needs as daily food,  
 All own one Source, and all are good!  
 Hence, tracking sunny cove and reach,  
 Where spent waves glimmer up the beach,  
 And toss their gifts of weed and shell  
 From foamy curve and combing swell,  
 No unbefitting task was thine  
 To weave these flowers so soft and fair  
 In unison with his design,  
 Who loveth beauty everywhere;  
 And makes in every zone and clime,  
 In ocean and in upper air,  
 "All things beautiful in their time."

For not alone in tones of awe and power  
 He speaks to man;  
 The cloudy horror of the thunder-shower  
 His rainbows span;  
 And, where the caravan  
 Winds o'er the desert, leaving, as in air  
 The crane-flock leaves, no trace of passage there  
 He gives the weary eye  
 The palm-leaf shadow for the hot noon hour  
 And on its branches dry  
 Calls out the acacia's flowers;  
 And, where the dark shaft pierces down  
 Beneath the mountain roots,  
 Seen by the miner's lamp alone,  
 The star-like crystal shoots;  
 So, where, the winds and waves below,  
 The coral-branchéd gardens grow,  
 His climbing weeds and mosses show,  
 Like foliage, on each stony bough,  
 Of varied hues more strangely gay  
 Than forest leaves in autumn's day;—  
 Thus evermore,  
 On sky, and wave, and shore,  
 An all-pervading beauty seems to say:  
 God's love and power are one; and they  
 Who, like the thunder of a sultry day,  
 Smite to restore,  
 And they, who, like the gentle wind, uplift  
 The petals of the dew-wet flowers, and drift  
 Their perfume on the air,  
 Alike may serve Him, each, with their own gift,  
 Making their lives a prayer!

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### THE CURSE OF THE CHARTER-BREAKERS.

[The rights and liberties affirmed by MAGNA CHARTA were deemed of such importance, in the thirteenth century, that the bishops, twice a year, with tapers burning, and in their pontifical robes, pronounced, in the presence of the king and the representatives of the estates of England, the greater excommunication against the infringer of that instrument. The imposing ceremony took place in the great Hall of Westminster. A copy of the curse, as pronounced in 1253, declares that, "By the authority of Almighty God, and the blessed Apostles and Martyrs, and all the saints in heaven, all those who violate the English liberties, and secretly or openly, by deed, word, or counsel, do make statutes, *or observe them being made*, against said liberties, are accursed and sequestered from the company of heaven and the sacraments of the Holy Church."]

WILLIAM PENN, in his admirable political pamphlet, "England's Present Interest Considered," alluding to the curse of the Charter-breakers, says: "I am no Roman Catholic, and little value their other curses; yet I declare I would not for the world incur this curse, as every man deservedly doth, who offers violence to the fundamental freedom thereby repeated and confirmed."]

IN Westminster's royal halls,  
 Robed in their pontificals,  
 England's ancient prelates stood  
 For the people's right and good.

Closed around the waiting crowd,  
Dark and still, like winter's cloud;  
King and council, lord and knight,  
Squire and yeoman, stood in sight—

Stood to hear the priest rehearse,  
In God's name, the Church's curse,  
By the tapers round them lit,  
Slowly, sternly uttering it.

“ Right of voice in framing laws,  
Right of peers to try each cause;  
Peasant homestead, mean and small  
Sacred as the monarch's hall—

“ Whoso lays his hand on these,  
England's ancient liberties—  
Whoso breaks, by word or deed,  
England's vow at Runnymede—

“ Be he Prince or belted knight,  
Whatsoe'er his rank or might,  
If the highest, then the worst,  
Let him live and die accursed.

“ Thou, who to thy Church hast given  
Keys alike, of hell and heaven,  
Make our word and witness sure,  
Let the curse we speak endure! ”

Silent, while that curse was said,  
Every bare and listening head  
Bowed in reverent awe, and then  
All the people said, Amen!

Seven times the bells have tolled,  
For the centuries gray and old,  
Since that stoled and mitred band  
Cursed the tyrants of their land.

Since the priesthood, like a tower,  
Stood between the poor and power;  
And the wronged and trodden down  
Blessed the abbot's shaven crown.

Gone, thank God, their wizard spell,  
Lost, their keys of heaven and hell;  
Yet I sigh for men as bold  
As those bearded priests of old.

Now, too oft the priesthood wait  
At the threshold of the state—

Waiting for the beck and nod  
Of its power as law and God.

Fraud exults, while solemn words  
Sanctify his stolen hoards;  
Slavery laughs, while ghostly lips  
Bless his manacles and whips.

Not on them the poor rely,  
Not to them looks liberty,  
Who with fawning falsehood cower  
To the wrong, when clothed with power.

Oh! to see them meanly cling,  
Round the master, round the king,  
Sported with, and sold and bought—  
Pitifullest sight is not!

Tell me not that this must be:  
God's true priest is always free;  
Free, the needed truth to speak,  
Right the wronged, and raise the weak.

Not to fawn on wealth and state,  
Leaving Lazarus at the gate—  
Not to peddle creeds like wares—  
Not to mutter hireling prayers—

Not to paint the new life's bliss  
On the sable ground of this—  
Golden streets for idle knave,  
Sabbath rest for weary slave!

Not for words and works like these,  
Priest of God, thy mission is;  
But to make earth's desert glad,  
In its Eden greenness clad;

And to level manhood bring  
Lord and peasant, serf and king;  
And the Christ of God to find  
In the humblest of thy kind!

Thine to work as well as pray  
Clearing thorny wrongs away;  
Plucking up the weeds of sin,  
Letting heaven's warm sunshine in—

Watching on the hills of faith;  
Listening what the spirit saith,  
Of the dim-seen light afar,  
Growing like a nearing star,

God's interpreter art thou,  
To the waiting ones below ;  
'Twixt them and its light midway  
Heralding the better day—

Catching gleams of temple spires,  
Hearing notes of angel choirs,  
Where, as yet unseen of them,  
Comes the New Jerusalem!

Like the seer of Patmos gazing,  
On the glory downward blazing;  
Till upon Earth's grateful sod  
Rests the City of our God!

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### THE SLAVES OF MARTINIQUE.

SUGGESTED BY A DAGUERRETYPE FROM A FRENCH ENGRAVING.

BEAMS of noon, like burning lances, through the tree-tops flash and  
glisten,  
As she stands before her lover, with raised face to look and listen.

Dark, but comely, like the maiden in the ancient Jewish song:  
Scarcely has the toil of task-fields done her graceful beauty wrong.

He, the strong one and the manly, with the vassal's garb and hue,  
Holding still his spirit's birthright, to his higher nature true;

Hiding deep the strengthening purpose of a freeman in his heart,  
As the greegree holds his Fetich from the white man's gaze apart.

Ever foremost of his comrades, when the driver's morning horn  
Calls away to stifling mill-house, to the fields of cane and corn;

Fall the keen and burning lashes, never on his back or limb;  
Scarce with look or word of censure, turns the driver unto him.

Yet, his brow is always thoughtful and his eye is hard and stern;  
Slavery's last and humblest lesson, he has never deigned to learn.

And, at evening, when his comrades dance before their master's door,  
Folding arms and knitting forehead, stands he silent evermore.

God be praised for every instinct which rebels against a lot,  
Where the brute survives the human and man's upright form is not!

As the serpent-like bejuco winds his spiral fold on fold,  
Round the tall and stately ceiba, till it withers in its hold;—

Slow decays the forest monarch, closer girds the fell embrace,  
Till the tree is seen no longer and the vine is in his place—

So a base and bestial nature round the vassal's manhood twines,  
And the spirit wastes beneath it, like the ceiba choked with vines.

God is Love, saith the Evangel; and our world of woe and sin  
Is made light and happy only when a Love is shining in

Ye whose lives are free as sunshine, finding wheresoe'er ye roam,  
Smiles of welcome, looks of kindness, making all the world like home;

In the veins of whose affections kindred blood is but a part,  
Of one kindly current throbbing from the universal heart;

Can ye know the deeper meaning of a love in Slavery nursed,  
Last flower of a lost Eden, blooming in that Soil accursed?

Love of Home, and Love of Woman!—dear to all, but doubly dear  
To the heart whose pulses elsewhere measure only hate and fear.

All around the desert circles, underneath a brazen sky,  
Only one green spot remaining where the dew is never dry!

From the horror of that desert, from its atmosphere of hell,  
Turns the fainting spirit thither, as the diver seeks his bell.

'Tis the fervid tropic noontime; faint and low the sea-waves beat;  
Hazy rise the inland mountains through the glimmer of the heat,—

Where, through mingled leaves and blossoms arrowy sunbeams flash  
and glisten,  
Speaks her lover to the slave girl, and she lifts her head to listen :—

“ We shall live as slaves no longer! Freedom's hour is close at hand!  
Rocks her bark upon the waters, rests the boat upon the strand!

“ I have seen the Haytien Captain; I have seen his swarthy crew,  
Haters of the pallid faces, to their race and color true.

“ They have sworn to wait our coming till the night has passed its noon,  
And the gray and darkening waters roll above the sunken moon!”

Oh! the blessed hope of freedom! how with joy and glad surprise,  
For an instant throbs her bosom, for an instant beam her eyes!

But she looks across the valley, where her mother's hut is seen,  
Through the snowy bloom of coffee and the lemon leaves so green

And she answers, sad and earnest: “ It were wrong for thee to stay;  
God hath heard thy prayer for freedom, and his finger points the way.

" Well I know with what endurance, for the sake of me and mine,  
Thou hast borne too long a burden, never meant for souls like thine.

" Go; and at the hour of midnight, when our last farewell is o'er,  
Kneeling on our place of parting, I will bless thee from the shore.

" But for me, my mother, lying on her sick bed all the day,  
Lifts her weary head to watch me, coming through the twilight gray.

" Should I leave her sick and helpless, even freedom, shared with thee,  
Would be sadder far than bondage, lonely toil, and stripes to me.

" For my heart would die within me, and my brain would soon be wild:  
I should hear my mother calling through the twilight for her child!

Blazing upward from the ocean, shines the sun of morning time,  
Through the coffee trees in blossom, and green hedges of the lime.

Side by side, amidst the slave gang, toil the lover and the maid;  
Wherefore looks he o'er the waters, leaning forward on his spade?

Sadly looks he, deeply sighs he: 'tis the Haytien's sail he sees,  
Like a white cloud of the mountains, driven seaward by the breeze!

But his arm a light hand presses, and he hears a low voice call:  
Hate of Slavery, hope of Freedom, Love is mightier than all.

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### THE CRISIS.

#### WRITTEN ON LEARNING THE TERMS OF THE TREATY WITH MEXICO.

ACROSS the Stony Mountains, o'er the desert's drouth and sand,  
The circles of our empire touch the Western Ocean's strand;  
From slumberous Timpanogos to Gila, wild and free,  
Flowing down from Neuvo Leon to California's sea;  
And from the mountains of the East to Santa Rosa's shore,  
The eagles of Mexitli shall beat the air no more.

O Vale of Rio Bravo! Let thy simple children weep;  
Close watch about their holy fire let maids of Pecos keep;  
Let Taos send her cry across Sierra Madre's pines,  
And Algodones toll her bells amidst her corn and vines;  
For lo! the pale land-seekers come, with eager eyes of gain,  
Wide scattering, like the bison herds on broad Salada's plain.

Let Sacramento's herdsmen heed what sound the winds bring down,  
Of footsteps on the crisping snow, from cold Nevada's crown!  
Full hot and fast the Saxon rides, with rein of travel slack,  
And, bending o'er his saddle, leaves the sunrise at his back;  
By many a lonely river and gorge of fir and pine,  
On many a wintry hilltop his nightly camp-fires shine.

O countrymen and brothers! that land of lake and plain,  
 Of salt wastes alternating with valleys fat with grain;  
 Of mountains white with winter, looking downward, cold, serene,  
 On their feet with spring-vines tangled and lapped in softest green;  
 Swift through those black volcanic gates, o'er many a sunny vale,  
 Wind-like the Arapahoe sweeps the bison's dusty trail!

Great spaces yet untravelled, great lakes whose mystic shores  
 The Saxon rifle never heard, nor dip of Saxon oars;  
 Great herds that wander all unwatched, wild steeds that none have  
 tamed,

Strange fish in unknown streams, and birds the Saxon never named;  
 Deep mines, dark mountain crucibles, where Nature's chemic powers  
 Work out the Great Designer's will:—all these ye say are ours!

Forever ours! for good or ill, on us the burden lies;  
 God's balance, watched by angels, is hung across the skies.  
 Shall Justice, Truth, and Freedom, turn the poised and trembling scale?  
 Or shall the Evil triumph, and robber Wrong prevail?  
 Shall the broad land o'er which our flag in starry splendor waves,  
 Forego through us its freedom, and bear the tread of slaves?

The day is breaking in the East, of which the prophets told,  
 And brightens up the sky of Time the Christian Age of Gold:  
 Old Might to Right is yielding, battle blade to clerkly pen,  
 Earth's monarchs are her peoples, and her serfs stand up as men;  
 The isles rejoice together, in a day are nations born,  
 And the slave walks free in Tunis, and by Stamboul's Golden Horn!

Is this, O countrymen of mine! a day for us to sow  
 The soil of new-gained empire with slavery's seeds of woe?  
 To feed with our fresh life-blood the old world's cast-off crime,  
 Dropped, like some monstrous early birth, from the tired lap of Time?  
 To run anew the evil race the old lost nations ran,  
 And die like them of unbelief of God, and wrong of man?

Great Heaven! Is this our mission? End in this the prayers and tears,  
 The toil, the strife, the watchings of our younger, better years?  
 Still, as the old world rolls in light, shall ours in shadow turn,  
 A beamless Chaos, cursed of God, through outer darkness borne?  
 Where the far nations looked for light, a blackness in the air?  
 Where for words of hope they listened, the long wail of despair?

The Crisis presses on us; face to face with us it stands,  
 With solemn lips of question, like the Sphinx in Egypt's sands!  
 This day we fashion Destiny, our web of Fate we spin;  
 This day for all hereafter choose we holiness or sin;  
 Even now from starry Gerizim, or Ebal's cloudy crown,  
 We call the dews of blessing or the bolts of cursing down!

By all for which the martyrs bore their agony and shame;  
 By all the warning words of truth with which the prophets came;

By the Future which awaits us; by all the hopes which cast  
 Their faint and trembling beams across the blackness of the Past;  
 And by the blessed thought of Him who for Earth's freedom died,  
 O, my people! O, my brothers! let us choose the righteous side.

So shall the Northern pioneer go joyful on his way,  
 To wed Penobscot's waters to San Francisco's bay;  
 To make the rugged places smooth, and sow the vales with grain;  
 And bear, with Liberty and Law, the Bible in his train:  
 The mighty West shall bless the East, and sea shall answer sea,  
 And mountain unto mountain call: PRAISE GOD, FOR WE ARE FREE!

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### THE KNIGHT OF ST. JOHN.

ERE down yon blue Carpathian hills  
 The sun shall sink again!  
 Farewell to life and all its ills,  
 Farewell to cell and chain.

These prison shades are dark and cold,—  
 But, darker far than they,  
 The shadow of a sorrow old  
 Is on my heart away.

For since the day when Warkworth wood  
 Closed o'er my steed and I,  
 An alien from my name and blood,  
 A weed cast out to die,—

When, looking back in sunset light,  
 I saw her turret gleam,  
 And from its casement, far and white,  
 Her sign of farewell stream,

Like one who from some desert shore  
 Doth home's green isles descrie,  
 And, vainly longing, gazes o'er  
 The waste of wave and sky;

So from the desert of my fate  
 I gaze across the past;  
 Forever on life's dial-plate  
 The shade is backward cast!

I've wandered wide from shore to shore,  
 I've knelt at many a shrine;  
 And bowed me to the rocky floor  
 Where Bethlehem's tapers shine;

▲And by the Holy Sepulchre  
I've pledged my knightly sword  
To Christ, his blessed Church, and her,  
The Mother of our Lord.

Oh, vain the vow, and vain the strife!  
How vain do all things seem!  
My soul is in the past, and life  
To-day is but a dream!

In vain the penance strange and long,  
And hard for flesh to bear;  
The prayer, the fasting, and the thong,  
And sackcloth shirt of hair.

The eyes of memory will not sleep,—  
Its ears are open still;  
And vigils with the past they keep  
Against my feeble will.

And still the loves and joys of old  
Do evermore uprise;  
I see the flow of locks of gold,  
The shine of loving eyes!

Ah me! upon another's breast  
Those golden locks recline;  
I see upon another rest  
The glance that once was mine!

“O faithless Priest!—O perjured knight!”  
I hear the Master cry;  
“Shut out the vision from thy sight,  
Let Earth and Nature die!

“The Church of God is now thy spouse,  
And thou the bridegroom art;  
Then let the burden of thy vows  
Crush down thy human heart!”

In vain! This heart its grief must know  
Till life itself hath ceased,  
And falls beneath the self-same blow,  
The lover and the priest!

O pitying Mother! souls of light,  
And saints, and martyrs old!  
Pray for a weak and sinful knight,  
A suffering man uphold.

Then let the Paynim work his will,  
And death unbind my chain,  
Ere down yon blue Carpathian hill  
The sun shall fall again.

## THE HOLY LAND.

FROM LAMARTINE.

I HAVE not felt o'er seas of sand,  
The rocking of the desert bark;  
Nor laved at Hebron's fount my hand,  
By Hebron's palm-trees cool and dark  
Nor pitched my tent at even-fall,  
On dust where Job of old has lain,  
Nor dreamed beneath its canvas wall,  
The dream of Jacob o'er again.

One vast world-page remains unread;  
How shine the stars in Chaldea's sky,  
How sounds the reverent pilgrim's tread,  
How beats the heart with God so nigh!—  
How round gray arch and column lone  
The spirit of the old time broods,  
And sighs in all the winds that moan  
Along the sandy solitudes!

In thy tall cedars, Lebanon,  
I have not heard the nation's cries  
Nor seen thy eagles stooping down  
Where buried Tyre in ruin lies.  
The Christian's prayer I have not said,  
In Tadmor's temples of decay,  
Nor startled with my dreary tread,  
The waste where Memnon's empire lay.

Nor have I, from thy hallowed tide,  
O, Jordan! heard the low lament,  
Like that sad wail along thy side,  
Which Israel's mournful prophet sent!  
Nor thrilled within that grotto lone,  
Where deep in night, the Bard of Kings  
Felt hands of fire direct his own,  
And sweep for God the conscious strings.

I have not climbed to Olivet,  
Nor laid me where my Saviour lay,  
And left his trace of tears as yet  
By angel eyes unwept away;  
Nor watched at midnight's solemn time,  
The garden where His prayer and groan,  
Wrung by His sorrow and our crime,  
Rose to One listening ear alone.

I have not kissed the rock-hewn grot,  
Where in His Mother's arms He lay,

Nor knelt upon the sacred spot  
 Where last His footsteps pressed the clay;  
 Nor looked on that sad mountain head,  
 Nor smote my sinful breast, where wide  
 His arms to fold the world He spread,  
 And bowed His head to bless—and died!

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## MOUNT AGIOCHOOK.

GRAY searcher of the upper air!  
 There's sunshine on thy ancient walls  
 A crown upon thy forehead bare—  
 A flashing on thy water-falls—  
 A rainbow glory in the cloud,  
 Upon thine awful summit bowed,  
 Dim relic of the recent storm!  
 And music, from the leafy shroud  
 Which wraps in green thy giant form,  
 Mellowed and softened from above,  
 Steals down upon the listening ear,  
 Sweet as the maiden's dream of love,  
 With soft tones melting on her ear.

The time has been, gray mountain, when  
 Thy shadows veiled the red man's home;  
 And over crag and serpent den,  
 And wild gorge, where the steps of men  
 In chase or battle might not come,  
 The mountain eagle bore on high  
 The emblem of the free of soul;  
 And midway in the fearful sky  
 Sent back the Indian's battle-cry,  
 Or answered to the thunder's roll.

The wigwam fires have all burned out—  
 The moccasin hath left no track—  
 Nor wolf nor wild-deer roam about  
 The Saco or the Merrimack.  
 And thou that liftest up on high  
 Thine awful barriers to the sky,  
 Art not the haunted mount of old,  
 When on each crag of blasted stone  
 Some mountain-spirit found a throne,  
 And shrieked from out the thick cloud-fold,  
 And answered to the Thunderer's cry  
 When rolled the cloud of tempest by,  
 And jutting rock and riven branch  
 Went down before the avalanche.

The Father of our people then  
 Upon thy awful summit trod,

And the red dwellers of the glen  
 Bowed down before the Indian's God.  
 There, when His shadow veiled the sky,  
 The Thunderer's voice was long and loud,  
 And the red flashes of His eye  
 Were pictured on the o'erhanging cloud.

The Spirit moveth there no more,  
 The dwellers of the hill have gone,  
 The sacred groves are trampled o'er,  
 And footprints mar the altar-stone.  
 The white man climbs thy tallest rock  
 And hangs him from the mossy steep,  
 Where, trembling to the cloud-fire's shock,  
 Thy ancient prison-walls unlock,  
 And captive waters leap to light,  
 And dancing down from height to height,  
 Pass onward to the far-off deep.

Oh, sacred to the Indian seer,  
 Gray altar of the days of old!  
 Still are thy rugged features dear,  
 As when unto my infant ear  
 The legends of the past were told.  
 Tales of the downward sweeping flood,  
 When bowed like reeds thy ancient wood,—  
 Of armed hand and spectral form,  
 Of giants in their misty shroud,  
 And voices calling long and loud  
 In the drear pauses of the storm!  
 Farewell! The red man's face is turned  
 Toward another hunting-ground;  
 For where the council-fire has burned,  
 And o'er the sleeping warrior's mound  
 Another fire is kindled now:  
 Its light is on the white man's brow!  
 The hunter race have passed away—  
 Ay, vanished like the morning mist,  
 Or dewdrops by the sunshine kissed,—  
 And wherefore should the red man stay?

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### METACOM.

RED as the banner which enshrouds  
 The warrior-dead when strife is done,  
 A broken mass of crimson clouds  
 Hung over the departed sun.  
 The shadow of the western hill  
 Crept swiftly down, and darkly still,

As if a sullen wave of night  
 Were rushing on the pale twilight,  
 The forest-openings grew more dim,  
     As glimpses of the arching blue  
     And waking stars came softly through  
 The rifts of many a giant limb.  
 Above the wet and tangled swamp  
 White vapors gathered thick and damp,  
 And through their cloudy curtaining  
 Flapped many a brown and dusky wing—  
 Pinions that fan the moonless dun,  
 But fold them at the rising sun!

Beneath the closing veil of night,  
     And leafy bough and curling fog,  
 With his few warriors ranged in sight—  
 Scarred relics of his latest fight—  
     Rested the fiery Wampanoag.  
 He leaned upon his loaded gun,  
 Warm with its recent work of death,  
 And, save the struggling of his breath  
 That, slow and hard, and long-suppressed  
 Shook the damp folds around his breast,  
 An eye, that was unused to scan  
 The sterner moods of that dark man,  
 Had deemed his tall and silent form  
 With hidden passion fierce and warm,  
 With that fixed eye, as still and dark  
 As clouds which veil their lightning-spark—  
 That of some forest-champion  
 Whom sudden death had passed upon—  
 A giant frozen into stone.  
 Son of the thronéd Sachem,—thou,  
     The sternest of the forest kings,—  
 Shall the scorned pale-one trample now,  
 Unambushed, on thy mountain's brow—  
 Yea, drive his vile and hated plough  
     Among thy nation's holy things,  
 Crushing the warrior-skeleton  
 In scorn beneath his arméd heel,  
 And not a hand be left to deal  
 A kindred vengeance fiercely back,  
 And cross in blood the Spoiler's track?

He started,—for a sudden shot  
     Came booming through the forest-trees—  
 The thunder of the fierce Yengeese:  
 It passed away, and injured not,  
 But, to the Sachem's brow it brought  
 The token of his lion thought.  
 He stood erect—his dark eye burned,  
 As if to meteor-brightness turned;

And o'er his forehead passed the frown  
 Of an archangel stricken down,  
 Ruined and lost, yet chainless still—  
 Weakened of power but strong of will  
 It passed—a sudden tremor came  
 Like ague o'er his giant frame,—  
 It was not terror—he had stood

For hours, with death in grim attendance,  
 When moccasins grew stiff with blood,  
 And through the clearing's midnight flame,  
 Dark, as a storm, the Pequod came,  
 His red right arm their strong dependence—  
 When thrilling through the forest gloom  
 The onset cry of "Metacom!"

Rang on the red and smoky air!—  
 No—it was agony which passed  
 Upon his soul—the strong man's last  
 And fearful struggle with despair.

He turned him to his trustiest one—  
 The old and war-tried Annawon—  
 "Brother"—the favored warrior stood  
 In hushed and listening attitude—  
 "This night the Vision-Spirit hath  
 Unrolled the scroll of fate before me;  
 And ere the sunrise cometh, Death  
 Will wave his dusky pinion o'er me!  
 Nay, start not—well I know thy faith:  
 Thy weapon now may keep its sheath;  
 But when the bodeful morning breaks,  
 And the green forest widely wakes

Unto the roar of Yengeese thunder,  
 Then, trusted brother, be it thine  
 To burst upon the foeman's line  
 And rend his serried strength asunder.  
 Perchance thyself and yet a few  
 Of faithful ones may struggle through,  
 And, rallying on the wooded plain,  
 Offer up in Yengeese blood  
 An offering to the Indian's God."

Another shot—a sharp, quick yell,  
 And then the stifled groan of pain,  
 Told that another red man fell,—  
 And blazed a sudden light again  
 Across that kingly brow and eye,  
 Like lightning on a clouded sky,—  
 And a low growl, like that which thrills  
 The hunter of the Eastern hills,

Burst through clenched teeth and rigid lip—  
 And when the Monarch spoke again,  
 His deep voice shook beneath its rein,

And wrath and grief held fellowship.  
 "Brother! methought when as but now  
   I pondered on my nation's wrong,  
 With sadness on his shadowy brow  
   My father's spirit passed along!  
 He pointed to the far southwest,  
   Where sunset's gold was growing dim,  
   And seemed to beckon me to him,  
 And to the forests of the blest!—  
 My father loved the Yengeese, when  
 They were but children, shelterless;  
 For his great spirit at distress  
 Melted to woman's tenderness—  
 Nor was it given him to know  
   That children whom he cherished then  
 Would rise at length, like armed men,  
 To work his people's overthrow.  
 Yet thus it is;—the God before  
   Whose awful shrine the pale ones bow  
 Hath frowned upon and given o'er  
   The red man to the stranger now!—  
 A few more moons, and there will be  
 No gathering to the council-tree;  
 The scorched earth, the blackened log,  
   The naked bones of warriors slain,  
   Be the sole relics which remain  
 Of the once mighty Wampanoag!  
 The forests of our hunting-land,  
   With all their old and solemn green,  
 Will bow before the Spoiler's axe,  
 The plough displace the hunter's tracks,  
 And the tall Yengeese altar stand  
   Where the Great Spirit's shrine hath been.

"Yet, brother, from this awful hour  
 The dying curse of Metacom  
 Shall linger with abiding power  
   Upon the spoilers of my home.  
   The fearful veil of things to come  
   By Kitchtan's hand is lifted from  
 The shadows of the embryo years;  
   And I can see more clearly through  
 Than ever visioned Powwow did,  
 For all the future comes unbid  
   Yet welcome to my tranced view,  
 As battle-yell to warrior's ears!  
 From stream and lake and hunting-hill  
   Our tribes may vanish like a dream,  
   And even my dark curse may seem  
 Like idle winds when Heaven is still—  
   No bodeful harbinger of ill,

But fiercer than the downright thunder  
 When yawns the mountain-rock asunder,  
 And riven pine and knotted oak  
 Are reeling to the fearful stroke,

That curse shall work its master's will!  
 The bed of yon blue mountain stream  
 Shall pour a darker tide than rain—  
 The sea shall catch its blood-red stain,  
 And broadly on its banks shall gleam  
 The steel of those who should be brothers—  
 Yea, those whom once fond parent nursed  
 Shall meet in strife, like fiends accursed,  
 And trample down the once loved form,  
 While yet with breathing passion warm,  
 As fiercely as they would another's!"

The morning star sat dimly on  
 The lighted eastern horizon—  
 The deadly glare of levelled gun  
 Came streaking through the twilight haze,  
 And naked to its reddest blaze  
 A hundred warriors sprang in view:  
 One dark red arm was tossed on high—  
 One giant shout came hoarsely through  
 The clangor and the charging cry,  
 Just as across the scattering gloom,  
 Red as the naked hand of Doom,  
 The Yengeese volley hurtled by—  
 The arm—the voice of Metacom!—  
 One piercing shriek— one vengeful yell,  
 Sent like an arrow to the sky,  
 Told when the hunter-monarch fell!

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### THE FRATRICIDE.

In the recently published "History of Wyoming,"—a valley rendered classic ground by the poetry of Campbell,—in an account of the attack of Brandt and Butler on the settlements in 1778, a fearful circumstance is mentioned. A tory, who had joined the Indians and British, discovered his own brother, whilst pursuing the Americans, and, deaf to his entreaties, deliberately presented his rifle and shot him dead on the spot. The murderer fled to Canada.

HE stood on the brow of the well-known hill,  
 Its few gray oaks moan'd over him still—  
 The last of that forest which cast the gloom  
 Of its shadow at eve o'er his childhood's home;  
 And the beautiful valley beneath him lay  
 With its quivering leaves, and its streams at play,  
 And the sunshine over it all the while  
 Like the golden shower of the Eastern isle.

He knew the rock with its fingering vine,  
 And its gray top touch'd by the slant sunshine,

And the delicate stream which crept beneath  
Soft as the flow of an infant's breath;  
And the flowers which lean'd to the West wind's sigh,  
Kissing each ripple which glided by;  
And he knew every valley and wooded swell,  
For the visions of childhood are treasured well.

Why shook the old man as his eye glanced down  
That narrow ravine where the rude cliffs frown,  
With their shaggy brows and their teeth of stone,  
And their grim shade back from the sunlight thrown?  
What saw he there save the dreary glen,  
Where the shy fox crept from the eye of men,  
And the great owl sat in the leafy limb  
That the hateful sun might not look on him?

Fix'd, glassy, and strange was that old man's eye,  
As if a spectre were stealing by,  
And glared it still on that narrow dell  
Where thicker and browner the twilight fell;  
Yet at every sigh of the fitful wind,  
Or stirring of leaves in the wood behind,  
His wild glance wander'd the landscape o'er,  
Then fix'd on that desolate dell once more.

Oh, who shall tell of the thoughts which ran  
Through the dizzied brain of that gray old man?  
His childhood's home—and his father's toil—  
And his sister's kiss—and his mother's smile—  
And his brother's laughter and gamesome mirth,  
At the village school and the winter hearth—  
The beautiful thoughts of his early time,  
Ere his heart grew dark with its later crime.

And darker and wilder his visions came  
Of the deadly feud and the midnight flame,  
Of the Indian's knife with its slaughter red,  
Of the ghastly forms of the scalpless dead,  
Of his own fierce deeds in that fearful hour  
When the terrible Brandt was forth in power,—  
And he clasp'd his hands o'er his burning eye  
To shadow the vision which glided by.

It came with the rush of the battle-storm—  
With a brother's shaken and kneeling form,  
And his prayer for life when a brother's arm  
Was lifted above him for mortal harm,  
And the fiendish curse, and the groan of death,  
And the welling of blood, and the gurgling breath,  
And the scalp torn off while each nerve could feel  
The wrenching hand and the jagged steel!

And the old man groan'd—for he saw, again,  
 The mangled corse of his kinsman slain,  
 As it lay where his hand had hurl'd it then,  
 At the shadow'd foot of that fearful glen!—  
 And it rose erect, with the death-pang grim,  
 And pointed its bloodied finger at him!—  
 And his heart grew cold—and the curse of Cain  
 Burn'd like a fire in the old man's brain.

Oh, had he not seen that spectre rise  
 On the blue of the cold Canadian skies?—  
 From the lakes which sleep in the ancient wood,  
 It had risen to whisper its tale of blood,  
 And follow'd his bark to the sombre shore,  
 And glared by night through the wigwam door;  
 And here—on his own familiar hill—  
 It rose on his haunted vision still!

Whose corse was that which the morrow's sun,  
 Through the opening boughs, look'd calmly on?  
 There where those who bent o'er that rigid face  
 Who well in its darken'd lines might trace  
 The features of him who, a traitor, fled  
 From a brother whose blood himself had shed,  
 And there—on the spot where he strangely died—  
 They made the grave of the Fratricide!

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### ISABELLA OF AUSTRIA.

"Isabella, Infanta of Parma, and consort of Joseph of Austria, predicted her own death, immediately after her marriage with the Emperor. Amidst the gayety and splendor of Vienna and Presburg she was reserved and melancholy; she believed that Heaven had given her a view of the future, and that her child, the namesake of the great Maria Theresa, would perish with her. Her prediction was fulfilled."

MIDST the palace-bowers of Hungary,—imperial Presburg's pride,—  
 With the noble-born and beautiful assembled at her side,  
 She stood, beneath the summer heaven,—the soft winds sighing on,  
 Stirring the green and arching boughs, like dancers in the sun.  
 The beautiful pomegranate's gold, the snowy orange-bloom,  
 The lotus and the creeping vine, the rose's meek perfume,  
 The willow crossing with its green some statue's marble hair,—  
 All that might charm th' exquisite sense, or light the soul, was there.

But she—a monarch's treasured one—lean'd gloomily apart,  
 With her dark eye tearfully cast down and a shadow on her heart.  
 Young, beautiful, and dearly loved, what sorrow hath she known?  
 Are not the hearts and swords of all held sacred as her own?  
 Is not her lord the kingliest in battle-field or bower?  
 The foremost in the council-hall, or at the banquet hour?

Is not his love as pure and deep as his own Danube's tide?  
And wherefore in her princely home weeps Isabel, his bride?

She raised her jewell'd hand and flung her veiling tresses back,  
Bathing its snowy tapering within their glossy black.—  
A tear fell on the orange leaves; rich gem and mimic blossom,  
And fringed robe shook fearfully upon her sighing bosom:  
"Smile on, smile on," she murmur'd low, "for all is joy around,  
Shadow and sunshine, stainless sky, soft airs and blossom'd ground;  
'Tis meet the light of heart should smile when nature's brow is fair,  
And melody and fragrance meet, twin sisters of the air!

"But ask not me to share with you the beauty of the scene—  
The fountain-fall, mosaic walk, and tessellated green;  
And point not to the mild blue sky, or glorious summer sun:  
I know how very fair is all the hand of God hath done—  
The hills, the sky, the sunlit cloud, the fountain leaping forth,  
The swaying trees, the scented flowers, the dark green robes of earth—  
I love them still; yet I have learn'd to turn aside from all,  
And never more my heart must own their sweet but fatal thrall!

"And I could love the noble one whose mighty name I bear,  
And closer to my bursting heart his hallow'd image wear;  
And I could watch our sweet young flower, unfolding day by day,  
And taste of that unearthly bliss which mothers only may;  
But no, I may not cling to earth—that voice is in my ear,  
That shadow lingers by my side—the death-wail and the bier,  
The cold and starless night of death where day may never beam,  
The silence and the loathsomeness, the sleep which hath no dream!

"O God! to leave this fair bright world, and, more than all, to know  
The moment when the Spectral One shall deal his fearful blow;  
To know the day, the very hour; to feel the tide roll on;  
To shudder at the gloom before, and weep the sunshine gone;  
To count the days, the few short days, of light and life and breath,—  
Between me and the noisome grave—the voiceless home of death,—  
Alas!—if, knowing, feeling this, I murmur at my doom,  
Let not thy frowning, O my God! lend darkness to the tomb.

"Oh, I have borne my spirit up, and smiled amid the chill  
Remembrance of my certain doom, which lingers with me still:  
I would not cloud our fair child's brow, nor let a teardrop dim  
The eye that met my wedded lord's, lest it should sadden him.  
But there are moments when the gush of feeling hath its way;  
That hidden tide of unnamed woe nor fear nor love may stay.  
Smile on, smile on, light-hearted ones, your sun of joy is high;  
Smile on, and leave the doom'd of Heaven alone to weep and die."

\* \* \* \* \*

A funeral chant was wailing through Vienna's holy pile;  
A coffin with its gorgeous pall was borne along the aisle;

The banners of a kingly race waved high above the dead;  
 A mighty band of mourners came—a king was at its head,  
 A youthful king, with mournful tread and dim and tearful eye—  
 He had not dream'd that one so pure as his fair bride could die;  
 And sad and wild above the throng the funeral anthem rung:  
 "Mourn for the hope of Austria! Mourn for the loved and young!"

The wail went up from other lands—the valleys of the Hun,  
 Fair Parma with its orange bowers and hills of vine and sun;  
 The lilies of imperial France droop'd as the sound went by,  
 The long lament of cloister'd Spain was mingled with the cry;  
 The dwellers in Colorno's halls, the Slowak at his cave,  
 The bow'd at the Escorial, the Magyar sternly brave—  
 All wept the early-stricken flower, and burst from every tongue:  
 "Mourn for the dark-eyed Isabel! Mourn for the loved and young!"

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### STANZAS.

"Art thou beautiful?—Live, then, in accordance with the curious make and frame of thy creation; and let the beauty of thy person teach thee to beautify thy mind with holiness, the ornament of the beloved of God."—*William Penn.*

BIND up thy tresses, thou beautiful one,  
 Of brown in the shadow and gold in the sun!  
 Free should their delicate lustre be thrown  
 O'er a forehead more pure than the Parian stone—  
 Shaming the light of those Orient pearls  
 Which bind o'er its whiteness thy soft wreathing curls.

Smile—for thy glance on the mirror is thrown,  
 And the face of an angel is meeting thine own!  
 Beautiful creature—I marvel not  
 That thy cheek a lovelier tint hath caught;  
 And the kindling light of thine eye hath told  
 Of a dearer wealth than the miser's gold.

Away, away—there is danger here—  
 A terrible phantom is bending near;  
 Ghastly and sunken, his rayless eye  
 Scowls on thy loveliness scornfully—  
 With no human look—with no human breath,  
 He stands beside thee,—the haunter, DEATH!

Fly! but, alas! he will follow still,  
 Like a moonlight shadow, beyond thy will;  
 In thy noonday walk—in thy midnight sleep,  
 Close at thy hand will that phantom keep—  
 Still in thine ear shall his whispers be—  
 Woe, that such phantom should follow thee!

In the lighted hall where the dancers go,  
 Like beautiful spirits, to and fro;  
 When thy fair arms glance in their stainless white,  
 Like ivory bathed in still moonlight;  
 And not one star in the holy sky  
 Hath a clearer light than thine own blue eye!

Oh, then—even then—he will follow thee,  
 As the ripple follows the bark at sea;  
 In the soften'd light—in the turning dance—  
 He will fix on thine his dead, cold glance—  
 The chill of his breath on thy cheek shall linger,  
 And thy warm blood shrink from his icy finger!

And yet there is hope. Embrace it now,  
 While thy soul is open as thy brow;  
 While thy heart is fresh—while its feelings still  
 Gush clear as the unsoil'd mountain-rill—  
 And thy smiles are free as the airs of spring,  
 Greeting and blessing each breathing thing.

When the after cares of thy life shall come,  
 When the bud shall wither before its bloom;  
 When thy soul is sick of the emptiness  
 And changeful fashion of human bliss;  
 And the weary torpor of blighted feeling  
 Over thy heart as ice is stealing—

Then, when thy spirit is turn'd above,  
 By the mild rebuke of the Chastener's love;  
 When the hope of that joy in thy heart is stirred  
 Which eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,—  
 THEN will that phantom of darkness be  
 Gladness, and Promise, and Bliss to thee.

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### THE MISSIONARY.

“It is an awful, an arduous thing to root out every affection for earthly things, so as to live only for another world. I am now far, very far, from you all; and as often as I look around and see the Indian scenery, I sigh to think of the distance which separates us.”—*Letters of Henry Martyn from India.*

“SAY, whose is this fair picture, which the light  
 From the unshutter'd window rests upon  
 Even as a lingering halo?—Beautiful!  
 The keen, fine eye of manhood, and a lip  
 Lovely as that of Hylas, and impress'd  
 With the bright signet of some brilliant thought—  
 That broad expanse of forehead, clear and high,  
 Mark'd visibly with the characters of mind,  
 And the free locks around it, raven black,  
 Luxuriant and unsilver'd—who was he?”

A friend, a more than brother. In the spring  
 And glory of his being he went forth  
 From the embraces of devoted friends,  
 From ease and quiet happiness, from more—  
 From the warm heart that loved him with a love  
 Holier than earthly passion, and to whom  
 The beauty of his spirit shone above  
 The charms of perishing nature. He went forth  
 Strengthen'd to suffer—gifted to subdue  
 The might of human passion—to pass on  
 Quietly to the sacrifice of all  
 The lofty hopes of boyhood, and to turn  
 The high ambition written on that brow,  
 From its first dream of power and human fame,  
 Unto a task of seeming lowliness,—  
 Yet Godlike in its purpose. He went forth  
 To bind the broken spirit—to pluck back  
 The heathen from the wheel of Juggernaut—  
 To place the spiritual image of a God  
 Holy and just and true, before the eye  
 Of the dark-minded Brahmin—and unseal  
 The holy pages of the Book of Life,  
 Fraught with sublimer mysteries than all  
 The sacred tomes of Vedas—to unbind  
 The widow from her sacrifice—and save  
 The perishing infant from the worshipp'd river!  
 “And, lady, where is he?” He slumbers well  
 Beneath the shadow of an Indian palm.  
 There is no stone above his grave. The wind,  
 Hot from the desert, as it stirs the leaves  
 Of neighboring bananas, sighs alone  
 Over his place of slumber.

“God forbid  
 That he should die alone!”—Nay, not alone.  
 His God was with him in that last dread hour—  
 His great arm underneath him, and His smile  
 Melting into a spirit full of peace.  
 And one kind friend, a human friend, was near—  
 One whom his teachings and his earnest prayers  
 Had snatch'd as from the burning. He alone  
 Felt the last pressure of his failing hand,  
 Caught the last glimpses of his closing eye,  
 And laid the green turf over him with tears,  
 And left him with his God.

“And was it well,  
 Dear lady, that this noble mind should cast  
 Its rich gifts on the waters?—That a heart  
 Full of all gentleness and truth and love  
 Should wither on the suicidal shrine  
 Of a mistaken duty? If I read

Aright the fine intelligence which fills  
 That amplitude of brow, and gazes out  
 Like an indwelling spirit from that eye,  
 He might have borne him loftily among  
 The proudest of his land, and with a step  
 Unfaltering ever, steadfast and secure,  
 Gone up the paths of greatness,—bearing still  
 A sister spirit with him, as some star,  
 Preëminent in Heaven, leads steadily up  
 A kindred watcher, with its fainter beams  
 Baptized in its great glory. Was it well  
 That all this promise of the heart and mind  
 Should perish from the earth, and leave no trace,  
 Unfolding like the Cereus of the clime  
 Which hath its sepulchre, but in the night  
 Of pagan desolation—was it well? ”

Thy will be done, O Father!—it *was* well.  
 What are the honors of a perishing world  
 Grasp'd by a palsied finger?—the applause  
 Of the unthoughtful multitude which greets  
 The dull ear of decay?—the wealth that loads  
 The bier with costly drapery, and shines  
 In tinsel on the coffin, and builds up  
 The cold substantial monument? Can these  
 Bear up the sinking spirit in that hour  
 When heart and flesh are failing, and the grave  
 Is opening under us? Oh, dearer then  
 The memory of a kind deed done to him  
 Who was our enemy, one grateful tear  
 In the meek eye of virtuous suffering,  
 One smile call'd up by unseen charity  
 On the wan cheek of hunger, or one prayer  
 Breathed from the bosom of the penitent—  
 The stain'd with crime and outcast, unto whom  
 Our mild rebuke and tenderness of love  
 A merciful God hath bless'd.

“ But, lady, say,  
 Did he not sometimes almost sink beneath  
 The burden of his toil, and turn aside  
 To weep above his sacrifice, and cast  
 A sorrowing glance upon his childhood's home—  
 Still green in memory? Clung not to his heart  
 Something of earthly hope uncrucified,  
 Of earthly thought unchasten'd? Did he bring  
 Life's warm affections to the sacrifice—  
 Its loves, hopes, sorrows—and become as one  
 Knowing no kindred but a perishing world,  
 No love but of the sin-endangered soul,  
 No hope but of the winning back to life  
 Of the dead nations, and no passing thought

Save of the errand wherewith he was sent  
As to a martyrdom ? ”

Nay, though the heart  
Be consecrated to the holiest work  
Vouchsafed to mortal effort, there will be  
Ties of the earth around it, and, through all  
Its perilous devotion, it must keep  
Its own humanity. And it is well.  
Else why wept He, who with our nature veil'd  
The spirit of a God, o'er lost Jerusalem,  
And the cold grave of Lazarus ? And why  
In the dim garden rose his earnest prayer,  
That from his lips the cup of suffering  
Might pass, if it were possible ?

My friend

Was of a gentle nature, and his heart  
Gush'd like a river-fountain of the hills,  
Ceaseless and lavish, at a kindly smile,  
A word of welcome, or a tone of love.  
Freely his letters to his friends disclosed  
His yearnings for the quiet haunts of home—  
For love and its companionship, and all  
The blessings left behind him ; yet above  
Its sorrows and its clouds his spirit rose,  
Tearful and yet triumphant, taking hold  
Of the eternal promises of God,  
And steadfast in its faith. Here are some lines  
Penn'd in his lonely mission-house, and sent  
To a dear friend of his who even now  
Lingers above them with a mournful joy.  
Holding them well nigh sacred—as a leaf  
Pluck'd from the record of a breaking heart :

#### AN EVENING IN BURMAH.

A night of wonder !—piled afar  
With ebon fets and crests of snow,  
Like Himalaya's peaks, which bar  
The sunset and the sunset's star  
From half the shadow'd vale below,  
Volumed and vast the dense clouds lie,  
And over them, and down the sky,  
Broadly and pale the lightnings go.

Above, the pleasant moon is seen,  
Pale journeyer to her own loved West !  
Like some bright spirit sent between  
The earth and heaven, she seems to lean  
Wearily on the cloud and rest ;

And light from her unsullied brow  
That gloomy cloud is gathering now  
Along each wreath'd and whitening crest.

And what a strength of light and shade  
Is checkering all the earth below!—  
And, through the jungle's verdant braid  
Of tangled vine and wild reed made,  
What blossoms in the moonlight glow!—  
The Indian rose's loveliness,  
The ceiba with its crimson dress,  
The myrtle with its bloom of snow.

And flitting in the fragrant air,  
Or nestling in the shadowy trees,  
A thousand bright-hued birds are there—  
Strange plumage quivering, wild and rare,  
With every faintly-breathing breeze;  
And, wet with dew from roses shed,  
The Bulbul droops her weary head,  
Forgetful of her melodies.

Uprising from the orange leaves  
The tall pagoda's turrets glow;  
O'er graceful shaft and fretted eaves  
Its verdant web the myrtle weaves,  
And hangs in flowering wreaths below;  
And where the cluster'd palms eclipse  
The moonbeams, from its marble lips  
The fountain's silver waters flow.

Yes, all is lovely—earth and air—  
As aught beneath the sky may be:  
And yet my thoughts are wandering where]  
My native rocks lie bleak and bare—  
A weary way beyond the sea.  
The yearning spirit is not here;  
It lingers on a spot more dear  
Than India's brightest bowers to me.

Methinks I tread the well-known street—  
The tree my childhood loved is there,  
Its bare-worn roots are at my feet,  
And through its open boughs I meet  
White glimpses of the place of prayer—  
And unforgotten eyes again  
Are glancing through the cottage pane,  
Than Asia's lustrous eyes more fair.

What though, with every fitful gush  
Of night-wind, spicy odors come;

And hues of beauty glow and flush  
 From matted vine and wild rose-bush;  
 And music's sweetest, faintest hum  
 Steals through the moonlight, as in dreams,—  
 Afar from all my spirit seems  
 Amid the dearer scenes of HOME!

A holy name—the name of home!—  
 Yet where, O wandering heart, is thine?  
*Here* where the dusky heathen come  
 To bow before the deaf and dumb,  
 Dead idols of their own design,  
 Where deep in Ganges' worshipp'd tide  
 The infant sinks—and on its side  
 The widow's funeral altars shine!

*Here*, where 'mid light and song and flowers  
 The priceless soul in ruin lies—  
 Lost—dead to all those better powers  
 Which link a fallen world like ours  
 To God's own holy Paradise;  
 Where open sin and hideous crime  
 Are like the foliage of their clime—  
 The unshorn growth of centuries!

Turn, then, my heart—thy home is here;  
 No other now remains for thee:—  
 The smile of love, and friendship's tear,  
 The tones that melted on thine ear,  
 The mutual thrill of sympathy,  
 The welcome of the household band,  
 The pressure of the lip and hand,  
 Thou mayest not hear, nor feel, nor see.

God of my spirit!—Thou, alone,  
 Who watchest o'er my pillowed head,  
 Whose ear is open to the moan  
 And sorrowing of thy child, hast known  
 The grief which at my heart has fed,—  
 The struggle of my soul to rise  
 Above its earth-born sympathies,—  
 The tears of many a sleepless bed!

Oh, be Thine arm, as it hath been,  
 In every test of heart and faith—  
 The Tempter's doubt—the wiles of men—  
 The heathen's scoff—the bosom sin—  
 A helper and a stay beneath,  
 A strength in weakness 'mid the strife  
 And anguish of my wasting life—  
 My solace and my hope in death!

## MASSACHUSETTS.

Written on hearing that the Resolutions of the Legislature of Massachusetts on the subject of Slavery, presented by Hon. C. CUSHING to the House of Representatives of the United States, have been laid on the table unread and unrefereed, under the infamous rule of "PATTON'S RESOLUTION."

AND have they spurn'd *thy* word,  
 Thou of the old THIRTEEN!  
 Whose soil, where Freedom's blood first pour'd  
 Hath yet a darker green?  
 Tread the weak Southron's pride and lust  
 Thy name and councils in the dust?

And have they closed thy mouth,  
 And fix'd the padlock fast?  
 Slave of the mean and tyrant South!  
 Is this thy fate at last?  
 Old Massachusetts! can it be  
 That thus thy sons must speak of thee?

Call from the Capitol  
 Thy chosen ones again—  
 Unmeet for them the base control  
 Of Slavery's curbing rein!  
 Unmeet for necks like theirs to feel  
 The chafing of the despot's heel!

Call back to Quincy's shade  
 That steadfast son of thine;  
 Go—if thy homage must be paid  
 To Slavery's pagod-shrine,  
 Seek out some meaner offering than  
 The free-born soul of that old man.

Call that true spirit back,  
 So eloquent and young;  
 In his own vale of Merrimack  
 No chains are on his tongue!  
 Better to breathe its cold, keen air,  
 Than wear the Southron's shackle there.

Ay, let them hasten home,  
 And render up their trust;  
 Through them the Pilgrim-state is dumb,  
 Her proud lip in the dust!  
 Her counsels and her gentlest word  
 Of warning spurn'd aside, unheard!

Let them come back, and shake  
 The base dust from their feet;

And with their tale of outrage wake  
 The free hearts whom they meet;  
 And show before indignant men  
 The scars where Slavery's chain has been.

Back from the Capitol—  
 It is no place for thee!  
 Beneath the arch of Heaven's blue wall  
 Thy voice may still be free!  
 What power shall chain thy spirit there,  
 In God's free sun and freer air?

A voice is calling thee,  
 From all the martyr-graves  
 Of those stern men, in death made free,  
 Who could not live as slaves.  
 The slumberings of thy honor'd dead  
 Are for thy sake disquieted!

The curse of Slavery comes  
 Still nearer, day by day;  
 Shall thy pure altars and thy homes  
 Become the Spoiler's prey?  
 Shall the dull tread of fetter'd slaves  
 Sound o'er thy old and holy graves?

Pride of the old THIRTEEN!  
 That curse may yet be stay'd—  
 Stand thou, in Freedom's strength, between  
 The living and the dead;  
 Stand forth, for God and Liberty  
 In one strong effort worthy thee!

Once more let Faneuil Hall  
 By freemen's feet be trod,  
 And give the echoes of its wall  
 Once more to Freedom's God!  
 And in the midst, unseen, shall stand  
 The mighty fathers of thy land.

Thy gather'd sons shall feel  
 The soul of Adams near,  
 And Otis with his fiery zeal.  
 And Warren's onward cheer;  
 And heart to heart shall thrill as when  
 They moved and spake as living men.

Fling, from thy Capitol,  
 Thy banner to the light,  
 And, o'er thy Charter's sacred scroll,  
 For Freedom and the Right,

Breathe once again thy vows, unbroken—  
 Speak once again as thou hast spoken.

On thy bleak hills, speak out!  
 A WORLD thy words shall hear;  
 And they who listen round about,  
 In friendship, or in fear,  
 Shall know thee still, when sorest tried,  
 “Unshaken and unterrified!” \*

## TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS SHIPLEY.

President of the Pennsylvania Abolition Society, who died on the 17th of the 9th month  
 1826, a devoted Christian and Philanthropist.

GONE to the Heavenly Father's rest!  
 The flowers of Eden round thee blowing!  
 And on thine ear the murmurs blest  
 Of Shiloah's waters softly flowing!  
 Beneath that Tree of Life which gives  
 To all the earth its healing leaves!  
 In the white robe of angels clad!  
 And wandering by that sacred river,  
 Whose streams of holiness make glad  
 The city of our God forever!

Gentlest of spirits!—not for thee  
 Our tears are shed—our sighs are given:  
 Why mourn to know thou art a free  
 Partaker of the joys of Heaven?  
 Finish'd thy work, and kept thy faith  
 In Christian firmness unto death:  
 And beautiful as sky and earth,  
 When Autumn's sun is downward going,  
 The blessed memory of thy worth  
 Around thy place of slumber glowing!

But woe for us! who linger still  
 With feebler strength and hearts less lowly,  
 And minds less steadfast to the will  
 Of Him whose every work is holy.  
 For not like thine, is crucified  
 The spirit of our human pride:  
 And at the bondman's tale of woe,  
 And for the outcast and forsaken,  
 Not warm like thine, but cold and slow,  
 Our weaker sympathies awaken.

\* “Massachusetts has held her way right onward, unshaken, unseduced, unterrified.”—*Speech of C. Cushing in the House of Representatives of the United States, 1836.*

Darkly upon our struggling way  
 The storm of human hate is sweeping;  
 Hunted and branded, and a prey,  
 Our watch amidst the darkness keeping!  
 Oh! for that hidden strength which can  
 Nerve unto death the inner man!  
 Oh! for thy spirit, tried and true,  
 And constant in the hour of trial,  
 Prepare to suffer, or to do,  
 In meekness and in self-denial.

Oh! for that spirit, meek and mild,  
 Derided, spurn'd, yet uncomplaining—  
 By man deserted and reviled,  
 Yet faithful to its trust remaining.  
 Still prompt and resolute to save  
 From scourge and chain the hunted slave!  
 Unwavering in the Truth's defence,  
 Even where the fires of Hate are burning,  
 The unquailing eye of innocence  
 Alone upon the oppressor turning!

O loved of thousands! to thy grave,  
 Sorrowing of heart, thy brethren bore thee!  
 The poor man and the rescued slave  
 Wept as the broken earth closed o'er thee—  
 And grateful tears, like summer rain,  
 Quicken'd its dying grass again!  
 And there, as to some pilgrim-shrine,  
 Shall come the outcast and the lowly,  
 Of gentle deeds and words of thine  
 Recalling memories sweet and holy!

Oh! for the death the righteous die!  
 And end, like Autumn's day declining,  
 On human hearts, as on the sky,  
 With holier, tenderer beauty shining;  
 As to the parting soul were given  
 The radiance of an opening Heaven!  
 As if that pure and blessed light,  
 From off the Eternal altar flowing,  
 Were bathing, in its upward flight,  
 The spirit to its worship going!

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#### A SUMMONS.

Lines written on the adoption of Pinckney's Resolutions. in the House of Representatives, and the passage of Calhoun's " Bill of Abominations " to a second reading, in the Senate of the United States.

Now, by our fathers' ashes! where's the spirit  
 Of the true-hearted and the unshackled gone?  
 Sons of old freemen, do we but inherit  
 Their *names* alone?

Is the old Pilgrim spirit quench'd within us ?  
 Stoops the proud manhood of our souls so low,  
 That Mammon's lure or Party's wile can win us  
 To silence now ?

No. When our land to ruin's brink is verging,  
 In God's name, let us speak while there is time !  
 Now, when the padlocks for our lips are forging,  
 SILENCE IS CRIME !

What! shall we henceforth humbly ask as favors  
 Rights all our own ? In madness shall we barter,  
 For treacherous peace, the FREEDOM Nature gave us,  
 God and our charter ?

*Here* shall the statesman seek the free to fetter ?  
 Here Lynch law light its horrid fires on high ?  
 And, in the church, their proud and skill'd abettor,  
 Make truth a lie ?

Torture the pages of the hallow'd Bible,  
 To sanction crime, and robbery, and blood ?  
 And, in Oppression's hateful service, libel  
 Both man and God ?

Shall our New England stand erect no longer,  
 But stoop in chains upon her downward way,  
 Thicker to gather on her limbs and stronger  
 Day after day ?

Oh, no; methinks from all her wild, green mountains—  
 From valleys where her slumbering fathers lie—  
 From her blue rivers and her welling fountains,  
 And clear, cold sky—

From her rough coast, and isles, which hungry Ocean  
 Gnaws with his surges—from the fisher's skiff,  
 With white sail swaying to the billows' motion  
 Round rock and cliff—

From the free fire-side of her unbought farmer—  
 From her free laborer at his loom and wheel—  
 From the brown smith-shop, where, beneath the hammer,  
 Rings the red steel—

From each and all, if God hath not forsaken  
 Our land, and left us to an evil choice,  
 Loud as the summer thunderbolt shall waken  
 A PEOPLE'S VOICE !

Startling and stern! the Northern winds shall bear it  
 Over Potomac's to St. Mary's wave;  
 And buried Freedom shall awake to hear it  
                     Within her grave.

Oh, let that voice go forth! The bondman sighing  
 By Santee's wave, in Mississippi's cane,  
 Shall feel the hope, within his bosom dying,  
                     Revive again.

Let it go forth! The millions who are gazing  
 Sadly upon us from afar, shall smile,  
 And unto God devout thanksgiving raising,  
                     Bless us the while.

Oh, for your ancient freedom, pure and holy,  
 For the deliverance of a groaning earth,  
 For the wrong'd captive, bleeding, crush'd, and lowly,  
                     Let it go forth!

Sons of the best of fathers! will ye falter  
 With all they left ye peril'd and at stake?  
 Ho! once again on Freedom's holy altar  
                     The fire awake!

Prayer-strengthen'd for the trial, come together,  
 Put on the harness for the moral fight,  
 And, with the blessing of your heavenly Father,  
                     MAINTAIN THE RIGHT!

### THE EXILE'S DEPARTURE.\*

FOND scenes, which delighted my youthful existence,  
 With feelings of sorrow I bid ye adieu—  
 A lasting adieu! for now, dim in the distance,  
 The shores of Hibernia recede from my view.  
 Farewell to the cliffs, tempest-beaten and gray,  
 Which guard the lov'd shores of my own native land;  
 Farewell to the village and sail-shadow'd bay,  
 The forest-crown'd hill and the water-wash'd strand.

I've fought for my country—I've braved all the dangers  
 That throng round the path of the warrior in strife;  
 I now must depart to a nation of strangers,  
 And pass in seclusion the remnant of life;  
 Far, far, from the friends to my bosom most dear,  
 With none to support me in peril and pain,  
 And none but the stranger to drop the sad tear,  
 On the grave where the heart-broken Exile is lain.

\* The first of Whittier's poems, ever printed in the *Newburyport Free Press*, June 8, 1826.

Friends of my youth! I must leave you forever,  
 And hasten to dwell in a region unknown:—  
 Yet time cannot change, nor the broad ocean sever,  
 Hearts firmly united and tried as our own.  
 Ah, no! though I wander, all sad and forlorn,  
 In a far distant land, yet shall memory trace,  
 When far o'er the ocean's white surges I'm borne,  
 The scenes of past pleasures,—my own native place.

Farewell, shores of Erin, green land of my fathers—  
 Once more, and forever, a mournful adieu!  
 For round thy dim headlands the ocean-mist gathers,  
 And shrouds the fair isle I no longer can view.  
 I go—but wherever my footsteps I bend,  
 For freedom and peace to my own native isle,  
 And contentment and joy to each warm-hearted friend,  
 Shall be the heart's prayer of the lonely Exile!

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### THE DEITY.\*

1 Kings xix. 11.

THE prophet stood  
 On the dark mount, and saw the tempest cloud  
 Pour the fierce whirlwind from its dark reservoir  
 Of congregated gloom. The mountain oak,  
 Torn from the earth, heav'd high its roots where once  
 Its branches wav'd. The fir-tree's shapely form,  
 Smote by the tempest, lash'd the mountain's side.  
 —Yet, calm in conscious purity, the seer  
 Beheld the scene of desolation—for  
 Th' Eternal Spirit mov'd not in the storm!

The tempest ceas'd!—the cavern'd earthquake burst  
 Forth from its prison, and the mountain rock'd  
 E'en to its base: the topmost crags were thrown,  
 With fearful crashing, down its shuddering sides.  
 —Unaw'd the prophet saw and heard—he felt  
 Not in the earthquake mov'd the God of Heaven!

The murmurs died away!—and from the height  
 (Rent by the storm, and shattered by the shock),  
 Rose far and clear a pyramid of flame,  
 Mighty and vast!—the startled mountain deer  
 Shrunk from its glare and cower'd within the shade,  
 The wild fowl shriek'd!—Yet, even then, the seer  
 Untrembling stood, and mark'd the fearful glow—  
 For Israel's God came not within the flame!

\* Whittier's second poem, printed in the Newburyport *Free Press*, June 22, 1826.

The fiery beacon sunk !—a *still small voice*  
 Now caught the prophet's ear. Its awful tones,  
 Unlike to human sounds, at once conveyed  
 Deep awe and reverence to his pious heart.  
 Then bow'd the holy man ! his face he veil'd  
 Within his mantle, and in meekness owned  
 The presence of his God—discern'd not in  
 The storm, the earthquake, or the mighty flame,  
 But in the *still small voice* !

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## BALLADS.

### THE GARRISON OF CAPE ANN.

FROM the hills of home forth looking, far beneath the tent-like span  
 Of the sky, I see the white gleam of the headland of Cape Ann.  
 Well I know its coves and beaches to the ebb-tide glimmering down,  
 And the white-walled hamlet children of its ancient fishing town.

Long has passed the summer morning, and its memory waxes old,  
 When along yon breezy headlands with a pleasant friend I strolled.  
 Ah ! the autumn sun is shining, and the ocean wind blows cool,  
 And the golden-rod and aster bloom around thy grave, Rantoul !

With the memory of that morning by the summer sea I blend  
 A wild and wondrous story, by the younger Mather penned,  
 In that quaint *Magnalia Christi*, with all strange and marvellous  
     things,  
 Heaped up huge and undigested, like the chaos Ovid sings.

Dear to me these far, faint glimpses of the dual life of old,  
 Inward, grand with awe and reverence ; outward, mean and coarse  
     and cold ;

Gleams of mystic beauty playing over dull and vulgar clay,  
 Golden threads of romance weaving in a web of hoddenn gray.

The great eventful Present hides the Past ; but through the din  
 Of its loud life, hints and echoes from the life behind steal in ;  
 And the lore of home and fire-side, and the legendary rhyme,  
 Make the task of duty lighter which the true man owes his time.

So, with something of the feeling which the Covenanter knew,  
 When with pious chisel wandering Scotland's moorland graveyards  
     through,  
 From the graves of old traditions I part the blackberry vines,  
 Wipe the moss from off the head-stones, and retouch the faded lines.

Where the sea-waves back and forward, hoarse with rolling pebbles  
     ran,  
 The garrison-house stood watching on the gray rocks of Cape Ann ;

On its windy site uplifting gabled roof and palisade  
And rough walls of unhewn timber with the moonlight overlaid.

On his slow round walked the sentry, south and eastward looking forth  
O'er a rude and broken coast-line, white with breakers stretching  
north,—

Wood and rock and gleaming sand-drift, jagged capes, with bush and  
tree,

Leaning inland from the smiting of the wild and gusty sea.

Before the deep-mouthed chimney, dimly lit by dying brands,  
Twenty soldiers sat and waited, with their muskets in their hands;  
On the rough-hewn oaken table the venison haunch was shared,  
And the pewter tankard circled slowly round from beard to beard.

Long they sat and talked together,—talked of wizards Satan-sold;  
Of all ghostly sights and noises,—signs and wonders manifold;  
Of the spectre-ship of Salem, with the dead men in her shrouds,  
Sailing sheer above the water, in the loom of morning clouds;

Of the marvellous valley hidden in the depth of Gloucester woods,  
Full of plants that love the summer—blossoms of warmer latitudes;  
Where the Arctic birch is braided by the tropic's flowery vines,  
And the white magnolia blossoms star the twilight of the pines!

But their voices sank yet lower, sank to husky tones of fear,  
As they spake of present tokens of the powers of evil near;  
Of a spectral host, defying stroke of steel and aim of gun;  
Never yet was ball to slay them in the mould of mortals run!

Thrice, with plumes and flowing scalp-locks, from the midnight wood  
they came,—

Thrice around the block-house marching, met, unharmed, its volleyed  
flame;

Then, with mocking laugh and gesture, sunk in earth or lost in air,  
All the ghostly wonder vanished, and the moonlit sands lay bare.

Midnight came; from out the forest moved a dusky mass, that soon  
Grew to warriors, plumed and painted, grimly marching in the moon.  
“Ghosts or witches,” said the captain, “thus I foil the Evil One!”  
And he rammed a silver button, from his doublet, down his gun.

Once again the spectral horror moved the guarded wall about;  
Once again the levelled muskets through the palisades flashed out,  
With that deadly aim the squirrel on his tree-top might not shun,  
Nor the beach-bird seaward flying with his slant wing to the sun.

Like the idle rain of summer sped the harmless shower of lead.  
With a laugh of fierce derision, once again the phantoms fled;  
Once again, without a shadow on the sands the moonlight lay,  
And the white smoke curling through it drifted slowly down the bay!

"God preserve us!" said the captain; "never mortal foes were there  
They have vanished with their leader, Prince and Power of the Air!  
Lay aside your useless weapons; skill and prowess naught avail!  
They who do the devil's service, wear their master's coat of mail!"

So the night grew near to cock-crow, when again a warning call  
Roused the score of weary soldiers watching round the dusky hall;  
And they looked to flint and priming, and they longed for break of  
day;

But the captain closed his Bible: "Let us cease from man, and pray!"

To the men who went before us, all the unseen powers seemed near,  
And their steadfast strength of courage struck its roots in holy fear.  
Every hand forsook the musket, every head was bowed and bare,  
Every stout knee pressed the flag-stones, as the captain led in prayer.

Ceased thereat the mystic marching of the spectres round the wall,  
But a sound abhorred, unearthly, smote the ears and hearts of all,—  
Howls of rage and shrieks of anguish! Never after mortal man  
Saw the ghostly leaguers marching round the block-house at Cape  
Ann.

So to us who walk in summer through the cool and sea-blown town,  
From the childhood of its people comes the solemn legend down.  
Not in vain the ancient fiction, in whose moral lives the youth  
And the fitness and the freshness of an undecaying truth,

Soon or late to all our dwellings come the spectres of the mind,  
Doubts and fears and dread forebodings, in the darkness undefined;  
Round us throng the grim projections of the heart and of the brain,  
And our pride of strength is weakness, and the cunning hand is vain.

In the dark we cry like children; and no answer from on high  
Breaks the crystal spheres of silence, and no white wings downward  
fly;

But the heavenly help we pray for comes to faith, and not to sight,  
And our prayers themselves drive backward all the spirits of the night!

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### THE SWAN SONG OF PARSON AVERY.

WHEN the reaper's task was ended, and the summer wearing late,  
Parson Avery sailed from Newbury, with his wife and children eight,  
Dropping down the river-harbor in the shallop "Watch and Wait."

Pleasantly lay the clearings in the mellow summer-morn,  
With the newly-planted orchards dropping their fruits first-born,  
And the homesteads like green islands amid a sea of corn.

Broad meadows reached out seaward the tided creeks between,  
And hills rolled wave-like inland, with oaks and walnuts green;—  
A fairer home, a goodlier land his eyes had never seen,

Yet away sailed Parson Avery, away where duty led,  
And the voice of God seemed calling, to break the living bread  
To the souls of fishers starving on the rocks of Marblehead.

All day they sailed : at nightfall the pleasant land-breeze died,  
The blackening sky, at midnight, its starry lights denied,  
And far and low the thunder of tempest prophesied !

Blotted out were all the coast-lines, gone were rocks, and wood, and  
sand ;—  
Grimly anxious stood the skipper with the rudder in his hand,  
And questioned of the darkness what was sea and what was land.

And the preacher heard his dear ones, nestled round him, weeping  
sore :

“ Never heed, my little children ! Christ is walking on before  
To the pleasant land of heaven, where the sea shall be no more.”

All at once the great cloud parted, like a curtain drawn aside,  
To let down the torch of lightning on the terror far and wide ;  
And the thunder and the whirlwind together smote the tide.

There was wailing in the shallop, woman's wail and man's despair,  
A crash of breaking timbers on the rocks so sharp and bare,  
And, through it all, the murmur of Father Avery's prayer.

From his struggle in the darkness with the wild waves and the blast,  
On a rock, where every billow broke above him as it passed,  
Alone, of all his household, the man of God was cast.

There a comrade heard him praying, in the pause of wave and wind :  
“ All my own have gone before me, and I linger just behind ;  
Not for life I ask, but only for the rest thy ransomed find !

“ In this night of death I challenge the promise of thy word !—  
Let me see the great salvation of which mine ears have heard !—  
Let me pass from hence forgiven, through the grace of Christ, our  
Lord !

“ In the baptism of these waters wash white my every sin,  
And let me follow up to thee my household and my kin !  
“ Open the sea-gate of thy heaven, and let me enter in !”

When the Christian sings his death-song, all the listening heavens draw  
near,  
And the angels, leaning over the walls of crystal, hear  
How the notes so faint and broken swell to music in God's ear.

The ear of God was open to his servant's last request ;  
As the strong wave swept him downward the sweet hymn upward  
pressed,  
And the soul of Father Avery went, singing, to its rest.

There was wailing on the mainland, from the rocks of Marblehead ;  
In the stricken church of Newbury the notes of prayer were read ;  
And long, by board and hearth-stone, the living mourned the dead.

And still the fishers outbound, or scudding from the squall,  
With grave and reverent faces, the ancient tale recall,  
When they see the white waves breaking on the Rock of Avery's Fall !

### THE WITCH'S DAUGHTER.

It was the pleasant harvest time,  
When cellar-bins are closely  
stowed,  
And garrets bend beneath their  
load,

And the old swallow-haunted  
barns—  
Brown-gabled, long and full of  
seams  
Through which the moted sun-  
light streams,

And winds blow freshly in, to  
shake  
The red plumes of the roasted  
cocks,  
And the loose hay-mow'sscented  
locks—

Are filled with summer's ripened  
stores,  
Its odorous grass and barley  
sheaves,  
From their low scaffolds to their  
eaves.

On Esek Harden's oaken floor,  
With many an autumn thresh-  
ing worn,  
Lay the heaped ears of unhusked  
corn.

And thither came young men and  
maids,  
Beneath a moon, that large and  
low,  
Lit that sweet eve of long ago.

They took their places ; some by  
chance,  
And others by a merry voice  
Or sweet smile guided to their  
choice.

How pleasantly the rising moon,  
Between the shadow of the  
mows,  
Looked on them through the  
great elm boughs !—

On sturdy boyhood sun-em-  
browned,  
On girlhood with its solid  
curves  
Of healthful strength and pain-  
less nerves !

And jests went round, and laughs  
that made  
The house-dog answer with his  
howl,  
And kept astir the barn-yard  
fowl ;

And quaint old songs their fathers  
sung,  
In Derby dales and Yorkshire  
moors,  
Ere Norman William trod their  
shores ;

And tales, whose merry license  
shook  
The fat sides of the Saxon  
thane,  
Forgetful of the hovering Dane !

But still the sweetest voice was  
 mute  
 That river-valley ever heard,  
 From lip of maid or throat of  
 bird ;

For Mabel Martin sat apart,  
 And let the hay-mow's shadow  
 fall  
 Upon the loveliest face of all.

She sat apart, as one forbid,  
 Who knew that none would con-  
 descend  
 To own the Witch-wife's child  
 a friend.

The seasons scarce had gone their  
 round,  
 Since curious thousands throng-  
 ed to see  
 Her mother on the gallows-tree ;

And mocked the palsied limbs of  
 age,  
 That faltered on the fatal stairs,  
 And wan lip trembling with its  
 prayers !

Few questioned of the sorrowing  
 child,  
 Or, when they saw the mother  
 die,  
 Dreamed of the daughter's  
 agony.

They went to their homes that  
 day,  
 As men and Christians justified :  
 God willed it, and the wretch  
 had died !

Dear God and Father of us all,  
 Forgive our faith in cruel lies,—  
 Forgive the blindness that de-  
 nies !

Forgive thy creature when he  
 takes,  
 For the all-perfect love thou  
 art,  
 Some grim creation of his heart.

Cast down our idols, overturn  
 Our bloody altars ; let us see  
 Thyself in thy humanity !

Poor Mabel from her mother's  
 grave  
 Crept to her desolate hearth-  
 stone,  
 And wrestled with her fate  
 alone ;

With love, and anger, and de-  
 spair,  
 The phantoms of disordered  
 sense,  
 The awful doubts of Provi-  
 dence !

The schoolboys jeered her as they  
 passed,  
 And, when she sought the house  
 of prayer,  
 Her mother's curse pursued her  
 there.

And still o'er many a neighboring  
 door  
 She saw the horseshoe's curved  
 charm,  
 To guard against her mother's  
 harm ;—

That mother, poor, and sick, and  
 lame,  
 Who, daily by the old arm-  
 chair,  
 Folded her withered hands in  
 prayer ;—

Who turned, in Salem's dreary  
 jail,  
 Her worn old Bible, o'er and  
 o'er,  
 When her dim eyes could read  
 no more !

Sore tired and pained, the poor girl  
 kept  
 Her faith, and trusted that her  
 way,  
 So dark, would somewhere meet  
 the day.

And still her weary wheel went  
 round  
 Day after day, with no relief;  
 Small leisure have the poor for  
 grief.

So in the shadow Mabel sits;  
 Untouched by mirth she sees and  
 hears,  
 Her smile is sadder than her  
 tears.

But cruel eyes have found her out,  
 And cruel lips repeat her name,  
 And taunt her with her mother's  
 shame.

She answered not with railing  
 words,  
 But drew her apron o'er her  
 face,  
 And, sobbing, glided from the  
 place.

And only pausing at the door,  
 Her sad eyes met the troubled  
 gaze  
 Of one who, in her better days,

Had been her warm and steady  
 friend,  
 Ere yet her mother's doom had  
 made  
 Even Esek Harden half afraid.

He felt that mute appeal of tears,  
 And, starting, with an angry  
 frown  
 Hushed all the wicked murmurs  
 down.

"Good neighbors mine," he stern-  
 ly said,  
 "This passes harmless mirth or  
 jest;  
 I brook no insult to my guest.

"She is indeed her mother's child;  
 But God's sweet pity ministers  
 Unto no whiter soul than hers.

"Let Goody Martin rest in peace;  
 I never knew her harm a fly,  
 And witch or not, God knows—  
 not I.

"I know who swore her life  
 away;  
 And, as God lives, I'd not con-  
 demn  
 An Indian dog on word of them."

The broadest lands in all the  
 town,  
 The skill to guide, the power to  
 awe,  
 Were Harden's; and his word  
 was law.

None dared withstand him to his  
 face,  
 But one sly maiden spake aside:  
 "The little witch is evil-eyed!

"Her mother only killed a cow,  
 Or witched a churn or dairy-  
 pan;  
 But she, forsooth, must charm a  
 man!"

Poor Mabel, in her lonely home,  
 Sat by the window's narrow  
 pane,  
 White in the moonlight's silver  
 rain.

The river, on its pebbled rim,  
 Made music such as childhood  
 knew;  
 The door-yard tree was whis-  
 pered through

By voices such as childhood's ear  
 Had heard in moonlights long  
 ago;  
 And through the willow boughs  
 below

She saw the rippled waters shine;  
 Beyond, in waves of shade and  
 light,  
 The hills rolled off into the  
 night.

Sweet sounds and pictures mock-  
ing so  
The sadness of her human lot,  
She saw and heard, but heeded  
not.

She strove to drown her sense of  
wrong,  
And, in her old and simple way,  
To teach her bitter heart to  
pray.

Poor child ! the prayer, begun in  
faith,  
Grew to a low, despairing cry  
Of utter misery : " Let me die !

" Oh, take me from the scornful  
eyes,  
And hide me where the cruel  
speech  
And mocking finger may not  
reach !

" I dare not breathe my mother's  
name :  
A daughter's right I dare not  
crave  
To weep above her unblest  
grave !

" Let me not live until my heart,  
With few to pity, and with none  
To love me, hardens into stone.

" Oh, God ! have mercy on thy  
child,  
Whose faith in thee grows weak  
and small,  
And take me ere I lose it all ! "

A shadow on the moonlight fell,  
And murmuring wind and wave  
became  
A voice whose burden was her  
name.

Had then God heard her ? Had he  
sent  
His angel down ? In flesh and  
blood,  
Before her Esek Harden stood !

He laid his hand upon her arm :  
" Dear Mabel, this no more shall  
be ;  
Who scoffs at you, must scoff  
at me.

" You know rough Esek Harden  
well ;  
And if he seems no suitor gay,  
And if his hair is touched with  
gray,

" The maiden grown shall never  
find  
His heart less warm than when  
she smiled,  
Upon his knees, a little child ! "

Her tears of grief were tears of  
joy,  
As, folded in his strong em-  
brace,  
She looked in Esek Harden's  
face.

" Oh, truest friend of all ! " she  
said,  
" God bless you for your kindly  
thought,  
And make me worthy of my  
lot ! "

He led her through his dewy  
fields,  
To where the swinging lanterns  
glowed,  
And through the doors the  
huskers showed.

" Good friends and neighbors ! "  
Esek said,  
" I'm weary of this lonely life ;  
In Mabel see my chosen wife !

" She greets you kindly, one and  
all ;  
The past is past, and all offence  
Falls harmless from her inno-  
cence.

"Henceforth she stands no more  
alone;  
You know what Esek Harden  
is;—  
He brooks no wrong to him or  
his."

Now let the merriest tales be told,  
And let the sweetest songs be  
sung,  
That ever made the old heart  
young!

For now the lost has found a  
home;  
And a lone hearth shall brighter  
burn,  
As all the household joys re-  
turn!

Oh, pleasantly the harvest moon,  
Between the shadow of the  
mows,  
Looked on them through the  
great elm boughs!

On Mabel's curls of golden hair,  
On Esek's shaggy strength it fell;  
And the wind whispered, "It is  
well!"

### THE PROPHECY OF SAMUEL SEWALL.

1697.

Up and down the village streets  
Strange are the forms my fancy  
meets,  
For the thoughts and things of  
to-day are hid,  
And through the vail of a closed  
lid  
The ancient worthies I see again:  
I hear the tap of the elder's cane,  
And his awful periwig I see,  
And the silver buckles of shoe and  
knee.  
Stately and slow, with thoughtful  
air,  
His black cap hiding his whitened  
hair,

Walks the Judge of the Great As-  
size,  
Samuel Sewall, the good and wise.  
His face with lines of firmness  
wrought,  
He wears the look of a man un-  
bought,  
Who swears to his hurt and  
changes not;  
Yet, touched and softened never-  
theless  
With the grace of Christian gen-  
tleness,  
The face that a child would climb  
to kiss!  
True, and tender, and brave, and  
just,  
That man might honor and wo-  
man trust!

Touching and sad, a tale is told,  
Like a penitent hymn of the  
Psalmist old,  
Of the fast which the good man  
life-long kept  
With a haunting sorrow that  
never slept,  
As the circling year brought  
round the time  
Of an error that left the sting of  
crime,  
When he sat on the bench of the  
witchcraft courts,  
With the laws of Moses and Hale's  
Reports,  
And spake, in the name of both,  
the word  
That gave the witch's neck to the  
cord,  
And piled the oaken planks that  
pressed  
The feeble life from the warlock's  
breast!  
All the day long, from dawn to  
dawn,  
His door was bolted, his curtain  
drawn;  
No foot on his silent threshold  
trod,  
No eye looked on him save that  
of God.  
As he baffled the ghosts of the  
dead with charms

Of penitent tears, and prayers,  
 and psalms,  
 And, with precious proofs from  
 the sacred word  
 Of the boundless pity and love of  
 the Lord,  
 His faith confirmed and his trust  
 renewed  
 That the sin of his ignorance  
 sorely rued,  
 Might be washed away in the  
 mingled flood  
 Of his human sorrow and Christ's  
 dear blood!

Green forever the memory be  
 Of the Judge of the old Theocracy,  
 Whom even his errors glorified,  
 Like a far-seen, sunlit mountain-  
 side  
 By the cloudy shadows which o'er  
 it glide!  
 Honor and praise to the Puritan  
 Who the halting step of his age  
 outran,  
 And, seeing the infinite worth of  
 man  
 In the priceless gift the Father  
 gave,  
 In the infinite love that stooped to  
 save,  
 Dared not brand his brother a  
 slave!  
 "Who doth such wrong!" he was  
 wont to say,  
 In his own quaint, picture-loving  
 way,  
 "Flings up to Heaven a hand  
 grenade  
 Which God shall cast down upon  
 his head!"

Widely as heaven and hell, con-  
 trast  
 That brave old jurist of the past  
 And the cunning trickster and  
 knave of courts  
 Who the holy features of Truth  
 distorts,—  
 Ruling as right the will of the  
 strong,  
 Poverty, crime, and weakness  
 wrong;

Wide-eared to power, to the  
 wronged and weak  
 Deaf as Egypt's gods of leek;  
 Scoffing aside at party's nod  
 Order of nature and law of God;  
 For whose dabbled ermine respect  
 were waste,  
 Reverence folly, and awe mis-  
 placed;  
 Justice of whom 't were vain to  
 seek  
 As from Koordish robber or Syr-  
 ian Sheik!  
 Oh! leave the wretch to his bribes  
 and sins.  
 Let him rot in the web of lies he  
 spins!  
 To the saintly soul of the early  
 day,—  
 To the Christian judge, let us turn  
 and say:  
 "Praise and thanks, for an honest  
 man!—  
 Glory to God for the Puritan!"

I see, far southward, this quiet  
 day,  
 The hills of Newbury rolling  
 away,  
 With the many tints of the season  
 gay,  
 Dreamily blending in autumn  
 mist  
 Crimson, and gold, and amethyst.  
 Long and low, with dwarf trees  
 crowned,  
 Plum Island lies, like a whale  
 aground,  
 A stone's toss over the narrow  
 sound.

Inland, as far as the eye can go,  
 The hills curve round like a bended  
 bow;  
 A silver arrow from out them  
 sprung,  
 I see the shine of the Quasycung;  
 And, round and round, over val-  
 ley and hill,  
 Old roads winding, as old roads  
 will,  
 Here to a ferry, and there to a  
 mill;

And glimpses of chimneys and  
 gabled eaves,  
 Through green elm arches and  
 maple leaves,—  
 Old homesteads sacred to all that  
 can  
 Gladden or sadden the heart of  
 man,—  
 Over whose thresholds of oak and  
 stone  
 Life and Death have come and  
 gone!  
 There pictured tiles in the fireplace  
 show,  
 Great beams sag from the ceiling  
 low,  
 The dresser glitters with polished  
 wares,  
 The long clock ticks on the foot-  
 worn stairs;  
 And the low, broad chimney shows  
 the crack  
 By the earthquake made a cen-  
 tury back.  
 Up from their midst springs the  
 village spire  
 With the crest of its cock in the  
 sun afire;  
 Beyond our orchards and planting  
 lands,  
 And great salt marshes and glim-  
 mering sands,  
 And, where north and south the  
 coast-lines run,  
 The blink of the sea in breeze and  
 sun!

I see it all like a chart unrolled,  
 But my thoughts are full of the  
 past and old,  
 I hear the tales of my boyhood  
 told;  
 And the shadows and shapes of  
 early days  
 Flit dimly by in the vailing haze,  
 With measured movement and  
 rhythmic chime  
 Weaving like shuttles, my web of  
 rhyme.  
 I think of the old man wise and  
 good  
 Who once on yon misty hillsides  
 stood

(A poet who never measured  
 rhyme,  
 A seer unknown to his dull-eared  
 time),  
 And, propped on his staff of age,  
 looked down,  
 With his boyhood's love, on his  
 native town,  
 Where, written, as if on its hills  
 and plains,  
 His burden of prophecy yet re-  
 mains,  
 For the voices of wood, and wave,  
 and wind  
 To read in the ear of the musing  
 mind:—

“As long as Plum Island, to  
 guard the coast  
 As God appointed, shall keep its  
 post;  
 As long as a salmon shall haunt  
 the deep  
 Of Merrimac river, or sturgeon  
 leap;  
 As long as pickerel swift and slim,  
 Or red-backed perch, in Crane  
 Pond swim;  
 As long as annual sea-fowl know  
 Their time to come and their time  
 to go;  
 As long as cattle shall roam at will  
 The green, grass meadows by Tur-  
 key Hill;  
 As long as sheep shall look from  
 the side  
 Of Oldtown Hill on marishes wide,  
 And Parker River, and salt-sea  
 tide;  
 As long as a wandering pigeon  
 shall search  
 The fields below from his white-  
 oak perch,  
 When the barley-harvest is ripe  
 and shorn  
 And the dry husks fall from the  
 standing corn;  
 As long as Nature shall not grow  
 old,  
 Nor drop her work from her dot-  
 ing hold,  
 And her care for the Indian corn  
 forget,

And the yellow rows in pairs to  
set ;—  
So long shall Christians here be  
born,  
Grow up and ripen as God's sweet  
corn !—  
By the beak of bird, by the breath  
of frost,  
Shall never a holy ear be lost,  
But, husked by Death in the  
Planter's sight,  
Be sown again in the fields of  
light !

— — —  
The Island still is purple with  
plums,  
Up the river the salmon comes,  
The sturgeon leaps, and the wild  
fowl feeds  
On hill-side berries and marish  
seeds,—  
All the beautiful signs remain,  
From spring-time sowing to au-  
tumn rain  
The good man's vision returns  
again !  
And let us hope, as well we can,  
That the Silent Angel who garners  
man  
May find some grain as of old he  
found  
In the human corn-field ripe and  
sound,  
And the Lord of the Harvest deign  
to own  
The precious seed by the fathers  
sown !

— — —  
SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE.

Of all the rides since the birth of  
time,  
Told in story or sung in rhyme,—  
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,  
Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of  
brass,  
Witch astride of a human hack,  
Islam's prophet on Al-Borák,—  
The strangest ride that ever was  
sped

Was Ireson's, out from Marble-  
head !  
Old Floyd Ireson, for his  
hard heart,  
Tarred and feathered and  
carried in a cart  
By the women of Marble-  
head !

Body of turkey, head of owl,  
Wings a-droop like a rained-on  
fowl,  
Feathered and ruffled in every  
part,  
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.  
Scores of women, old and young,  
Strong of muscle, and glib of  
tongue,  
Pushed and pulled up the rocky  
lane,  
Shouting and singing the shrill  
refrain :

“Here's Flud Oirson, fur  
his horrd horrt,  
Torr'd an' futherr'd an'  
corr'd in a corrt  
By the women o' Morble-  
'ead !”

Wrinkled scolds with hands on  
hips,  
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,  
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as  
chase  
Bacchus round some antique vase,  
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,  
Loose of kerchief and loose of  
hair,  
With conch-shells blowing and  
fish-horns' twang,  
Over and over the Mænads sang :  
“Here's Flud Oirson, fur  
his horrd hort,  
Torr'd an' futherr'd an'  
corr'd in a corrt  
By the women o' Morble-  
'ead !”

Small pity on him !—He sailed  
away  
From a leaking ship, in Chaleur  
Bay,—

Sailed away from a sinking wreck,  
With his own town's-people on her deck!

"Lay by! lay by!" they called to him.

Back he answered, "Sink or swim!

Brag of your catch of fish again!"  
And off he sailed through the fog and rain!

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,

Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart

By the women of Marble-head!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur  
That wreck shall lie forever—more,

Mother and sister, wife and maid,  
Looked from the rocks of Marble-head

Over the moaning and rainy sea,—

Looked for the coming that might not be!

What did the winds and the sea-birds say

Of the cruel captain who sailed away?—

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,

Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart

By the women of Marble-head!

Through the street, on either side,  
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;

Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,

Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.

Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,

Hulks of old sailors run aground,  
Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,

And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:

"Here's Flud Oirson, fur  
his horrd horrt,  
Torr'd an' futherr'd an'  
corr'd in a corrt  
By the women o' Morble-  
'ead!"

Sweetly along the Salem road  
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.

Little the wicked skipper knew  
Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.

Riding there in his sorry trim,  
Like an Indian idol glum and trim,

Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear

Of voices shouting far and near:

"Here's Flud Oirson, fur  
his horrd horrt,  
Torr'd an' futherr'd an'  
corr'd in a corrt  
By the women o' Morble-  
'ead!"

"Hear me, neighbors!" at last he cried,—

"What to me is this noisy ride?  
What is the shame that clothes the skin

To the nameless horror that lives within?

Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,  
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!

Hate me and curse me,—I only dread

The hand of God and the face of the dead!"

Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,

Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart

By the women o' Marble-head!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea

Said, "God has touched him—why should we?"

Said an old wife mourning her only son,

"Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!"

So with soft relenting and rude excuse,

Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,

And gave him a cloak to hide him in,

And left him alone with his shame and sin.

Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart.

Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart

By the women of Marble-head!

## TELLING THE BEES.

[A remarkable custom, brought from the Old Country, formerly prevailed in the rural districts of New England. On the death of a member of the family, the bees were at once informed of the event, and their hives dressed in mourning. This ceremony was supposed to be necessary to prevent the swarms from leaving their hives and seeking a new home.]

HERE is the place; right over the hill

Runs the path I took;  
You can see the gap in the old wall still,

And the stepping-stones in the shallow brook.

There is the house, with the gate red-barred,

And the poplars tall;  
And the barn's brown length, and the cattle-yard,  
And the white horns tossing above the wall.

There are the bee-hives ranged in the sun;

And down by the brink  
Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed-o'-errun,  
Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,

Heavy and slow;  
And the same rose blows, and the same sun glows,  
And the same brook sings of a year ago.

There's the same sweet clover-smell in the breeze;

And the June sun warm

Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,

Setting, as then, over Fernside farm.

I mind me how with a lover's care  
From my Sunday coat

I brushed off the burs, and smoothed my hair,  
And cooled at the brook-side my brow and throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed,—

To love, a year;  
Down through the beeches I looked at last

On the little red gate and the well-sweep near.

I can see it all now—the slant-wise rain

Of light through the leaves,  
The sundown's blaze on her window-pane,  
The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

Just the same as a month before,—  
The house and the trees,

The barn's brown gable, the vine by the door,—

Nothing changed but the hives of bees.

Before them, under the garden  
wall,  
Forward and back,  
Went drearily singing the chore-  
girl small,  
Draping each hive with a shred  
of black.

Trembling, I listened : the sum-  
mer sun  
Had the chill of snow ;  
For I knew she was telling the  
bees of one  
Gone on the journey we all  
must go !

Then I said to myself, " My Mary  
weeps  
For the dead to-day :  
Haply her blind old grandsire  
sleeps  
The fret and the pain of his age  
away."

But her dog whined low ; on the  
doorway sill,  
With his cane to his chin,  
The old man sat ; and the chore-  
girl still  
Sung to the bees stealing out and  
in.

And the song she was singing ever  
since

In my ears sounds on :—  
" Stay at home, pretty bees, fly  
not hence !  
Mistress Mary is dead and  
gone !"

### THE SYCAMORES.

In the outskirts of the village,  
On the river's winding shores,  
Stand the Occidental plane-trees,  
Stand the ancient sycamores.

One long century hath been num-  
bered,  
And another half-way told,

Since the rustic Irish gleeman  
Broke for them the virgin  
mould.

Deftly set to Celtic music,  
At his violin's sound they grew  
Through the moonlit eves of sum-  
mer,  
Making Amphion's fable true.

Rise again, thou poor Hugh Tal-  
lant !  
Pass in jerkin green along,  
With thy eyes brim full of  
laughter,  
And thy mouth as full of song.

Pioneer of Erin's outcasts,  
With his fiddle and his pack ;  
Little dreamed the village Saxons  
Of the myriads at his back.

How he wrought with spade and  
fiddle,  
Delved by day and sang by  
night,  
With a hand that never wearied,  
And a heart forever light,—

Still the gay tradition mingles  
With a record grave and drear,  
Like the rolic air of Cluny,  
With the solemn march of  
Mear.

When the box-tree, white with  
blossoms,  
Made the sweet May woodlands  
glad,  
And the Aronia by the river  
Lighted up the swarming shad,

And the bulging nets swept shore-  
ward,  
With their silver-sided haul,  
Midst the shouts of dripping  
fishers,  
He was merriest of them all.

When, among the jovial huskers,  
Love stole in at Labor's side,  
With the lusty airs of England,  
Soft his Celtic measures vied.

Songs of love and wailing lyke-  
wake,  
And the merry fair's carouse;  
Of the wild Red Fox of Erin  
And the Woman of Three Cows,

By the blazing hearths of winter,  
Pleasant seemed his simple  
tales,  
Midst the grimmer Yorkshire leg-  
ends,  
And the mountain myths of  
Wales.

How the souls in Purgatory  
Scrambled up from fate forlorn,  
On St. Keven's sackcloth ladder,  
Slyly hitched to Satan's horn.

Of the fiddler who at Tara  
Played all night to ghosts of  
kings;  
Of the brown dwarfs, and the  
fairies  
Dancing in their moorland  
rings!

Jolliest of our birds of singing,  
Best he loved the Bob-o-link.  
"Hush!" he'd say, "the tipsy  
fairies!  
Hear the little folks in drink!"

Merry-faced, with spade and  
fiddle,  
Singing through the ancient  
town,  
Only this, of poor Hugh Tallant,  
Hath Tradition handed down.

Not a stone his grave discloses;  
But if yet his spirit walks,  
'T is beneath the trees he planted,  
And when Bob-o-Lincoln talks!

Green memorials of the glee-  
man!  
Linking still the river shores,  
With their shadows cast by sun-  
set,  
Stand Hugh Tallant's syc-  
amores!

When the Father of his Country  
Through the north-land riding  
came,  
And the roofs were starred with  
banners,  
And the steeples rang ac-  
claim,—

When each war-scarred Conti-  
nental,  
Leaving smithy, mill, and  
farm,  
Waved his rusted sword in wel-  
come,  
And shot off his old king's-  
arm,—

Slowly passed that august Pres-  
ence  
Down the thronged and shout-  
ing street;  
Village girls, as white as angels,  
Scattering flowers around his  
feet.

Midway, where the plane-tree's  
shadow  
Deepest fell, his rein he drew:  
On his stately head, uncovered,  
Cool and soft the west wind  
blew.

And he stood up in his stirrups,  
Looking up and looking down  
On the hills of Gold and Silver  
Rimming round the little  
town,—

On the river, full of sunshine,  
To the lap of greenest vales,  
Winding down from wooded head-  
lands,  
Willow-skirted, white with sails.

And he said, the landscape sweep-  
ing  
Slowly with his ungloved hand,  
"I have seen no prospect fairer  
In this goodly Eastern land."

Then the bugles of his escort  
Stirred to life the cavalcade;

And that head, so bare and  
stately,  
Vanished down the depths of  
shade.

Ever since, in town and farm-  
house,

Life has had its ebb and flow ;  
Thrice hath passed the human  
harvest  
To its garner green and low.

But the trees the gleeman planted,  
Through the changes, change-  
less stand ;

As the marble calm of Tadmor  
Marks the desert's shifting sand.

Still the level moon at rising  
Silvers o'er each stately shaft ;  
Still beneath them, half in shadow,  
Singing, glides the pleasure  
craft.

Still beneath them, arm-enfolded,  
Love and Youth together stray ;  
While, as heart to heart beats  
faster,  
More and more their feet delay.

Where the ancient cobbler, Keezar,  
On the open hill-side wrought,  
Singing, as he drew his stitches,  
Songs his German masters  
taught.

Singing, with his gray hair float-  
ing  
Round his rosy ample face ;  
Now a thousand Saxon craftsmen  
Stitch and hammer in his place.

All the pastoral lanes so grassy,  
Now are Traffic's dusty streets ;  
From the village, grown a city,  
Fast the rural grace retreats.

But, still green, and tall, and  
stately,  
On the river's winding shores,  
Stand the Occidental plane-trees,  
Stand Hugh Tallant's sycam-  
ores,

## THE DOUBLE-HEADED SNAKE OF NEWBURY.

"Concerning y<sup>e</sup> Amphisbæna,  
as soon as I received your com-  
mands, I made diligent inquiry  
\* \* \* he assures me y<sup>t</sup> had  
really two heads, one at each  
end ; two mouths, two stings  
or tongues."—REV. CHRISTOPHER  
TOPPAN to COTTON MATHER.

FAR away in the twilight time  
Of every people, in every clime,  
Dragons and griffins and monsters  
dire,

Born of water, and air, and fire,  
Or nursed, like the Python, in the  
mud

And ooze of the old Deucalion  
flood,

Crawl and wriggle and foam with  
rage,

Through dusk tradition and ballad  
age.

So from the Childhood of Newbury  
town

And its time of fable the tale comes  
down

Of a terror which haunted bush  
and brake,

The Amphisbæna, the Double  
Snake !

Thou who makest the tale thy  
mirth,

Consider that strip of Christian  
earth

On the desolate shore of a sailless  
sea,

Full of terror and mystery,  
Half-redeemed from the evil hold

Of the wood so dreary, and dark,  
and old,

Which drank with its lips of leaves  
the dew

When Time was young, and the  
world was new,

And wove its shadows with sun  
and moon,

Ere the stones of Cheops were  
squared and hewn ;

Think of the sea's dread monotone,

Of the mournful wail from the  
 pine-wood blown,  
 Of the strange, vast splendors that  
 lit the North,  
 Of the troubled throes of the quak-  
 ing earth,  
 And the dismal tales the Indian  
 told,  
 Till the settler's heart at his hearth  
 grew cold,  
 And he shrank from the tawny  
 wizard's boasts,  
 And the hovering shadows seemed  
 full of ghosts,  
 And above, below, and on every  
 side,  
 The fear of his creed seemed veri-  
 fied ;—  
 And think, if his lot were now  
 thine own,  
 To grope with terrors nor named  
 nor known,  
 How laxer muscle and weaker  
 nerve  
 And a feebler faith thy need might  
 serve ;  
 And own to thyself the wonder  
 more  
 That the snake had two heads, and  
 not a score !

Whether he lurked in the Oldtown  
 fen,  
 Or the gray earth-flax of the Devil's  
 den,  
 Or swam in the wooded Artichoke,  
 Or coiled by the Northman's Writ-  
 ten Rock,  
 Nothing on record is left to show ;  
 Only the fact that he lived, we  
 know,  
 And left the cast of a double head  
 In a scaly mask which he yearly  
 shed.  
 For he carried a head where his  
 tail should be,  
 And the two, of course, could  
 never agree,  
 But wriggled about with main and  
 might,  
 Now to the left and now to the  
 right ;

Pulling and twisting this way and  
 that,  
 Neither knew what the other was  
 at.

'A snake with two heads, lurking  
 so near !—  
 Judge of the wonder, guess at the  
 fear !  
 Think what ancient gossips might  
 say,  
 Shaking their heads in their dreary  
 way,  
 Between the meetings on Sab-  
 bath-day !  
 How urchins, searching at day's  
 decline  
 The Common Pasture for sheep or  
 kine,  
 The terrible double-ganger heard  
 In leafy rustle or whirr of bird !  
 Think what a zest it gave to the  
 sport,  
 In berry-time of the younger sort,  
 As over pastures blackberry-  
 twined  
 Reuben and Dorothy lagged  
 behind  
 And closer and closer, for fear of  
 harm,  
 The maiden clung to her lover's  
 arm ;  
 And how the spark, who was  
 forced to stay,  
 By his sweetheart's fears, till the  
 break of day,  
 Thanked the snake for the fond  
 delay '

Far and wide the tale was told,  
 Like a snowball growing while it  
 rolled.  
 The nurse hushed with it the  
 baby's cry ;  
 And it served, in the worthy min-  
 ister's eye,  
 To paint the primitive serpent by.  
 Cotton Mather came galloping  
 down  
 All the way to Newbury town,  
 With his eyes agog and his ears  
 set wide,

And his marvellous inkhorn at his side;  
 Stirring the while in the shallow pool  
 Of his brains for the lore he learned at school,  
 To garnish the story, with here a streak  
 Of Latin, and there another of Greek:  
 And the tales he heard and the notes he took,  
 Behold! are they not in his Wonder-Book?

Stories, like dragons, are hard to kill.  
 If the snake does not, the tale runs still  
 In Byfield Meadows, on Pipestave Hill.  
 And still, whenever husband and wife  
 Publish the shame of their daily strife,  
 And, with mad cross-purpose, tug and strain  
 At either end of the marriage-chain,  
 The gossips say, with a knowing shake  
 Of their gray heads, "Look at the Double Snake!  
 One in body and two in will,  
 The Amphisbæna is living still!"

#### THE TRUCE OF PISCATAQUA.

1675.

RAZE these long blocks of brick and stone,  
 These huge mill-monsters overgrown:  
 Blot out the humbler piles as well,  
 Where, moved like living shuttles, dwell  
 The weaving genii of the bell;  
 Tear from the wild Cochecho's track  
 The dams that hold its torrents back;

And let the loud-rejoicing fall  
 Plunge, roaring, down its rocky wall;  
 And let the Indian's paddle play  
 On the unbridged Piscataqua!  
 Wide over hill and valley spread  
 Once more the forest, dusk and dread,  
 With here and there a clearing cut  
 From the walled shadows round it shut;  
 Each with his farm-house builded rude,  
 By English yeoman squared and hewed,  
 And the grim, flankered block-house bound  
 With bristling palisades around.  
 So haply, shall before thine eyes  
 The dusty vail of centuries rise,  
 The old, strange scenery overlay  
 The tamer pictures of to-day,  
 While, like the actors in a play,  
 Pass in their ancient guise along  
 The figures of my border song:  
 What time beside Cochecho's flood  
 The white man and the red man stood,  
 With words of peace and brotherhood;  
 When passed the sacred calumet  
 From lip to lip with fire-draught wet,  
 And, puffed in scorn, the peace pipe's smoke  
 Through the gray beard of Waldron broke,  
 And Squando's voice, in suppliant plea  
 For mercy, struck the haughty key  
 Of one who held, in any fate,  
 His native pride inviolate!

"Let your ears be opened wide!  
 He who speaks has never lied.  
 Waldron of Piscataqua,  
 Hear what Squando has to say!

"Squando shuts his eyes and sees,  
 Far off, Saco's hemlock-trees.  
 In his wigwam, still as stone,  
 Sits a woman all alone,

"Wampum beads and birchen  
strands  
Dropping from her careless hands,  
Listening ever for the fleet  
Patter of a dead child's feet !

"When the moon a year ago  
Told the flowers the time to blow,  
In that lonely wigwam smiled  
Menewee, our little child.

"Ere that moon grew thin and  
old,  
He was lying still and cold ;  
Sent before us, weak and small,  
When the Master did not call !

"On his little grave I lay ;  
Three times went and came the  
day ;  
Thrice above me blazed the noon,  
Thrice upon me wept the moon.

"In the third night watch I  
heard,  
Far and low, a spirit-bird ;  
Very mournful, very wild,  
Sang the totem of my child.

"Menewee, poor Menewee,  
Walks a path he cannot see :  
Let the white man's wigwam  
light  
With its blaze his steps aright.

"All-uncalled, he dares not show  
Empty hands to Manito :  
Better gifts he cannot bear  
Than the scalps his slayers wear.'

"All the while the totem sang,  
Lightning blazed and thunder  
rang ;  
And a black cloud, reaching high,  
Pulled the white moon from the  
sky.

"I, the medicine-man, whose ear  
All that spirits hear can hear,—  
I, whose eyes are wide to see  
All the things that are to be,—

"Well I knew the dreadful signs  
In the whispers of the pines,  
In the river roaring loud,  
In the mutter of the cloud.

"At the breaking of the day,  
From the grave I passed away ;  
Flowers bloomed round me, birds  
sang glad,  
But my heart was hot and mad.

"There is rust on Squando's knife,  
From the warm, red springs of  
life ;  
On the funeral hemlock trees  
Many a scalp the totem sees.

"Blood for blood ! But evermore  
Squando's heart is sad and sore ;  
And his poor squaw waits at home  
For the feet that never come !

"Waldron of Coheco, hear !  
Squando speaks, who laughs at  
fear :  
Take the captives he has ta'en ;  
Let the land have peace again !"

As the words died on his tongue,  
Wide apart his warriors swung ;  
Parted, at the sign he gave,  
Right and left like Egypt's wave.

And, like Israel passing free  
Through the prophet-charmed sea,  
Captive mother, wife and child  
Through the dusky terror filed.

One alone, a little maid,  
Middleway her steps delayed,  
Glancing, with quick, troubled  
sight,  
Round about from red to white.

Then his hand the Indian laid  
On the little maiden's head,  
Lightly from her forehead fair  
Smoothing back her yellow hair.

"Gift or favor ask I none ;  
What I have is all my own :  
Never yet the birds have sung,  
'Squando hath a beggar's tongue.'

"Yet, for her who waits at home  
For the dead who cannot come,  
Let the little Gold-hair be  
In the place of Menewee!

"Mishanock, my little star!  
Come to Saco's pines afar;  
Where the sad one waits at home,  
Wequashim, my moonlight, come!

'What!' quoth Waldron, "leave  
a child  
Christian-born to heathens wild?  
As God lives, from Satan's hand  
I will pluck her as a brand!"

"Hear me, white man!" Squando  
cried;

"Let the little one decide.  
Wequashim, my moonlight, say,  
Wilt thou go with me, or stay?"

Slowly, sadly, half-afraid,  
Half-regretfully, the maid  
Owned the ties of blood and  
race,—  
Turned from Squando's pleading  
face.

Not a word the Indian spoke,  
But his wampum chain he broke,  
And the beaded wonder hung  
On that neck so fair and young.

Silence-shod, as phantoms seem  
In the marches of a dream,  
Single-filed, the grim array  
Through the pine-trees wound  
away.

Doubting, trembling, sore amazed,  
Through her tears the young child  
gazed.

"God preserve her!" Waldron  
said;

"Satan hath bewitched the  
maid!"

---

YEARS went and came. At close  
of day  
Singing came a child from play,  
Tossing from her loose-locked  
head  
Gold in sunshine, brown in shade.

Pride was in the mother's look,  
But her head she gravely shook,  
And with lips that fondly smiled  
Feigned to chide her truant child.

Unabashed, the maid began:  
"Up and down the brook I ran,  
Where, beneath the bank so steep,  
Lie the spotted trout asleep.

"'Chip!' went the squirrel on the  
wall,

After me I heard him call,  
And the cat-bird on the tree  
Tried his best to mimic me.

"Where the hemlocks grew so  
dark

That I stopped to look and hark,  
On a log, with feather-hat,  
By the path, an Indian sat.

"Then I cried, and ran away;  
But he called, and bade me stay;  
And his voice was good and mild  
As my mother's to her child.

"And he took my wampum chain,  
Looked and looked it o'er again;  
Gave me berries, and, beside,  
On my neck a plaything tied."

Straight the mother stopped to see  
What the Indian's gift might be.  
On the braid of wampum hung.  
Lo! a cross of silver swung.

Well she knew its graven sign,  
Squando's bird and totem pine;  
And, a mirage of the brain,  
Flowed her childhood back again.

Flashed the roof the sunshine  
through,

Into space the walls outgrew;  
On the Indian's wigwam-mat,  
Blossom-crowned, again she sat.

Cool she felt the west wind blow,  
In her ear the pines sang low,  
And, like links from out the chain,  
Dropped the years of care and  
pain.

From the outward toil and din,  
 From the griefs that gnaw within,  
 To the freedom of the woods  
 Called the birds, and winds, and  
 floods.

Well, oh, painful minister !  
 Watch thy flock, but blame not  
 her,  
 If her ear grew sharp to hear  
 All their voices whispering near.

Blame her not, as to her soul  
 All the desert's glamour stole,  
 That a tear for childhood's loss  
 Dropped upon the Indian's cross.

When, at night, the Book was  
 read,  
 And she bowed her widowed head,  
 And a prayer for each loved name  
 Rose like incense from a flame.

To the listening ear of Heaven,  
 Lo ! another name was given :  
 " Father, give the Indian rest !  
 Bless him ! for his love has blest ! "

### MY PLAYMATE.

THE pines were dark on Ramoth  
 hill,  
 Their song was soft and low ;  
 The blossoms in the sweet May  
 wind  
 Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,  
 The orchard birds sang clear ;  
 The sweetest and the saddest day,  
 It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or  
 flowers,  
 My playmate left her home,  
 And took with her the laughing  
 spring,  
 The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,  
 She laid her hand in mine :  
 What more could ask the bashful  
 boy  
 Who fed her father's kine ?

She left us in the bloom of May :  
 The constant years told o'er  
 Their seasons with as sweet May  
 morns,  
 But she came back no more.

I walk, with noiseless feet, the  
 round  
 Of uneventful years ;  
 Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring  
 And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden  
 year  
 Her summer roses blow ;  
 The dusky children of the sun  
 Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewelled  
 hands  
 She smooths her silken gown,—  
 No more the homespun lap where—  
 in  
 I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the  
 brook,  
 The brown nuts on the hill,  
 And still the May-day flowers  
 make sweet  
 The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,  
 The bird builds in the tree,  
 The dark pines sing on Ramoth  
 hill  
 The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,  
 And how the old time seems,—  
 If ever the pines of Ramoth wood  
 Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice :  
 Does she remember mine ?  
 And what to her is now the boy  
 Who fed her father's kine ?

What cares she that the orioles  
 build  
 For other eyes than ours,—

That other hands with nuts are  
filled,  
And other laps with flowers?

O playmate in the golden time!  
Our mossy seat is green,  
Its fringing violets blossom yet,  
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and  
fern

A sweeter memory blow;  
And there in spring the veeries  
sing  
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth  
wood  
Are moaning like the sea,—  
The moaning of the sea of  
change  
Between myself and thee!

## POEMS AND LYRICS.

### IN REMEMBRANCE OF JOSEPH STURGE.

In the fair land o'erwatched by Ischia's mountains,  
Across the charmed bay  
Whose blue waves keep with Capri's silver fountains  
Perpetual holiday,

A king lies dead, his wafer duly eaten,  
His gold-bought masses given;  
And Rome's great altar smokes with gums to sweeten  
Her foulest gift to Heaven.

And while all Naples thrills with mute thanksgiving,  
The court of England's queen  
For the dead monster so abhorred while living  
In mourning garb is seen.

With a true sorrow God rebukes that feigning:  
By lone Edgbaston's side  
Stands a great city in the sky's sad raining,  
Bare-headed and wet-eyed!

Silent for once the restless hive of labor,  
Save the low funeral tread,  
Or voice of craftsman whispering to his neighbor  
The good deeds of the dead.

For him no minster's chant of the immortals  
Rose from the lips of sin;  
No mitred priest swung back the heavenly portals  
To let the white soul in.

But Age and Sickness framed their tearful faces  
In the low hovel's door,  
And prayers went up from all the dark by-places  
And Ghettos of the poor.

The pallid toiler and the negro chattel,  
The vagrant of the street,  
The human dice wherewith in games of battle  
The lords of earth compete,

Touched with a grief that needs no outward draping;  
All swelled the long lament  
Of grateful hearts, instead of marble, shaping  
His viewless monument !

For never yet, with ritual pomp and splendor,  
In the long heretofore,  
A heart more loyal, warm, and true, and tender,  
Has England's turf closed o'er.

And if there fell from out her grand old steeples  
No crash of brazen wail,  
The murmurous woe of kindreds, tongues, and peoples  
Swept in on every gale.

It came from Holstein's birchen-belted meadows,  
And from the tropic calm  
Of Indian islands in the sun-smit shadows  
Of Occidental palms ;

From the loocked roadsteads of the Bothnian peasants,  
And harbors of the Fium,  
Where war's worn victims saw his gentle presence  
Come sailing, Christ-like, in,

To seek the lost, to build the old waste-places,  
To link the hostile shores  
Of severing seas, and sow with England's daisies  
The moss of Finland's moors.

Thanks for the good man's beautiful example,  
Who in the vilest saw  
Some sacred crypt or altar of a temple  
Still vocal with God's law ;

And heard with tender ear the spirit sighing  
As from its prison cell,  
Praying for pity, like the mournful crying  
Of Jonah out of hell.

Not his the golden pen's or lip's persuasion,  
But a fine sense of right,  
And truth's directness, meeting each occasion  
Straight as a line of light.

His faith and works, like streams that intermingle,  
In the same channel ran :

The crystal clearness of an eye kept single  
Shamed all the frauds of man.

The very gentlest of all human natures  
He joined to courage strong,  
And love outreaching unto all God's creatures  
With sturdy hate of wrong.

Tender as woman : manliness and meekness  
In him were so allied  
That they who judged him by this strength or weakness  
Saw but a single side.

Men failed, betrayed him, but his zeal seemed nourished  
By failure and by fall;  
Still a large faith in human-kind he cherished,  
And in God's love for all.

And now he rests : his greatness and his sweetness  
No more shall seem at strife ;  
And death has moulded into calm completeness,  
The statue of his life.

Where the dews glisten and the song-birds warble,  
His dust to dust is laid,  
In nature's keeping, with no pomp of marble  
To shame his modest shade.

The forges glow, the hammers all are ringing ;  
Beneath its smoky veil,  
Hard by, the city of his love is swinging  
Its clamorous iron flail.

But round his grave are quietude and beauty,  
And the sweet heaven above,—  
The fitting symbols of a life of duty  
Transfigured into love !

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### ON A PRAYER-BOOK.

WITH ITS FRONTISPIECE, ARY SCHEFFER'S "CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR,"  
AMERICANIZED BY THE OMISSION OF THE BLACK MAN.

O, ARY SCHEFFER ! when beneath thine eye,  
Touched with the light that cometh from above,  
Grew the sweet picture of the dear Lord's love,  
No dream hadst thou that Christian hands would tear  
Therefrom the token of his equal care,  
And make thy symbol of his truth a lie !  
The poor, dumb slave whose shackles fall away

In his compassionate gaze, grubbed smoothly out,  
 To mar no more the exercise devout  
 To sleek oppression kneeling down to pray  
 Where the great oriel stains the Sabbath day !  
 Let whoso can before such praying books  
   Kneel on his velvet cushions ; I, for one,  
   Would sooner bow, a Parsee, to the sun,  
 Or tend a prayer-wheel in Thibetan brooks,  
   Or beat a drum on Yedo's temple-floor.  
 No falsar idol man has bowed before,  
 In Indian groves or islands of the sea,  
   Than that which through the quaint-carved Gothic door  
 Looks forth,—a Church without humanity !  
   Patron of pride, and prejudice, and wrong,—  
   The rich man's charm and fetish of the strong,  
 The Eternal Fullness meted, clipped, and shorn,  
 The seamless robe of equal mercy torn,  
 The dear Christ hidden from his kindred flesh,  
 And, in his poor ones, crucified afresh !  
 Better the simple Lama scattering wide,  
   Where sweeps the storm Alechan's steppes along,  
 His paper horses for the lost to ride,  
 And wearying Buddha with his prayers to make  
 The figures living for the traveller's sake,  
 Than he who hopes with cheap praise to beguile  
 The ear of God, dishonoring man the while ;  
 Who dreams the pearl gate's hinges, rusty grown,  
 Are moved by flattery's oil of tongue alone ;  
 That in the scale Eternal Justice bears  
 The generous deed weighs less than selfish prayers,  
 And words intoned with graceful unction move  
 The Eternal Goodness more than lives of truth and love.  
 Alas, the Church !—The reverend head of Jay,  
   Enhaloed with its saintly silvered hair,  
   Adorns no more the places of her prayer ;  
 And brave young Tyng, too early called away,  
   Troubles the Haman of her courts no more  
   Like the just Hebrew at th' Assyrian's door ;  
   And her sweet ritual, beautiful but dead  
   As the dry husk from which the grain is shed,  
   And holy hymns from which the life devout  
   Of saints and martyrs has well-nigh gone out,  
   Like candles dying in exhausted air,  
   For Sabbath use in measured grists are ground ;  
   And, ever while the spiritual mill goes round,  
   Between the upper and the nether stones,  
   Unseen, unheard, the wretched bondman groans,  
 And urges his vain plea, prayer-smothered, anthem-drowned !  
  
 Oh, heart of mine, keep patience !—Looking forth,  
   As from the Mount of Vision, I behold,  
 Pure, just, and free, the Church of Christ on earth,—  
   The martyr's dream, the golden age foretold !

And found, at last, the mystic Graal I see  
 Brimmed with His blessing, pass from lip to lip,  
 In sacred pledge of human fellowship ;  
 And over all the songs of angels hear,—  
 Songs of the love that casteth out all fear,—  
 Songs of the Gospel of Humanity !  
 Lo ! in the midst, with the same look he were,  
 Healing and blessing on Gennesaret's shore,  
 Folding together, with the all-tender might  
 Of his great love, the dark hands and the white,  
 Stands the Consoler, soothing every pain,  
 Making all burdens light, and breaking every chain !

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### THE QUAKER ALUMNI.\*

From the well-springs of Hudson, the sea-cliffs of Maine,  
 Grave men, sober matrons, you gather again ;  
 And, with hearts warmer grown as your heads grow more cool,  
 Play over the old game of going to school.

All your strifes and vexations, your whims and complaints,  
 (You were not saints yourselves, if the children of saints !)  
 All your petty self-seekings and rivalries done,  
 Round the dear Alma Mater your hearts beat as one !

How widely soe'er you have strayed from the fold,  
 Though your "thee" has grown "you," and your drab blue and gold,  
 To the old friendly speech and the garb's sober form,  
 Like the heart of Argyle to the tartan, you warm.

But, the first greetings over, you glance round the hall ;  
 Your hearts call the roll, but they answer not all :  
 Through the turf green above them the dead cannot hear ;  
 Name by name, in the silence, falls sad as a tear !

In love, let us trust, they were summoned so soon  
 From the morning of life, while we toil through its noon ;  
 They were frail like ourselves, they had needs like our own,  
 And they rest as we rest in God's mercy alone.

Unchanged by our changes of spirit and frame,  
 Past, now, and henceforward the Lord is the same ;  
 Though we sink in the darkness, his arms break our fall,  
 And in death as in life he is Father of all !

We are older : our footsteps, so light in the play  
 Of the far-away schooltime, more slower to-day ;—  
 Here a beard touched with frost, there a bald, shining crown,  
 And beneath the cap's border gray mingles with brown.

\* Read at the Friends' School Anniversary, Providence, R. I., 6th mo., 1860.

But faith should be cheerful, and trust should be glad,  
And our follies and sins, not our years, makes us sad.  
Should the heart closer shut as the bonnet grows prim,  
And the face grow in length as the hat grows in brim?

Life is brief, duty grave; but, with rain-folded wings,  
Of yesterday's sunshine the grateful heart sings;  
And we, of all others, have reason to pay  
The tribute of thanks, and rejoice on our way,

For the counsels that turned from the follies of youth;  
For the beauty of patience, the whiteness of truth;  
For the wounds of rebuke, when love tempered its edge;  
For the household's restraint, and the discipline's hedge;

For the lessons of kindness vouchsafed to the least  
Of the creatures of God, whether human or beast,  
Bringing hope to the poor, lending strength to the frail  
In the lanes of the city, the slave-hut, and jail;

For a womanhood higher and holier, by all  
Her knowledge of good, than was Eve ere her fall,—  
Whose task-work of duty moves lightly as play,  
Serene as the moonlight and warm as the day;

And, yet more, for the faith which embraces the whole,  
Of the creeds of the ages the life and the soul,  
Wherein letter and spirit the same channel run,  
And man has not severed what God has made one!

For a sense of the Goodness revealed everywhere,  
As sunshine impartial, and free as the air;  
For a trust in humanity, Heathen or Jew,  
And a hope for all darkness The Light shineth through.

Who scoffs at our birthright?—the words of the seers  
And the songs of the bards in the twilight of years.  
All the fore-gleams of wisdom in santon and sage,  
In prophet and priest, are our true heritage.

The Word which the reason of Plato discerned;  
The truth, as whose symbol the Mithra-fire burned;  
The soul of the world which the Stoic but guessed,  
In the Light Universal the Quaker confessed!

No honors of war to our worthies belong;  
Their plain stem of life never flowered into song;  
But the fountains they opened still gush by the way,  
And the world for their healing is better to-day.

He who lies where the minster's groined arches curve down  
To the tomb-crowded transept of England's renown,

The glorious essayist, by genius enthroned,  
Whose pen as a sceptre the Muses all owned,—

Who through the world's Pantheon walked in his pride,  
Setting new statues up, thrusting old ones aside,  
And in fiction the pencils of history dipped,  
To gild o'er or blacken each saint in his crypt,—

How vainly he labored to sully with blame  
The white bust of Penn, in the niche of his fame!  
Self-will is self-wounding, perversity blind:  
On himself fell the stain for the Quaker designed!

For the sake of his true-hearted father before him;  
For the sake of the dear Quaker mother that bore him;  
For the sake of his gifts, and the works that outlive him,  
And his brave words for freedom, we freely forgive him!

There are those who take note that our numbers are small,—  
New Gibbons who write our decline and our fall;  
But the Lord of the seed-field takes care of his own,  
And the world shall yet reap what our sowers have sown.

The last of the sect to his fathers may go,  
Leaving only his coat for some Barnum to show;  
But the truth will outlive him, and broaden with years,  
Till the false dies away, and the wrong disappears.

Nothing fails of its end. Out of sight sinks the stone,  
In the deep sea of time, but the circles sweep on,  
Till the low-rippled murmurs along the shores run,  
And the dark and dead waters leap glad in the sun.

Meanwhile shall we learn, in our ease, to forget  
To the martyrs of Truth and of Freedom our debt?—  
Hide their words out of sight, like the garb that they wore,  
And for Barclay's Apology offer one more?

Shall we fawn round the priestcraft that glutted the shears,  
And festooned the stocks with our grandfathers' ears?  
Talk of Woolman's unsoundness?—count Penn heterodox?  
And take Cotton Mather in place of George Fox?—

Make our preachers war-chaplains?—quote Scripture to take  
The hunted slave back, for Onesimus' sake?—  
Go to burning church-candles, and chanting in choir,  
And on the old meeting-house stick up a spire?

No! the old paths we'll keep until better are shown,  
Credit good where we find it, abroad or our own;  
And while "Lo here" and "Lo there" the multitude call,  
Be true to ourselves, and do justice to all,

The good round about us we need not refuse,  
Nor talk of our Zion as if we were Jews;  
But why shirk the badge which our fathers have worn,  
Or beg the world's pardon for having been born?

We need not pray over the Pharisee's prayer,  
Nor claim that our wisdom is Benjamin's share.  
Truth to us and to others is equal and one:  
Shall we bottle the free air, or hoard up the sun?

Well know we our birthright may serve but to show  
How the meanest of weeds in the richest soil grow;  
But we need not disparage the good which we hold:  
Though the vessels be earthen, the treasure is gold!

Enough and too much of the sect and the name.  
What matters our label, so truth be our aim?  
The creed may be wrong, but the life may be true,  
And hearts beat the same under drab coats or blue.

So the man *be* a man, let him worship at will,  
In Jerusalem's courts, or on Gerizim's hill.  
When she makes up her jewels, what cares the good town  
For the Baptist of WAYLAND, the Quaker of BROWN?

And this green, favored island, so fresh and sea-blown,  
When she counts up the worthies her annals have known,  
Never waits for the pitiful gaugers of sect  
To measure her love, and mete out her respect.

Three shades at this moment seem walking her strand,  
Each with head halo-crowned, and with palms in his hand,—  
Wise Berkeley, grave Hopkins, and, smiling serene  
On prelate and puritan, Channing is seen.

One holy name bearing, no longer they need  
Credentials of party, and pass-words of creed:  
The new song they sing hath a three-fold accord,  
And they own one baptism, one faith, and one Lord!

But the golden sands run out: Occasions like these  
Glide swift into shadow, like sails on the seas:  
While we sport with the mosses and pebbles ashore,  
They lessen and fade, and we see them no more.

Forgive me, dear friends, if my vagrant thoughts seem  
Like a school-boy's who idles and plays with his theme.  
Forgive the light measure whose changes display  
The sunshine and rain of our brief April day.

There are moments in life when the lip and the eye  
Try the question of whether to smile or to cry;

And scenes and reunions that prompt like our own  
The tender in feeling. the playful in tone.

I, who never sat down with the boys and the girls  
At the feet of your Slocums, and Cartlands, and Earles,—  
By courtesy only permitted to lay  
On your festival's altar my poor gift, to-day,—

I would joy in your joy : let me have a friend's part  
In the warmth of your welcome of hand and of heart,—  
On your play-ground of boyhood unbend the brow's care,  
And shift the old burdens our shoulders must bear.

Long live the good School ! giving out year by year  
Recruits to true manhood, and womanhood dear :  
Brave boys, modest maidens, in beauty sent forth,  
The living epistles and proof of its worth !

In and out let the young life as steadily flow  
And in broad Narragansett the tides come and go ;  
And its sons and its daughters in prairie and town  
Remember its honor, and guard its renown.

Not vainly the gift of its founder was made ;  
Not prayerless the stones of its corner were laid :  
The blessing of Him whom in secret they sought  
Has owned the good work which the fathers have wrought.

To Him be the glory forever !—We bear  
To the Lord of the Harvest our wheat with the tare,  
What we lack in our work may he find in our will,  
And winnow in mercy our good from the ill !

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### BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE.

JOHN BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE spake on his dying day :  
" I will not have to shrive my soul a priest in Slavery's pay.  
But let some poor slave-mother whom I have striven to free,  
With her children from the gallows-stair put up a prayer for me ! "

John Brown of Ossawatomie, they led him out to die ;  
And lo ! a poor slave-mother with her little child pressed nigh.  
Then the bold, blue eye grew tender, and the old harsh face grew  
mild,  
As he stooped between the jeering ranks and kissed the negro's child !

The shadows of his stormy life that moment fell apart ;  
And they who blamed the bloody hand forgave the loving heart.  
That kiss from all its guilty means redeemed the good intent,  
And round the grisly fighter's hair the martyr's aureole bent !

Perish with him the folly that seeks through evil good !  
 Long live the generous purpose unstained with human blood !  
 Not the raid of midnight terror, but the thought which underlies ;  
 Not the borderer's pride of daring, but the Christian's sacrifice.

Never more may yon Blue Ridges the Northern rifle hear,  
 Nor see the light of blazing homes flash on the negro's spear.  
 But let the free-winged angel Truth their guarded passes scale,  
 To teach that right is more than might, and justice more than mail !

So vainly shall Virginia set her battle in array ;  
 In vain her trampling squadrons knead the winter snow with clay.  
 She may strike the pouncing eagle, but she dares not harm the dove ;  
 And every gate she bars to Hate shall open wide to Love !

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### FROM PERUGIA.

The thing which has the most dissevered the people from the Pope,—the *unforgivable* thing,—the breaking point between him and them,—has been the encouragement and promotion he gave to the officer under whom were executed the slaughters of Perugia. *That* made the breaking point in many honest hearts that had clung to him before."

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE'S "LETTRES FROM ITALY."

THE tall, sallow guardsmen their horse-tails have spread,  
 Flaming out in their violet, yellow, and red ;  
 And behind go the lackeys in crimson and buff ;  
 And the chamberlains gorgeous in velvet and ruff ;  
 Next, in red-legged pomp, come the cardinals forth.  
 Each a lord of the church and a prince of the earth.

What's this squeak of the fife, and this batter of drum ?  
 Lo ! the Swiss of the Church from Perugia come,—  
 The militant angels, whose sabres drive home  
 To the hearts of the malcontents, cursed and abhorred,  
 The good Father's missives, and " Thus saith the Lord !"  
 And lend to his logic the point of the sword !

O maids of Etruria, gazing forlorn  
 O'er dark Thrasymenus, dishevelled and torn !  
 O fathers, who pluck at your gray beards for shame !  
 O mothers, struck dumb by a woe without name !  
 Well ye know how the Holy Church hireling behaves,  
 And his tender compassion of prisons and graves !

There they stand, the hired stabbers, the blood-stains yet fresh,  
 That splashed like red wine from the vintage of flesh,—  
 Grim instruments, careless as pincers and rack  
 How the joints tear apart, and the strained sinews crack ;  
 But the hate that glares on them is sharp as their swords,  
 And the sneer and the scowl print the air with fierce words !

Off with hats, down with knees, shout your viras like mad !  
 Here's the Pope in his holiday righteousness clad,  
 From shorn crown to toe-nail, kiss-worn to the quick,  
 Of sainthood in purple the pattern and pick,  
 Who the rôle of the priest and the soldier unites,  
 And praying like Aaron, like Joshua fights !

Is this Pio Nono the gracious, for whom  
 We sang our hosannas and lighted all Rome ;  
 With whose advent we dreamed the new era began  
 When the priest should be human, the monk be a man ?  
 Ah, the wolf's with the sheep, and the fox with the fowl,  
 When freedom we trust to the crozier and cowl !

Stand aside, men of Rome ! Here's a hangman-faced Swiss—  
 (A blessing for him surely can't go amiss)—  
 Would kneel down the sanctified slipper to kiss.  
 Short shrift will suffice him—he's blest beyond doubt ;  
 But there's blood on his hands which would scarcely wash out,  
 Though Peter himself held the baptismal spout !

Make way for the next ! Here's another sweet son !  
 What's this mastiff-jawed rascal in epaulettes done ?  
 He did, whispers rumor (its truth God forbid !)  
 At Perugia what Herod at Bethlehem did.  
 And the mothers ?—Don't name them !—these humors of war  
 They who keep him in service must pardon him for.

Hist ! here's the arch-knave in a cardinal's hat,  
 With the heart of a wolf, and the stealth of a cat  
 (As if Judas and Herod together were rolled),  
 Who keeps, all as one, the Pope's conscience and gold,  
 Mounts guard on the altar, and pilfers from thence,  
 And flatters St. Peter while stealing his pence !

Who doubts Antonelli ? Have miracles ceased  
 When robbers say mass, and Barabbas is priest ?  
 When the Church eats and drinks, at its mystical board,  
 The true flesh and blood carved and shed by its sword,  
 When its martyr, unsinged, clasps the crown on his head,  
 And roasts, as his proxy, his neighbor instead !

There ! the bells jow and jangle the same blessed way  
 That they did when they rang for Bartholomew's day.  
 Hark ! the tallow-faced monsters, nor women nor boys,  
 Vex the air with a shrill, sexless horror of noise.  
*Te Deum laudamus !*—All round without stint  
 The incense-pot swings with a taint of blood in 't !

And now for the blessing ! Of little account,  
 You know, is the old one they heard on the Mount  
 Its giver was landless, his raiment was poor.  
 No jewelled tiara his fishermen wore ;

No incense, no lackeys, no riches, no home,  
No Swiss guards!—We order things better at Rome.

So bless us the strong hand, and curse us the weak ;  
Let Austria's vulture have food for her beak ;  
Let the wolf-whelp of Naples play Bomba again,  
With his death-cap of silence, and halter, and chain ;  
Put reason, and justice, and truth under ban ;  
For the sin unforgiven is freedom for man !

## THE SHADOW AND THE LIGHT.

"And I sought whence is Evil: I set before the eye of my spirit the whole creation ; whatsoever we see therein—sea, earth, air, stars, trees, moral creatures,—yea, whatsoever there is we do not see—angels and spiritual powers. Where is evil, and whence comes it, since God the Good hath created all things ? Why made He anything at all of evil, and not rather by His All-mightiness cause it not to be ? These thoughts I turned in my miserable heart, overcharged with most gnawing cares." "And, admonished to return to myself, I entered even into my inmost soul, Thou being my guide, and beheld even beyond my soul and mind the Light unchangeable. He who knows the Truth knows what that Light is, and he that knows it knows Eternity ! O Truth who art Eternity ! Love, who art Truth ! Eternity, who art Love ! and I beheld that Thou madest all things good, and to Thee is nothing whatsoever evil. From the angel to the worm, from the first motion to the last, Thou settest each in its place, and everything is good in its kind. Woe is me !—how high art Thou in the highest, how deep in the deepest ! and Thou never departest from us, and we scarcely return to Thee."—AUGUSTINE'S SOLILOQUIES, Book vii.

THE fourteen centuries fall  
away  
Between us and the Afric  
saint,  
And at his side we urge, to-  
day,  
The immemorial quest and old  
complaint.

No outward sign to us is  
given,—  
From sea or earth comes no  
reply ;  
Hushed as the warm Numidian  
heaven  
He vainly questioned bends our  
frozen sky.

No victory comes of all our  
strife,—  
From all we grasp the mean-  
ing slips ;  
The Sphinx sits at the gate of  
life,  
With the old question on her  
awful lips.

In paths unknown we hear the  
feet  
Of fear before, and guilt be-  
hind :  
We pluck the wayside fruit, and  
eat  
Ashes and dust beneath its golden  
rind.

From age to age descends un-  
checked  
The sad bequest of sire to son,  
The body's taint, the mind's  
defect—  
Through every web of life the  
dark threads run.

Oh ! why and whither?—God  
knows all :  
I only know that he is good,  
And that whatever may befall  
Or here or there, must be the best  
that could.

Between the dreadful cherubim  
A Father's face I still discern,

As Moses looked of old on him,  
And saw his glory into goodness  
turn !

For he is merciful as just :

And so, by faith correcting  
sight,

I bow before his will, and trust  
Howe'er they seem he doeth all  
things right.

And dare to hope that he will  
make

The rugged smooth, the doubt-  
ful plain ;

His mercy never quite forsake ;  
His healing visit every realm of  
pain ;

That suffering is not his revenge  
Upon his creatures weak and  
frail,

Sent on a pathway new and  
strange

With feet that wander and with  
eyes that fail ;

That, o'er the crucible of pain,  
Watches the tender eye of  
Love

The slow transmuting of the  
chain

Whose links are iron below to  
gold above !

Ah, me ! we doubt the shining  
skies

Seen through our shadows of  
offence,

And drown with our poor child-  
ish cries

The cradle-hymn of kindly Provi-  
dence.

And still we love the evil cause,  
And of the just effect com-  
plain ;

We tread upon life's broken  
laws,

And murmur at our self-inflicted  
pain ;

We turn us from the light, and  
find

Our spectral shapes before us  
thrown,

As they who leave the sun be-  
hind

Walk in the shadows of them-  
selves alone.

And scarce by will or strength  
of ours

We set our faces to the day ;

Weak, wavering, blind, the  
Eternal Powers

Alone can turn us from ourselves  
away.

Our weakness is the strength of  
sin,

But love must needs be  
stronger far,

Outreaching all and gathering  
in

The erring spirit and the wander-  
ing star.

A Voice grows with the growing  
years ;

Earth, hushing down her bit-  
ter cry,

Looks upward from her graves,  
and hears,

"The Resurrection and the Life  
and I."

Oh, Love Divine !—whose con-  
stant beam

Shines on the eyes that will  
not see,

And waits to bless us, while we  
dream

Thou leavest us because we turn  
from thee !

All souls that struggle and as-  
pire,

All hearts of prayer by thee  
are lit ;

And, dim or clear, thy tongues  
of fire

On dusky tribes and twilight cen-  
turies sit.

Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed  
thou know'st,

Wide as our need thy favors  
 fall ;  
 The white wings of the Holy  
 Ghost  
 Stoop, seen or unseen, o'er the  
 heads of all.

Oh, Beauty, old yet ever new ! \*  
 Eternal Voice, and Inward  
 Word.  
 The Logos of the Greek and  
 Jew,  
 The old sphere-music which the  
 Samian heard !

Truth which the sage and pro-  
 phet saw,  
 Long sought without but  
 found within,  
 The Law of Love beyond all  
 law,  
 The Life o'erflooding mortal death  
 and sin !

Shine on us with the light which  
 glowed  
 Upon the trance-bound shep-  
 herd's way,  
 Who saw the Darkness over-  
 flowed  
 And drowned by tides of everlast-  
 ing Day. †

Shine, light of God !—make  
 broad thy scope  
 To all who sin and suffer ;  
 more  
 And better than we dare to  
 hope  
 With Heaven's compassion make  
 our longings poor !

### THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS.

TRITEMIUS OF HERBIPOLIS, one  
 day,

While kneeling at the altar's foot  
 to pray,  
 Alone with God, as was his pious  
 choice,  
 Heard from without a miserable  
 voice,  
 A sound which seemed of all sad  
 things to tell,  
 As of a lost soul crying out of hell.

Thereat the Abbot paused ; the  
 chain whereby  
 His thoughts went upward broken  
 by that cry ;  
 And, looking from the casement,  
 saw below  
 A wretched woman, with gray  
 hair a-flow,  
 And withered hands held up to  
 him, who cried  
 For alms as one who might not  
 be denied.

She cried, " For the dear love of  
 Him who gave  
 His life for ours, my child from  
 bondage save,—  
 My beautiful, brave first-born,  
 chained with slaves  
 In the Moor's galley, where the  
 sun-smit waves  
 Lap the white walls of Tunis !"—  
 " What I can  
 I give," Tritemius said : " my  
 prayers."—" O man  
 Of God !" she cried, for grief had  
 made her bold,  
 " Mock me not thus ; I ask not  
 prayers, but gold.  
 Words will not serve me, alms  
 alone suffice ;  
 Even while I speak perchance my  
 first-born dies."

" Woman !" Tritemius answered,  
 " from our door  
 None go unfed ; hence are we al-  
 ways poor :

\* " Too late I loved Thee, O Beauty of ancient days, yet ever new ! And lo ! Thou wert within, and I abroad searching for Thee. Thou wert with me, but I was not with Thee."—AUGUST. SOLILOQ., Book x.

† " And I saw that there was an Ocean of Darkness and Death ; but an infinite Ocean of Light and Love flowed over the Ocean of Darkness : And in that I saw the infinite Love of God."—GEORGE FOX'S JOURNAL.

A single soldo is our only store.  
Thou hast our prayers;—what can  
we give thee more?"

"Give me," she said, "the silver  
candlesticks  
On either side of the great cruci-  
fix.  
God well may spare them on his  
errands sped,  
Or he can give you golden ones  
instead."

Then spake Tritemius, "Even as  
thy word,  
Woman, so be it! (Our most  
gracious Lord,  
Who loveth mercy more than sac-  
rifice,  
Pardon me if a human soul I  
prize  
Above the gifts upon his altar  
piled!)  
Take what thou askest, and re-  
deem thy child."

But his hand trembled as the holy  
alms  
He placed within the beggar's  
eager palms;  
And as she vanished down the lin-  
den shade,  
He bowed his head and for forgive-  
ness prayed.

So the day passed, and when the  
twilight came  
He woke to find the chapel all a-  
flame,  
And, dumb with grateful wonder,  
to behold  
Upon the altar candlesticks of  
gold!

#### THE EVE OF ELECTION.

FROM gold to gray  
Our mild sweet day  
Of Indian Summer fades too soon;  
But tenderly  
Above the sea  
Hangs, white and calm, the Hun-  
ter's moon.

In its pale fire,  
The village spire  
Shows like the zodiac's spectral  
lance;  
The painted walls  
Whereon it falls  
Transfigured stand in marble  
trance!

O'er fallen leaves  
The west wind grieves,  
Yet comes a seed-time round  
again;  
And morn shall see  
The State sown free  
With baleful tares or healthful  
grain.

Along the street  
The shadows meet  
Of Destiny, whose hands conceal  
The moulds of fate  
That shape the State,  
And make or mar the common  
weal.

Around I see  
The powers that be;  
I stand by Empire's primal  
springs;  
And princes meet  
In every street,  
And hear the tread of uncrowned  
kings!

Hark! through the crowd  
The laugh runs loud,  
Beneath the sad, rebuking moon.  
God save the land,  
A careless hand  
May shake or swerve ere morrow's  
noon!

No jest is this;  
One cast amiss  
May blast the hope of Freedom's  
year.  
Oh, take me where  
Are hearts of prayer,  
And foreheads bowed in reverent  
fear!

Not lightly fall  
Beyond recall  
The written scrolls a breath can  
float ;  
The crowning fact,  
The kingliest act  
Of Freedom, is the freeman's  
vote !

For pearls that gem  
A diadem  
The diver in the deep sea dies ;  
The regal right  
We boast to-night  
Is ours through costlier sacrifice :

The blood of Vane,  
His prison pain  
Who traced the path the Pilgrim  
trod,  
And hers whose faith  
Drew strength from death,  
And prayed her Russell up to  
God !

Our hearts grow cold,  
We lightly hold  
A right which brave men died to  
gain ;  
The stake, the cord,  
The axe, the sword,  
Grim nurses at its birth of pain.

The shadow rend,  
And o'er us bend,  
Oh, martyrs, with your crowns  
and palms,—  
Breathe through these throngs  
Your battle songs,  
Your scaffold prayers, and dun-  
geon psalms !

Look from the sky,  
Like God's great eye,  
Thou solemn moon, with search-  
ing beam ;  
Till in the sight  
Of thy pure light  
Our mean self-seekings manner  
seem.

Shame from our hearts  
Unworthy arts,  
The fraud designed, the purpose  
dark ;  
And smite away  
The hands we lay  
Profanely on the sacred ark.

To party claims,  
And private aims,  
Reveal that august face of Truth,  
Whereto are given  
The age of heaven,  
The beauty of immortal youth.

So shall our voice  
Of sovereign choice  
Swell the deep bass of duty done,  
And strike the key  
Of time to be,  
When God and man shall speak as  
one !

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### THE OVER-HEART.

"For of Him, and through Him, and  
to Him are all things, to whom be glory  
for ever !" — PAUL.

ABOVE, below in sky and sod,  
In leaf and spar, in star and  
man,  
Well might the wise Athenian  
scan  
The geometric signs of God,  
The measured order of his plan.

And India's mystics sang aright  
Of the One Life pervading all,—  
One Being's tidal rise and fall  
In soul and form, in sound and  
sight,—  
Eternal outflow and recall.

God is : and man in guilt and fear  
The central fact of Nature  
owns ;  
Kneels, trembling, by his altar-  
stones,  
And darkly dreams the ghastly  
smear  
Of blood appeases and atones.

Guilt shapes the Terror: deep  
 within  
 The human heart the secret lies  
 Of all the hideous deities;  
 And, painted on a ground of sin,  
 The fabled gods of torments  
 rise!

And what is He?—The ripe grain  
 nods,  
 The sweet dews fall, the sweet  
 flowers blow;  
 But darker signs his presence  
 show:  
 The earthquake and the storm are  
 God's,  
 And good and evil interflow.

Oh, hearts of love! Oh, souls that  
 turn  
 Like sunflowers to the pure and  
 best!  
 To you the truth is manifest:  
 For they the mind of Christ discern  
 Who lean like John upon his  
 breast!

In him of whom the Sibyl told,  
 For whom the prophet's harp  
 was toned,  
 Whose need the sage and magian  
 owned,  
 The loving heart of God behold,  
 The hope for which the ages  
 groaned!

Fade, pomp of dreadful imagery  
 Wherewith mankind have deified  
 Their hate, and selfishness, and  
 pride!

Let the sacred dreamer wake to  
 see  
 The Christ of Nazareth at his  
 side!

What doth that holy Guide re-  
 quire?—  
 No rite of pain, nor gift of  
 blood,  
 But man a kindly brotherhood,  
 Looking, where duty is desire,  
 To him, the beautiful and good.

Gone be the faithlessness of fear,  
 And let the pitying heaven's  
 sweet rain  
 Wash out the altar's bloody  
 stain;  
 The law of Hatred disappear,  
 The law of Love alone remain.

How fall the idols false and  
 grim!—  
 And lo! their hideous wreck  
 above  
 The emblems of the Lamb and  
 Dove!  
 Man turns from God, not God  
 from him;  
 And guilt, in suffering, whispers  
 Love!

The world sits at the feet of Christ,  
 Unknowing, blind, and uncon-  
 soled;  
 It yet shall touch his garment's  
 fold,  
 And feel the heavenly Alchemist  
 Transform its very dust to gold.

The theme befitting angel tongues  
 Beyond a mortal's scope has  
 grown.  
 Oh, heart of mine! with rever-  
 ence own  
 The fullness which to it belongs,  
 And trust the unknown for the  
 known!

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### TRINITAS.

At morn I prayed, "I fain would  
 see  
 How Three are One, and One is  
 Three;  
 Read the dark riddle unto me."

I wandered forth, the sun and air  
 I saw bestowed with equal care  
 On good and evil, foul and fair.

No partial favor dropped the  
 rain:—

Alike the righteous and profane  
Rejoiced above their heading  
grain.

And my heart murmurs, "Is it  
meet  
That blindfold Nature thus should  
treat  
With equal hand the tares and  
wheat?"

A presence melted through my  
mood,—  
A warmth, a light, a sense of  
good,  
Like sunshine through a winter  
wood.

I saw that presence, mailed com-  
plete  
In her white innocence, pause to  
greet  
A fallen sister of the street.

Upon her bosom snowy pure  
The lost one clung, as if secure  
From inward guilt or outward  
lure.

"Beware!" I said; "in this I see  
No gain to her, but loss to thee:  
Who touches pitch defiled must  
be."

I passed the haunts of shame and  
sin,  
And a voice whispered, "Who  
therein  
Shall these lost souls to Heaven's  
peace win?"

"Who there shall hope and health  
dispense,  
And lift the ladder up from thence  
Whose rounds are prayers of peni-  
tence?"

I said, "No higher life they  
know;  
These earth-worms love to have it  
so.  
Who stoops to raise them sinks as  
low."

That night with painful care I  
read  
What Hippo's saint and Calvin  
said,—  
The living seeking to the dead!

In vain I turned, in weary quest,  
Old pages, where (God give them  
rest!)  
The poor creed-mongers dreamed  
and guessed.

And still I prayed, "Lord, let me  
see  
How Three are One, and One is  
Three;  
Read the dark riddle unto me!"

Then something whispered, "Dost  
thou pray  
For what thou hast? This very  
day  
The Holy Three have crossed thy  
way.

"Did not the gifts of sun and air  
To good and ill alike declare  
The all-compassionate Father's  
care?"

"In the white soul that stooped to  
raise  
The lost one from her evil ways,  
Thou saw'st the Christ, whom  
angels praise!

"A bodiless Divinity,  
The still, small Voice that spake  
to thee  
Was the Holy Spirit's mystery!

"Oh, blind of sight, of faith how  
small!  
Father and Son, and Holy Call;—  
This day thou hast denied them  
all!

"Revealed in love and sacrifice,  
The Holiest passed before thine  
eyes,  
One and the same, in threefold  
guise,

"The equal Father in rain and  
sun,  
His Christ in the good to evil  
done,  
His Voice in thy soul;—and the  
Three are One!"

I shut my grave Aquinas fast;  
The monkish gloss of ages past,  
The schoolman's creed aside I  
cast.

And my heart answered, "Lord,  
I see  
How Three are One, and One is  
Three;  
Thy riddle hath been read to me!"

### THE OLD BURYING-GROUND.

OUR vales are sweet with fern and  
rose,  
Our hills are maple-crowned;  
But not from them our fathers  
chose  
The village burying-ground.

The dreariest spot in all the land  
To Death they set apart;  
With scanty grace from nature's  
hand,  
And none from that of Art.

A winding wall of mossy stone,  
Frost-flung and broken, lines  
A lonesome acre thinly grown  
With grass and wandering vines.

Without the wall a birch-tree  
shows  
Its drooped and tasselled head;  
Within a stag-horned sumach  
grows,  
Fern-leaved, with spikes of red.

There, sheep that graze the neigh-  
boring plain  
Like white ghosts come and go,  
The farm-horse drags his fetlock  
chain,  
The cow-bell tinkles slow,

Low moans the river from his bed,  
The distant pines reply;  
Like mourners shrinking from the  
dead,  
They stand apart and sigh.

Unshaded smites the summer sun,  
Unchecked the winter blast;  
The school-girl learns the place to  
shun,  
With glances backward cast.

For thus our fathers testified—  
That he might read who ran—  
The emptiness of human pride,  
The nothingness of man.

They dared not plant the grave  
with flowers,  
Nor dress the funeral sod,  
Where, with a love as deep as ours,  
They left their dead with God.

The hard and thorny path they  
kept  
From beauty turned aside;  
Nor missed they over those who  
slept  
The grace to life denied.

Yet still the wilding flowers would  
blow,  
The golden leaves would fall,  
The seasons come, the seasons go,  
And God be good to all.

Above the graves the blackberry  
hung,  
In bloom and green its wreath,  
And harebells swung as if they  
rung  
The chimes of peace beneath.

The beauty Nature loves to share,  
The gifts she hath for all,  
The common light, the common  
air,  
O'ercrept the graveyard's wall.

It knew the glow of eventide,  
The sunrise and the noon,

And glorified and sanctified  
It slept beneath the moon.

With flowers or snow-flakes for its  
sod,  
Around the seasons ran,  
And evermore the love of God  
Rebuked the fear of man.

We dwell with fears on either  
hand,  
Within a daily strife,  
And spectral problems waiting  
stand  
Before the gates of life.

The doubts we vainly seek to  
solve,  
The truths we know, are one ;  
The known and nameless stars re-  
volve  
Around the Central Sun.

And if we reap as we have sown,  
And take the dole we deal,  
The law of pain is love alone,  
The wounding is to heal.

Unharm'd from change to change  
we glide,  
We fall as in our dreams ;  
The far-off terror at our side  
A smiling angel seems.

Secure on God's all-tender heart  
Alike rest great and small ;  
Why fear to lose our little part,  
When he is pledged for all ?

O fearful heart and troubled  
brain !  
Take hope and strength from  
this,—  
That Nature never hints in vain,  
Nor prophesies amiss.

Her wild birds sing the same sweet  
stave,  
Her lights and airs are given  
Alike to playground and the  
grave ;  
And over both is Heaven,

## THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW.

PIPES of the misty moorlands,  
Voices of the glens and hills ;  
The droning of the torrents,  
The treble of the rills !  
Not the braes of broom and  
heather,  
Nor the mountains dark with  
rain,  
Nor maiden bower, nor border  
tower  
Have heard your sweetest  
strain !

Dear to the Lowland reaper,  
And plaided mountaineer,—  
To the cottage and the castle  
The Scottish pipes are dear ;—  
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch  
O'er mountain, loch, and glade ;  
But the sweetest of all music  
The Pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger  
Louder yelled, and nearer crept ;  
Round and round the jungle-ser-  
pent  
Near and nearer circles swept.  
“Pray for rescue, wives and  
mothers,—  
Pray to-day !” the soldier said ;  
“To-morrow, death's between us  
And the wrong and shame we  
dread.”

Oh ! they listened, looked, and  
waited,  
Till their hope became despair ;  
And the sobs of low bewailing  
Filled the pauses of their prayer.  
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,  
With her ear unto the ground :  
“Dinna ye hear it?—dinna ye  
hear it ?  
The pipes o' Havelock sound !”

Hushed the wounded man his  
groaning ;  
Hushed the wife her little ones ;  
Alone they heard the drum-roll  
And the roar of Sepoy guns,

But to sounds of home and childhood

The Highland ear was true;—  
As her mother's cradle-crooning  
The mountain pipes she knew.

Like the march of soundless music  
Through the vision of the seer,  
More of feeling than of hearing,  
Of the heart than of the ear,  
She knew the droning pibroch,  
She knew the Campbell's call :  
"Hark! hear ye no' MacGregor's,—  
The grandest o' them all!"

Oh! they listened, dumb and breathless,

And they caught the sound at last;  
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee  
Rose and fell the piper's blast!  
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving  
Mingled woman's voice and man's;

"God be praised!—the march of Havelock!  
The piping of the clans!"

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,

Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,  
Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call,

Stinging all the air to life.  
But when the far-off dust cloud  
To plaided legions grew,  
Full tenderly and blithesomely  
The pipes of rescue blew!

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,

Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine,  
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,  
The air of Auld Lang Syne.

O'er the cruel roll of war-drums  
Rose that sweet and homelike strain;

And the tartan clove the turban,  
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain,

Dear to the corn-land reaper  
And plaided mountaineer,—  
To the cottage and the castle  
The piper's song is dear.  
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch  
O'er mountain, glen, and glade,  
But the sweetest of all music  
The Pipes at Lucknow played!

### MY PSALM.

I MOURN no more my vanished years :  
Beneath a tender rain,  
An April rain of smiles and tears,  
My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and, singing low,  
I hear the glad streams run;  
The windows of my soul I throw  
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind  
I look in hope or fear;  
But, grateful, take the good I find,  
The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,  
To harvest weed and tare;  
The manna dropping from God's hand  
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff,— I lay  
Aside the toiling oar;  
The angel sought so far away  
I welcome at my door.

The airs of Spring may never play  
Among the ripening corn,  
Nor freshness of the flowers of May  
Blow through the Autumn morn;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look  
Through fringed lids to heaven,  
And the pale aster in the brook  
Shall see its image given;—

The woods shall wear their robes  
of praise,  
The south wind softly sigh,  
And sweet, calm days in golden  
haze  
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and  
word  
Rebuke an age of wrong;  
The graven flowers that wreath  
the sword  
Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to  
heal,—  
To build as to destroy;  
Nor less my heart for others feel  
That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds  
To give or to withhold,  
And knoweth more of all my  
needs  
Than all my prayers have told!

Enough that blessings undeserved  
Have marked my erring  
track;—  
That wheresoe'er my feet have  
swerved,  
His chastening turned me  
back;—

That more and more a Providence  
Of love is understood,  
Making the springs of time and  
sense  
Sweet with eternal good;

That death seems but a covered  
way  
Which opens into light,  
Wherein no blinded child can  
stray  
Beyond the Father's sight;—

That care and trial seem at last,  
Through Memory's sunset air,  
Like mountain-ranges overpast,  
In purple distance fair;—

That all the jarring notes of  
life  
Seem blending in a psalm,  
And all the angels of its strife  
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,  
And so the west winds play;  
And all the windows of my heart  
I open to the day.

## LE MARAIS DU CYGNE.\*

A BLUSH as of roses  
Where rose never grew!  
Great drops on the bunch-grass,  
But not of the dew!  
A taint in the sweet air  
For wild bees to shun!  
A stain that shall never  
Bleach out in the sun!

Back, steed of the prairies!  
Sweet song-bird, fly back!  
Wheel hither, bald vulture!  
Gray wolf, call thy pack!  
The foul human vultures  
Have feasted and fled;  
The wolves of the Border  
Have crept from the dead.

From the hearths of their cabins,  
The fields of their corn,  
Unwarned and unweaponed,  
The victims were torn,—  
By the whirlwind of murder  
Swooped up and swept on  
To the low, reedy fen-lands,  
The Marsh of the Swan.

With a vain plea for mercy  
No stout knee was crooked;  
In the mouths of the rifles  
Right manly they looked.  
How paled the May sunshine,  
O, Marais du Cygne!  
On death for the strong life,  
On red grass for green!

\* The massacre of unarmed and unoffending men, in Southern Kansas, took place near the Marais du Cygne of the French *voyageurs*.

In the homes of their rearing,  
 Yet warm with their lives,  
 Ye wait the dead only,  
 Poor children and wives!  
 Put out the red forge-fire,  
 The smith shall not come;  
 Unyoke the brown oxen,  
 The ploughman lies dumb.

Wind slow from the Swan's  
 Marsh,  
 O dreary death train,  
 With pressed lips as bloodless  
 As lips of the slain!  
 Kiss down the young eyelids,  
 Smooth down the gray hairs;  
 Let tears quench the curses  
 That burn through your prayers.

Strong man of the prairies,  
 Mourn bitter and wild!  
 Wail, desolate woman!  
 Weep, fatherless child!  
 But the grain of God springs  
 up  
 From ashes beneath,  
 And the crown of his harvest  
 Is life out of death.

Not in vain on the dial  
 The shade moves along,  
 To point the great contrasts  
 Of right and of wrong:  
 Free homes and free altars,  
 Free prairie and flood,—  
 The reeds of the Swan's Marsh,  
 Whose bloom is of blood!

On the lintels of Kansas  
 That blood shall not dry;  
 Henceforth the Bad Angel  
 Shall harmless go by;  
 Henceforth to the sunset,  
 Unchecked on her way,  
 Shall Liberty follow  
 The march of the day.

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“THE ROCK” IN EL GHOR.

DEAD Petra in her hill-tomb  
 sleeps,

Her stones of emptiness re-  
 main;  
 Around her sculptured mystery  
 sweeps  
 The lonely waste of Edom's  
 plain.

From the doomed dwellers in the  
 cleft  
 The bow of vengeance turns not  
 back;  
 Of all her myriads none are left  
 Along the Wady Mousa's track.

Clear in the hot Arabian day  
 Her arches spring, her statues  
 climb;  
 Unchanged, the graven wonders  
 pay  
 No tribute to the spoiler,  
 Time!

Unchanged the awful lithograph  
 Of power and glory under-  
 trod,—  
 Of nations scattered like the  
 chaff  
 Blown from the threshing-floor  
 of God.

Yet shall the thoughtful stranger  
 turn  
 From Petra's gates, with deeper  
 awe  
 To mark afar the burial urn  
 Of Aaron on the cliffs of Hor;

And where upon its ancient guard  
 Thy Rock, El Ghor, is standing  
 yet,—  
 Looks from its turrets desertward,  
 And keeps the watch that God  
 has set;

The same as when in thunders  
 loud  
 It heard the voice of God to  
 man,—  
 As when it saw in fire and cloud  
 The angels walk in Israel's van!

Or when from Ezion-Geber's way  
 It saw the long procession file,

And heard the Hebrew timbrels  
play

The music of the lordly Nile ;

Or saw the tabernacle pause,  
Cloud-bound, by Kadesh Bar-  
nea's wells,  
While Moses graved the sacred  
laws,  
And Aaron swung his golden bells.

Rock of the desert, prophet-sung !  
How grew its shadowing pile at  
length,  
A symbol, in the Hebrew tongue,  
Of God's eternal love and  
strength.

On lip of bard and scroll of seer,  
From age to age went down the  
name,  
Until the Shiloh's promised year,  
And Christ, the Rock of Ages,  
came !

The path of life we walk to-day  
Is strange as that the Hebrews  
trod ;  
We need the shadowing rock, as  
they,—  
We need, like them, the guides  
of God.

God send his angels, Cloud and  
Fire,  
To lead us o'er the desert sand !  
God give our hearts their long de-  
sire,—  
His shadow in a weary land !

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TO J. T. F.

(ON A BLANK LEAF OF "POEMS  
PRINTED, NOT PUBLISHED.")

WELL thought ! who would not  
rather hear  
The songs to Love and Friendship  
sung  
Than those which move the  
stranger's tongue,  
And feed his unselected ear ?

Our social joys are more than  
fame ;  
Life withers in the public look.  
Why mount the pillory of a book,  
Or barter comfort for a name ?

Who in the house of glass would  
dwell,  
With curious eyes at every pane ?  
To ring him in and out again,  
Who wants the public crier's bell ?

To see the angel in one's way,  
Who wants to play the ass's  
part.—  
Bear on his back the wizard Art,  
And in his service speak or bray ?

And who his manly locks would  
shave,  
And quench the eyes of common  
sense,  
To share the noisy recompense  
That mocked the shorn and  
blinded slave ?

The heart has needs beyond the  
head,  
And, starving in the plenitude  
Of strange gifts, craves its com-  
mon food,—  
Our human nature's daily bread.

We are but men : no gods are we,  
To sit in mid-heaven, cold and  
bleak,  
Each separate, on his painful peak,  
Thin-cloaked in self-complacency !

Better his lot whose axe is swung  
In Wartburg woods ; or that poor  
girl's  
Who by the Ilm her spindle whirls  
And sings the songs that Luther  
sung,

Than his who, old, and cold, and  
vain,  
At Weimar sat, a demigod,  
And bowed with Jove's imperial  
nod  
His votaries in and out again !

Ply, Vanity, thy wingèd feet !  
Ambition, hew thy rocky stair !  
Who envies him who feeds on air  
The icy splendor of his seat ?

I see your Alps, above me, cut  
The dark, cold sky ; and dim and  
lone

I see ye sitting—stone on stone—  
With human-senses dulled and  
shut.

I could not reach you, if I would,  
Nor sit among your cloudy shapes ;  
And (spare the fable of the grapes  
And fox) I would not if I could.

Keep to your lofty pedestals !  
The safer plain below I choose :  
Who never wins can rarely lose,  
Who never climbs as rarely falls.

Let such as love the eagle's  
scream

Divide with him his home of ice :  
For me shall gentler notes suf-  
fice,—

The valley-song of bird and  
stream ;

The pastoral bleat, the drone of  
bees,

The flail-beat chiming far away,  
The cattle-low, at shut of day,  
The voice of God in leaf and  
breeze !

Then lend thy hand, my wiser  
friend,

And help me to the vales below  
(In truth, I have not far to go,)  
Where sweet with flowers the  
fields extend.

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### THE PALM-TREE.

Is it the palm, the cocoa-palm,  
On the Indian Sea, by the isles of  
balm ?  
Or is it a ship in the breezeless  
calm ?

A ship whose keel is of palm be-  
neath,  
Whose ribs of palm have a palm-  
bark sheath,  
And a rudder of palm it steereth  
with.

Branches of palm are its spars and  
rails,  
Fibres of palm are its woven sails,  
And the rope is of palm that idly  
trails !

What does the good ship bear so  
well ?

The cocoa-nut with its stony shell,  
And the milky sap of its inner  
cell.

What are its jars, so smooth and  
fine,  
But hollowed nuts, filled with oil  
and wine,  
And the cabbage that ripens under  
the Line !

Who smokes his nargileh, cool and  
calm ?

The master, whose cunning and  
skill could charm

Cargo and ship from the boun-  
teous palm.

In the cabin, he sits on a palm-  
mat soft,

From a beaker of palm his drink  
is quaffed,

And a palm-thatch shields from  
the sun aloft !

His dress is woven of palmy  
strands,

And he holds a palm-leaf scroll in  
his hands,

Traced with the Prophet's wise  
commands !

The turban folded about his head  
Was daintily wrought of the palm-  
leaf braid,  
And the fan that cools him of  
palm was made.

Of threads of palm was the carpet  
 spun  
 Whereon he kneels when the day  
 is done,  
 And the foreheads of Islam are  
 bowed as one !

To him the palm is a gift divine,  
 Wherein all uses of man com-  
 bine,—  
 House, and raiment, and food, and  
 wine !

And, in the hour of his great re-  
 lease,  
 His need of the palm shall only  
 cease  
 With the shroud wherein he lieth  
 in peace.

“Allah is Allah !” he sings his  
 psalm,  
 On the Indian Sea, by the isles of  
 balm ;  
 ‘Thanks to Allah who gives the  
 palm !’

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### LINES

Read at the Boston Celebration of the  
 Hundredth Anniversary of the birth of  
 Robert Burns, 25th 1st month, 1859.

How sweetly come the holy psalms  
 From saints and martyrs down,  
 The waving of triumphal palms  
 Above the thorny crown !  
 The choral praise, the chanted  
 prayers

From harps by angels strung,  
 The hunted Cameron’s mountain  
 airs,

The hymns that Luther sung !

Yet, jarring not the heavenly  
 notes,

The sounds of earth are heard,  
 As through the open minster floats  
 The song of breeze and bird !

Not less the wonder of the sky  
 That daisies bloom below ;  
 The brook sings on, though loud  
 and high

The cloudy organs blow !

And, if the tender ear be jarred  
 That, haply, hears by turns  
 The saintly harp of Olney’s bard,  
 The pastoral pipe of Burns,  
 No discord mars His perfect plan  
 Who gave them both a tongue ;  
 For he who sings the love of man  
 The love of God hath sung !

To-day be every fault forgiven  
 Of him in whom we joy !  
 We take, with thanks, the gold of  
 Heaven

And leave the earth’s alloy.  
 Be ours his music as of Spring,  
 His sweetness as of flowers,  
 The songs the bard himself might  
 sing  
 In holier ears than ours.

Sweet airs of love and home, the  
 hum

Of household melodies,  
 Come singing, as the robins come  
 To sing in door-yard trees.  
 And, heart to heart, two nations  
 lean,

No rival wreaths to twine,  
 But blending in eternal green  
 The holly and the pine !

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### THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.

OUT and in the river is winding  
 The links of its long, red chain  
 Through belts of dusky pine-land  
 And gusty leagues of plain.

Only, at times, a smoke-wreath  
 With the drifting cloud-rack  
 joins,—

The smoke of the hunting-lodges  
 Of the wild Assiniboin !

Drearly blows the north wind  
 From the land of ice and snow ;  
 The eyes that look are weary,  
 And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,  
 And one upon the shore,

The Angel of Shadow gives warn-  
ing  
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild-geese?  
Is it the Indian's yell,  
That lends to the voice of the  
north wind  
The tones of a far-off bell?

The voyageur smiles as he listens  
To the sound that grows apace;  
Well he knows the vesper ringing  
Of the bells of St. Boniface.  
The bells of the Roman Mission,

That call from their turrets  
twain,  
To the boatman on the river,  
To the hunter on the plain!

Even so in our mortal journey  
The bitter north winds blow,  
And thus upon life's Red River  
Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.

And when the Angel of Shadow  
Rests his feet on wave and  
shore,  
And our eyes grow dim with  
watching  
And our hearts faint at the oar,

Happy is he who heareth  
The signal of his release  
In the bells of the Holy City,  
The chimes of eternal peace!

#### KENOZA LAKE.

As Adam did in Paradise,  
To-day the primal right we  
claim:  
Fair mirror of the woods and  
skies,  
We give to thee a name.

Lake of the pickerel!—let no more  
The echoes answer back "Great  
Pond,"  
But sweet Kenoza, from thy shore  
And watching hills beyond,

Let Indian ghosts, if such there be  
Who ply unseen their shadowy  
lines,  
Call back the ancient name to  
thee,  
As with the voice of pines.

The shores we trod as barefoot  
boys,  
The nutted woods we wandered  
through,  
To friendship, love, and social  
joys  
We consecrate anew.

Here shall the tender song be  
sung,  
And memory's dirges soft and  
low,  
And wit shall sparkle on the  
tongue,  
And mirth shall overflow,

Harmless as summer lightning  
plays  
From a low, hidden cloud by  
night,  
A light to set the hills ablaze,  
But not a bolt to smite.

In sunny South and prairied West  
Are exiled hearts remembering  
still,  
As bees their hive, as birds their  
nest,  
The homes of Haverhill.

They join us in our rites to-day;  
And, listening, we may hear,  
ere long,  
From inland lake and ocean bay,  
The echoes of our song.

Kenoza! o'er no sweeter lake  
Shall morning break or noon-  
cloud sail,—  
No fairer face than thine shall  
take  
The sunset's golden veil.

Long be it ere the tide of trade  
Shall break with harsh-resound-  
ing din

The quiet of thy banks of shade,  
And hills that fold thee in.

Still let thy woodlands hide the  
hare,  
The shy loon sound his trumpet-  
note ;

Wing-weary from his fields of air,  
The wild-goose on thee float.

Thy peace rebuke our feverish  
stir,  
Thy beauty our deforming  
strife ;

Thy woods and waters minister  
The healing of their life.

And sinless Mirth, from care re-  
leased,  
Behold, unawed, thy mirrored  
sky,  
Smiling as smiled on Cana's feast  
The Master's loving eye.

And when the summer day grows  
dim,  
And light mists walk thy mimic  
sea,  
Revive in us the thought of Him  
Who walked on Galilee !

---

TO G. B. C.

So spake Esaias : so, in words of  
flame,  
Tekoa's prophet-herdsman smote  
with blame  
The traffickers in men, and put to  
shame,

All earth and heaven before,  
The sacerdotal robbers of the poor.

All the dread Scripture lives for  
these again,  
To smite like lightning on the  
hands profane

Lifted to bless the slave-whip and  
the chain.

Once more th' old Hebrew  
tongue  
Bends with the shafts of God a  
bow new strung !

Take up the mantle which the  
prophets wore ;  
Warn with their warnings,—show  
the Christ once more  
Bound, scourged, and crucified in  
his blameless poor ;  
And shake above our land  
The unquenched bolts that blazed  
in Hosea's hand !

Not vainly shalt thou cast upon  
our years  
The solemn burdens of the Orient  
seers,  
And smite with truth a guilty na-  
tion's ears.

Mightier was Luther's word  
Than Seckingen's mailed arm or  
Hutton's sword !

---

THE SISTERS.

A PICTURE BY BARRY.

THE shade for me, but over thee  
The lingering sunshine still ;  
As, smiling, to the silent stream  
Comes down the singing rill,

So come to me, my little one,—  
My years with thee I share,  
And mingle with a sister's love  
A mother's tender care.

But keep the smile upon thy lip,  
The trust upon thy brow ;  
Since for the dear one God hath  
called  
We have an angel now. .

Our mother from the fields of  
heaven  
Shall still her ear incline ;  
Nor need we fear her human love  
Is less for love divine.

The songs are sweet they sing be-  
neath  
The trees of life so fair,  
But sweetest of the sounds of  
heaven  
Shall be her children's prayer.

Then, darling, rest upon my breast,  
 And teach my heart to lean  
 With thy sweet trust upon the  
     arm  
 Which folds us both unseen !

---

LINES.

FOR THE AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION AT  
 AMESBURY AND SALISBURY,  
 SEPT. 28, 1858.

THIS day, two hundred years ago.  
 The wild grape by the river's  
     side,  
 And tasteless ground-nut trailing  
     low,  
 The table of the woods supplied.

Unknown the apple's red and gold,  
 The blushing tint of peach and  
     pear;  
 The mirror of the Powow told  
 No tale of orchards ripe and rare.

Wild as the fruits he scorned to  
     till,  
 These vales the idle Indian trod ;  
 Nor knew the glad, creative  
     skill,—  
 The joy of him who toils with  
     God.

O Painter of the fruits and flowers !  
 We thank Thee for thy wise  
     design  
 Whereby these human hands of  
     ours  
 In Nature's garden work with  
     thine.

And thanks that from our daily  
     need  
 The joy of simple faith is born ;  
 That he who smites the summer  
     weed,  
 May trust thee for the autumn  
     corn.

Give fools their gold, and knaves  
     their power ;  
 Let fortune's bubbles rise and  
     fall ;  
 Who sows a field, or trains a  
     flower,  
 Or plants a tree, is more than  
     all.

For he who blesses most is blest ;  
 And God and man shall own his  
     worth  
 Who toils to leave as his bequest  
 An added beauty to the earth.

And, soon or late, to all that sow,  
 The time of harvest shall be  
     given ;  
 The flower shall bloom, the fruit  
     shall grow,  
 If not on earth, at last in  
     heaven !

---

THE PREACHER.

ITS windows flashing to the sky,  
 Beneath a thousand roofs of  
     brown,  
 Far down the vale, my friend  
     and I  
 Beheld the old and quiet town ;  
 The ghostly sails that out at sea  
 Flapped their white wings of mys-  
     tery ;  
 The beaches glimmering in the  
     sun,  
 And the low wooded capes that  
     run  
 Into the sea-mist north and south ;  
 The sand-bluffs at the river's  
     mouth ;  
 The swinging chain-bridge, and,  
     afar,  
 The foam-line of the harbor-bar.

Over the woods and meadow-lands  
 A crimson-tinted shadow lay  
 Of clouds through which the  
     setting day  
 Flung a slant glory far away.  
 It glittered on the wet sea-sand,  
 It flamed upon the city's panes,

Smote the white sails of ships that  
wore  
Outward or in, and gilded o'er  
The steeples with their veering  
vanes!

Awhile my friend with rapid  
search  
O'erran the landscape. "Yon-  
der spire  
Over gray roofs, a shaft of fire;  
What is it, pray?"—"The White-  
field Church!  
Walled about by its basement  
stones,  
There rest the marvellous  
prophet's bones."

Then as our homeward way we  
walked,  
Of the great preacher's life we  
talked;  
And through the mystery of our  
theme  
The outward glory seemed to  
stream,  
And Nature's self interpreted  
The doubtful record of the dead;  
And every level beam that smote  
The sails upon the dark afloat  
A symbol of the light became  
Which touched the shadows of  
our blame  
With tongues of Pentecostal  
flame.

Over the roofs of the pioneers  
Gathers the moss of a hundred  
years;  
On man and his works has passed  
the change  
Which needs must be in a cen-  
tury's range.

The land lies open and warm in  
the sun,  
Anvils clamor and mill-wheels  
run,—  
Flocks on the hill-sides, herds on  
the plain,  
The wilderness gladdened with  
fruit and grain!

But the living faith of the settlers  
old  
A dead profession their children  
hold;  
To the lust of office and greed of  
trade  
A stepping-stone is the altar made  
The church, to place and power  
the door,  
Rebukes the sin of the world no  
more,  
Nor sees its—Lord in the homeless  
poor.  
Everywhere is the grasping hand,  
And eager adding of land to land;  
And earth, which seemed to the  
fathers meant  
But as a pilgrim's wayside tent,—  
A nightly shelter to fold away  
When the Lord should call at the  
break of day,—  
Solid and steadfast seems to be,  
And Time has forgotten Eternity!

But fresh and green from the rot-  
ting roots  
Of primal forests the young  
growth shoots;  
From the death of the old the new  
proceeds,  
And the life of truth from the rot  
of creeds:  
On the ladder of God, which up-  
ward leads,  
The steps of progress are human  
needs.  
For his judgments still are a  
mighty deep,  
And the eyes of his providence  
never sleep:  
When the night is darkest he gives  
the morn;  
When the famine is sorest, the  
wine and corn!

In the church of the wilderness  
Edwards wrought,  
Shaping his creed at the forge of  
thought;  
And with Thor's own hammer  
welded and bent  
The iron links of his argument,

Which strove to grasp in its  
mighty span  
The purpose of God and the fate  
of man!  
Yet faithful still, in his daily  
round  
To the weak, and the poor, and  
sin-sick found,  
The schoolman's lore and the casu-  
ist's art  
Drew warmth and life from his  
fervent heart.  
Had he not seen in the solitudes  
Of his deep and dark Northamp-  
ton woods  
A vision of love about him fall?  
Not the blinding splendor which  
fell on Saul,  
But the tenderer glory that rests  
on them  
Who walk in the New Jerusalem,  
Where never the sun nor moon are  
known,  
But the Lord and his love are the  
light alone!  
And watching the sweet, still  
countenance  
Of the wife of his bosom rapt in  
trance,  
Had he not treasured each broken  
word  
Of the mystical wonder seen and  
heard;  
And loved the beautiful dreamer  
more  
That thus to the desert of earth  
she bore  
Clusters of Eschol from Canaan's  
shore!

As the barley-winnower, holding  
with pain  
Aloft in waiting his chaff and  
grain,  
Joyfully welcomes the far-off  
breeze  
Sounding the pine-tree's slender  
keys,  
So he who had waited long to hear  
The sound of the Spirit drawing  
near,  
Like that which the son of Iddo  
heard

When the feet of angels the myr-  
tles stirred,  
Felt the answer of prayer, at last,  
As over his church the afflatus  
passed,  
Breaking its sleep as breezes break  
To sun-bright ripples a stagnant  
lake.

At first a tremor of silent fear,  
The creep of the flesh at danger  
near,  
A vague foreboding and discon-  
tent,  
Over the hearts of the people  
went.  
All nature warned in sounds and  
signs:  
The wind in the tops of the forest  
pines  
In the name of the Highest called  
to prayer,  
As the muezzin calls from the  
minaret stair.  
Through ceiled chambers of secret  
sin  
Sudden and strong the light shone  
in;  
A guilty sense of his neighbor's  
needs  
Startled the man of title-deeds;  
The trembling hand of the world-  
ling shook  
The dust of years from the Holy  
Book;  
And the psalms of David, for-  
gotten long,  
Took the place of the scoffer's  
song.

The impulse spread like the out-  
ward course  
Of waters moved by a central  
force:  
The tide of spiritual life rolled  
down  
From inland mountains to sea-  
board town.

Prepared and ready the altar  
stands  
Waiting the prophet's outstretched  
hands

And prayer availing, to downward  
call

The fiery answer in view of all.

Hearts are like wax in the furnace, who

Shall mould, and shape, and cast  
them anew?

Lo! by the Merrimack WHITE-  
FIELD stands

In the temple that never was made  
by hands,—

Curtains of azure, and crystal  
wall,

And dome of the sunshine over  
all!—

A homeless pilgrim, with dubious  
name

Blown about on the winds of  
fame;

Now as an angel of blessing  
classed,

And now as a mad enthusiast.

Called in his youth to sound and  
gauge

The moral lapse of his race and  
age,

And, sharp as truth, the contrast  
draw

Of human frailty and perfect  
law;

Possessed by the one dread thought  
that lent

Its goad to his fiery temperament,  
Up and down the world he went,

A John the Baptist crying—Rep-  
pent!

No perfect whole can our nature  
make;

Here or there the circle will  
break;

The orb of life as it takes the  
light

On one side leaves the other in  
night.

Never was saint so good and great  
As to give no chance at St. Peter's

gate  
For the plea of the devil's advo-  
cate.

So, incomplete by his being's law,  
The marvellous preacher had his

flaw :

With step unequal, and lame with  
faults

His shade on the path of History  
halts.

Wisely and well said the Eastern  
bard :

Fear is easy, but love is hard,—  
Easy to glow with the Santon's

rage,  
And walk on the Meccan pilgrim-  
age ;

But he is greatest and best who  
can

Worship Allah by loving man.

Thus he—to whom, in the painful  
stress

Of zeal on fire from its own ex-  
cess,

Heaven seemed so vast and earth  
so small

That man was nothing, since God  
was all—

Forgot, as the best at times have  
done,

That the love of the Lord and of  
man are one.

Little to him whose feet unshod  
The thorny path of the desert

trod,  
Careless of pain, so it led to God,  
Seemed the hunger-pang and the

poor man's wrong,  
The weak ones trodden beneath  
the strong.

Should the worm be chooser?—the  
clay withstand

The shaping will of the potter's  
hand?

In the Indian fable Arjoon hears  
The scorn of a god rebuke his

fears :  
“ Spare thy pity ! ” Krishna saith :  
“ Not in thy sword is the power of

death !  
All is illusion,—loss but seems ;  
Pleasure and pain are only

dreams ;  
Who deems he slayeth doth not  
kill ;

Who counts as slain is living still.  
Strike, nor fear thy blow is crime ;

Nothing dies but the cheats of  
time;  
Slain or slayer, small the odds  
To each, immortal as Indra's  
gods!"

So by Savanna's banks of shade,  
The stones of his mission the  
preacher laid  
On the heart of the negro crushed  
and rent,  
And made of his blood the wall's  
cement;  
Bade the slave-ship speed from  
coast to coast  
Fanned by the wings of the Holy  
Ghost;  
And begged, for the love of Christ,  
the gold  
Coined from the hearts in its  
groaning hold.  
What could it matter, more or  
less  
Of stripes, and hunger, and weariness?  
Living or dying, bond or free,  
What was time to eternity?

Alas for the preacher's cherished  
schemes!  
Mission and church are now but  
dreams;  
Nor prayer nor fasting availed the  
plan  
To honor God through the wrong  
of man.  
Of all his labors no trace remains  
Save the bondman lifting his  
hands in chains.  
The woof he wove in the righteous  
warp  
Of freedom-loving Oglethorpe,  
Clothes with curses the goodly  
land,  
Changes its greenness and bloom  
to sand;  
And a century's lapse reveals once  
more  
The slave-shipstealing to Georgia's  
shore.  
Father of Light! how blind is he  
Who sprinkles the altar he rears  
to Thee

With the blood and tears of hu-  
manity!

He erred: Shall we count his  
gifts as naught?  
Was the work of God in him un-  
wrought?  
The servant may through his deaf-  
ness err,  
And blind may be God's messen-  
ger;  
But the errand is sure they go  
upon,—  
The word is spoken, the deed is  
done.

Was the Hebrew temple less fair  
and good  
That Solomon bowed to gods of  
wood?  
For his tempted heart and wan-  
dering feet,  
Were the songs of David less pure  
and sweet?  
So in light and shadow the  
preacher went,  
God's erring and human instru-  
ment;  
And the hearts of the people where  
he passed  
Swayed as the reeds sway in the  
blast,  
Under the spell of a voice which  
took  
In its compass the flow of Siloa's  
brook,  
And the mystical chime of the  
bells of gold  
On the ephod's hem of the priest  
of old,—  
Now the roll of thunder, and now  
the awe  
Of the trumpet heard in the Mount  
of Law.

A solemn fear on the listening  
crowd  
Fell like the shadow of a cloud.  
The sailor reeling from out the  
ships  
Whose masts stood thick in the  
river slips

Felt the jest and the curse die on  
     his lips.  
 Listened the fisherman rude and  
     hard,  
 The calker rough from the build-  
     er's yard,  
 The man of the market left his  
     load,  
 The teamster leaned on his bend-  
     ing goad,  
 The maiden, and youth beside her,  
     felt  
 Their hearts in a closer union  
     melt,  
 And saw the flowers of their love  
     in bloom  
 Down the endless vistas of life to  
     come.  
 Old age sat feebly brushing away  
 From his ears the scanty locks of  
     gray ;  
 And careless boyhood, living the  
     free  
 Unconscious life of bird and tree,  
 Suddenly wakened to a sense  
 Of sin and its guilty consequence.  
 It was as if an angel's voice  
 Called the listeners up for their  
     final choice ;  
 As if a strong hand rent apart  
 The veils of sense from soul and  
     heart,  
 Showing in light ineffable  
 The joys of heaven and woes of  
     hell !  
 All about in the misty air  
 The hills seemed kneeling in silent  
     prayer ;  
 The rustle of leaves, the moaning  
     sedge,  
 The water's lap on its gravelled  
     edge,  
 The wailing pines, and, far and  
     faint,  
 The wood-dove's note of sad com-  
     plaint,—  
 To the solemn voice of the  
     preacher lent  
 An undertone as of low lament ;  
 And the rote of the sea from its  
     sandy coast  
 On the easterly wind, now heard,  
     now lost,

Seemed the murmurous sound of  
     the judgment host.

Yet wise men doubted, and good  
     men wept,  
 As that storm of passion above  
     them swept,  
 And, comet-like, adding flame to  
     flame,  
 The priests of the new Evangel  
     came,—  
 Davenport, flashing upon the  
     crowd,  
 Charged like summer's electric  
     cloud,  
 Now holding the listener still as  
     death  
 With terrible warnings under-  
     breath,  
 Now shouting for joy, as if he  
     viewed  
 The vision of Heaven's beatitude !  
 And Celtic Tennant, his long coat  
     bound  
 Like a monk's with leathern girdle  
     round,  
 Wild with the toss of unshorn  
     hair,  
 And wringing of hands, and eyes  
     aglare,  
 Groaning under the world's de-  
     spair !  
 Grave pastors, grieving their  
     flocks to lose,  
 Prophesied to the empty pews  
 That gourds would wither, and  
     mushrooms die,  
 And noisiest fountains run soon-  
     est dry,  
 Like the spring that gushed in  
     Newbury street,  
 Under the tramp of the earth-  
     quake's feet,  
 A silver shaft in the air and light,  
 For a single day, then lost in  
     night,  
 Leaving only, its place to tell,  
 Sandy fissures and sulphurous  
     smell.  
 With zeal wing-clipped and white  
     heat cool,  
 Moved by the spirit in grooves of  
     rule,

No longer harried, and cropped  
and fleeced,  
Flogged by sheriff and cursed by  
priest,  
But by wiser councils left at ease  
To settle quietly on his lees,  
And, self-concentered, to count as  
done  
The work which his fathers scarce  
begun,  
In silent protest of letting alone,  
The Quaker kept the way of his  
own,—  
A non-conductor among the  
wires,  
With coat of asbestos proof to  
fires,  
And quite unable to mend his  
pace  
To catch the falling manna of  
grace,  
He hugged the closer his little  
store  
Of faith, and silently prayed for  
more.  
And vague of creed and barren of  
rite,  
But holding, as in his Master's  
sight,  
Act and thought to the inner  
light,  
The round of his simple duties  
walked,  
And strove to live what the others  
talked!

And who shall marvel if evil  
went  
Step by step with the good in-  
tent,  
And with love and meekness, side  
by side,  
Lust of the flesh and spiritual  
pride?—  
That passionate longings and fan-  
cies vain  
Set the heart on fire and crazed  
the brain?—  
That over the holy oracles  
Folly sported with cap and  
bells?—  
That goodly women and learned  
men

Marvelling told with tongue and  
pen  
How unweaned children chirped  
like birds  
Texts of Scripture and solemn  
words,  
Like the infant seers of the rocky  
glens  
In the Puy de Dome of wild Ce-  
vennes :  
Or baby Lamas who pray and  
preach  
From Tartar cradles in Buddha's  
speech !

In the war which Truth or Free-  
dom wages  
With impious fraud and the wrong  
of ages,  
Hate and malice and self-love  
mar  
The notes of triumph with painful  
jar,  
And the helping angels turn aside  
Their sorrowing faces the shame  
to hide.  
Never on custom's oiled grooves  
The world to a higher level moves,  
But grates and grinds with fric-  
tion hard  
On granite boulder and flinty  
shard.  
The heart must bleed before it  
feels,  
The pool be troubled before it  
heals ;  
Ever by losses the right must  
gain,  
Every good have its birth of pain ;  
The active Virtues blush to find  
The Vices wearing their badge be-  
hind,  
And Graces and Charities feel the  
fire  
Wherein the sins of the age ex-  
pire ;  
The fiend still rends as of old he  
rent  
The tortured body from which he  
went.

But Time tests all. In the over-  
drift

And flow of the Nile, with its annual gift,  
 Who cares for the Hadji's relics sunk?  
 Who thinks of the drowned-out Coptic monk?  
 The tide that loosens the temple's stones,  
 And scatters the sacred ibis bones,  
 Drives away from the valley-land  
 That Arab robber, the wandering sand,  
 Moistens the fields that know no rain,  
 Fringes the desert with belts of grain,  
 And bread to the sower brings again.  
 So the flood of emotion deep and strong  
 Troubled the land as it swept along,  
 But left a result of holier lives,  
 Tenderer mothers and worthier wives.

The husband and father whose children fled  
 And sad wife wept when his drunken tread  
 Frightened peace from his roof-tree's shade,  
 And a rock of offence his hearth-stone made,  
 In a strength that was not his own, began  
 To rise from the brute's to the plane of man.  
 Old friends embraced, long held apart  
 By evil counsel and pride of heart;  
 And penitence saw through misty tears,  
 In the bow of hope on its cloud of fears,  
 The promise of Heaven's eternal years,—  
 The peace of God for the world's annoy,—  
 Beauty for ashes, and oil for joy!  
 Under the church of Federal-street,

Under the tread of its Sabbath feet,  
 Walled about by its basement stones,  
 Lie the marvellous preacher's bones.  
 No saintly honors to them are shown,  
 No sign nor miracle have they known;  
 But he who passes the ancient church  
 Stops in the shade of its belfry-porch,  
 And ponders the wonderful life of him  
 Who lies at rest in that charnel dim.  
 Long shall the traveller strain his eye  
 From the railroad car, as it plunges by,  
 And the vanishing town behind him search  
 For the slender spire of the White-field Church;  
 And feel for one moment the ghosts of trade,  
 And fashion, and folly, and pleasure laid,  
 By the thought of that life of pure intent,  
 That voice of warning yet eloquent,  
 Of one on the errands of angels sent,  
 And if where he labored the flood of sin  
 Like a tide from the harbor-bar sets in,  
 And over a life of time and sense  
 The church-spires lift their vain defence,  
 As if to scatter the bolts of God  
 With the points of Calvin's thunder-rod,—  
 Still, as the gem of its civic crown,  
 Precious beyond the world's renown,  
 His memory hallows the ancient town!

## FOR AN AUTUMN FESTIVAL.

THE Persian's flowery gifts, the  
shrine

Of fruitful Ceres, charm no  
more ;

The woven wreaths of oak and  
pine

Are dust along the Isthmian  
shore.

But beauty hath its homage still,  
And nature holds us still in  
debt ;

And woman's grace and household  
skill,

And manhood's toil, are hon-  
ored yet.

And we, to-day, amidst our flowers  
And fruits, have come to own  
again

The blessing of the summer hours,  
The early and the latter rain ;

To see our Father's hand once  
more

Reverse for us the plenteous  
horn

Of autumn, filled and running o'er  
With fruit, and flower, and  
golden corn !

Once more the liberal year laughs  
out

O'er richer stores than gems or  
gold ;

Once more with harvest song and  
shout

Is Nature's bloodless triumph  
told.

Our common mother rests and  
sings,

Like Ruth, among her garnered  
sheaves ;

Her lap is full of goodly things,  
Her brow is bright with autumn  
leaves.

O, favors every year made new !

O, gifts with rain and sunshine  
sent !

The bounty overruns our due,  
The fullness shames our discon-  
tent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers  
bloom on ;

We murmur, but the corn-ears  
fill ;

We choose the shadow, but the  
sun

That casts it shines behind us  
still.

God gives us with our rugged soil  
The power to make it Eden-  
fair,

And richer fruits to crown our  
toil

Than summer-wedded islands  
bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day ?

Who scorns his native fruit and  
bloom ?

Or sighs for dainties far away,  
Beside the bounteous board of  
home ?

Thank Heaven, instead, that Free-  
dom's arm

Can change a rocky soil to  
gold,—

That brave and generous lives can  
warm

A clime with northern ices cold.

And let these altars wreathed  
with flowers

And piled with fruits awake  
again

Thanksgiving for the golden  
hours,

The early and the latter rain !

---

IN WAR TIME.

---

 THY WILL BE DONE.

WE see not, know not ; all our way  
Is night,—with Thee alone is day :  
From out the torrent's troubled  
drift,

Above the storm our prayers we  
lift,  
Thy will be done !

The flesh may fail, the heart may  
faint,  
But who are we to make com-  
plaint,  
Or dare to plead, in times like  
these,  
The weakness of our love of ease ?  
Thy will be done !

We take with solemn thankful-  
ness  
Our burden up, nor ask it less,  
And count it joy that even we  
May suffer, serve, or wait for  
Thee,  
Whose will be done !

Though dim as yet in tint and  
line,  
We trace Thy picture's wise de-  
sign,  
And thank Thee that our age sup-  
plies  
Its dark relief of sacrifice.  
Thy will be done !

And if, in our unworthiness,  
Thy sacrificial wine we press  
If from Thy ordeal's heated bars  
Our feet are seamed with crimson  
scars,  
Thy will be done !

If, for the age to come, this hour  
Of trial hath vicarious power,  
And, blest by Thee, our present  
pain  
Be Liberty's eternal gain,  
Thy will be done !

Strike, Thou the Master, we Thy  
keys,  
The anthem of the destinies !  
The minor of thy loftier strain,  
Our hearts shall breathe the old  
refrain,  
Thy will be done !

## A WORD FOR THE HOUR.

THE firmament breaks up. In  
black eclipse  
Light after light goes out. One  
evil star,  
Luridly glaring through the smoke  
of war,  
As in the dream of the Apocalypse,  
Drags others down. Let us not  
weakly weep  
Nor rashly threaten. Give us  
grace to keep  
Our faith and patience ; where-  
fore should we leap  
On one hand into fratricidal fight,  
Or, on the other, yield eternal  
right,  
Frame lies of law, and good and  
ill confound ?  
What fear we ? Safe on freedom's  
vantage ground  
Our feet are planted : let us there  
remain  
In unvengeful calm, no means  
untried  
Which truth can sanction, no just  
claim denied,  
The sad spectators of a suicide !  
They break the links of Union :  
shall we light  
The fires of hell to weld anew the  
chain  
On that red anvil where each  
blow is pain ?  
Draw we not even now a freer  
breath,  
As from our shoulders falls a load  
of death  
Loathsome as that the Tuscan's  
victim bore  
When keen with life to a dead  
horror bound ?  
Why take we up the accursed  
thing again ?  
Pity, forgive, but urge them back  
no more  
Who, drunk with passion, flaunt  
disunion's rag  
With its vile reptile blazon. Let  
us press  
The golden cluster on our brave  
old flag

In closer union, and, if numbering less,  
Brighter shall shine the stars  
which still remain.

16th, 1st month, 1861.

"EIN FESTE BURG IST UNSER  
GOTT."

(LUTHER'S HYMN.)

WE wait beneath the furnace-  
blast  
The pangs of transformation;  
Not painlessly doth God recast  
And mould anew the nation.  
Hot burns the fire  
Where wrongs expire;  
Nor spares the hand  
That from the land  
Uproots the ancient evil.

The hand-breadth cloud the sages  
feared  
Its bloody rain is dropping;  
The poison plant the fathers  
spared  
All else is overtopping.  
East, West, South, North,  
It curses the earth;  
All justice dies,  
And fraud and lies  
Live only in its shadow.

What gives the wheat-field blades  
of steel?  
What points the rebel cannon?  
What sets the roaring rabble's  
heel  
On the old star-spangled pen-  
non?  
What breaks the oath  
Of the men o' the South?  
What whets the knife  
For the Union's life?—  
Hark to the answer: Slavery!

Then waste no blows on lesser  
foes  
In strife unworthy freemen.  
God lifts to-day the veil, and  
shows  
The features of the demon!  
O North and South,  
Its victims both,  
Can ye not cry,  
"Let slavery die!"  
And union find in freedom?

What though the cast-out spirit  
tear  
The nation in his going?  
We who have shared the guilt  
must share  
The pang of his o'erthrowing!  
Whate'er the loss,  
Whate'er the cross,  
Shall they complain  
Of present pain  
Who trust in God's hereafter?

For who that leans on His right  
arm  
Was ever yet forsaken?  
What righteous cause can suffer  
harm  
If He its part has taken?  
Though wild and loud  
And dark the cloud  
Behind its folds  
His hand upholds  
The calm sky of to-morrow!

Above the maddening cry for  
blood,  
Above the wild war-drumming,  
Let Freedom's voice be heard,  
with good  
The evil overcoming.  
Give prayer and purse  
To stay the Curse  
Whose wrong we share,  
Whose shame we bear,  
Whose end shall gladden  
Heaven!

In vain the bells of war shall ring  
Of triumphs and revenges,

While still is spared the evil thing  
 That severs and estranges.  
 But blest the ear  
 That yet shall hear  
 The jubilant bell  
 That rings the knell  
 Of Slavery forever !

Then let the selfish lip be dumb,  
 And hushed the breath of sigh-  
 ing ;  
 Before the joy of peace must come  
 The pains of purifying.  
 God give us grace  
 Each in his place  
 To bear his lot,  
 And, murmuring not,  
 Endure and wait and labor !

---

TO JOHN C. FREMONT.

THY error, Fremont, simply was  
 to act  
 A brave man's part, without the  
 statesman's tact,  
 And, taking counsel but of com-  
 mon sense,  
 To strike at cause as well as con-  
 sequence.  
 O, never yet since Roland wound  
 his horn  
 At Roncesvalles, has a blast been  
 blown  
 Far-heard, wide-echoed, startling  
 as thine own,  
 Heard from the van of freedom's  
 hope forlorn !  
 It had been safer, doubtless, for  
 the time,  
 To flatter treason, and avoid of-  
 fence  
 To that Dark Power whose under-  
 lying crime  
 Heaves upward its perpetual tur-  
 bulence.  
 But, if thine be the fate of all who  
 break  
 The ground for truth's seed, or  
 forerun their years  
 Till lost in distance, or with stout  
 hearts make

A lane for freedom through the  
 level spears,  
 Still take thou courage ! God has  
 spoken through thee,  
 Irrevocable, the mighty words,  
 Be free !  
 The land shakes with them, and  
 the slave's dull ear  
 Turns from the rice-swamp  
 stealthily to hear.  
 Who would recall them now must  
 first arrest  
 The winds that blow down from  
 the free North-west,  
 Ruffling the Gulf ; or like a scroll  
 roll back  
 The Mississippi to its upper  
 springs.  
 Such words fulfil their prophecy,  
 and lack  
 But the full time to harden into  
 things.

---

THE WATCHERS.

BESIDE a stricken field I stood ;  
 On the torn turf, on grass and  
 wood,  
 Hung heavily the dew of blood.  
 Still in their fresh mounds lay the  
 slain,  
 But all the air was quick with  
 pain  
 And gusty sighs and tearful rain.  
 Two angels, each with drooping  
 head  
 And folded wings and noiseless  
 tread,  
 Watched by that valley of the  
 dead.  
 The one, with forehead saintly  
 bland  
 And lips of blessing, not com-  
 mand,  
 Leaned, weeping, on her olive  
 wand.  
 The other's brows were scarred  
 and knit,

His restless eyes were watch-fires  
lit,  
His hands for battle-gauntlets fit.

"How long!"—I knew the voice  
of Peace,—

"Is there no respite?—no re-  
lease?—

When shall the hopeless quarrel  
cease?

"O Lord, how long!—One human  
soul  
Is more than any parchment  
scroll,  
Or any flag thy winds unroll.

"What price was Ellsworth's,  
young and brave?  
How weigh the gift that Lyon  
gave,  
Or count the cost of Winthrop's  
grave?

"O brother! if thine eye can see,  
Tell how and when the end shall  
be.  
What hope remains for thee and  
me."

Then Freedom sternly said: "I  
shun  
No strife nor pang beneath the  
sun,  
When human rights are staked  
and won.

"I knelt with Ziska's hunted  
flock,  
I watched in Toussaint's cell of  
rock,  
I walked with Sidney to the block.

"The moor of Marston felt my  
tread,  
Through Jersey snows the march  
I led,  
My voice Magenta's charges sped.

"But now, through weary day  
and night.  
I watch a vague and aimless fight  
For leave to strike one blow aright.

"On either side my foe they own:  
One guards through love his  
ghastly throne,  
And one through fear to reverence  
grown.

"Why wait we longer, mocked,  
betrayed,  
By open foes, or those afraid  
To speed thy coming through my  
aid?

"Why watch to see who win or  
fall?—  
I shake the dust against them all,  
I leave them to their senseless  
brawl."

"Nay," Peace implored: "yet  
longer wait;  
The doom is near, the stake is  
great:  
God knoweth if it be too late.

"Still wait and watch; the way  
prepare  
Where I with folded wings of  
prayer  
May follow, weaponless and bare."

"Too late!" the stern, sad voice  
replied,  
"Too late!" its mournful echo  
sighed,  
In low lament the answer died.

A rustling as of wings in flight,  
An upward gleam of lessening  
white.  
So passed the vision, sound and  
sight.

But round me, like a silver bell  
Rung down the listening sky to  
tell  
Of holy help, a sweet voice fell.

"Still hope and trust," it sang;  
the rod  
Must fall, the wine-press must be  
trod,  
But all is possible with God!"

## TO ENGLISHMEN.

You flung your taunt across the  
wave ;

We bore it as became us,  
Well knowing that the fettered  
slave

Left friendly lips no option save  
To pity or to blame us.

You scoffed our plea. " Mere lack  
of will,

Not lack of power," you told us :  
We showed our free-state records ;  
still

You mocked, confounding good  
and ill,  
Slave-haters and slaveholders.

We struck at Slavery ; to the  
verge

Of power and means we checked  
it ;

Lo!—presto, change ! its claims  
you urge,

Send greetings to it o'er the surge,  
And comfort and protect it.

But yesterday you scarce could  
shake,

In slave-aborring rigor,  
Our Northern palms, for con-  
science' sake :

To-day you clasp the hands that  
ache

With " walloping the nigger ! " \*

O Englishmen !—in hope and  
creed,

In blood and tongue our  
brothers !

We two are heirs of Runnymede ;  
And Shakespeare's fame and  
Cromwell's deed

Are not alone our mother's.

" Thicker than water," in one rill  
Through centuries of story

\* See English caricatures of America :  
Slaveholder and cowhide, with the motto,  
" Have n't I a right to wallop my nig-  
ger ? "

Our Saxon blood has flowed, and  
still

We share with you its good and  
ill,

The shadow and the glory.

Joint heirs and kinfolk, leagues of  
wave

Nor length of years can part  
us :

Your right is ours to shrine and  
grave,

The common freehold of the  
brave,

The gift of saints and martyrs.

Our very sins and follies teach

Our kindred frail and human :

We carp at faults with bitter  
speech,

The while for one unshared by  
each

We have a score in common.

We bowed the heart, if not the  
knee,

To England's Queen, God bless  
her !

We praised you when your slaves  
went free :

We seek to unchain ours. Will  
ye

Join hands with the oppressor ?

And is it Christian England  
cheers

The bruiser, not the bruised ?  
And must she run, despite the  
tears

And prayers of eighteen hundred  
years,

*A-muck* in Slavery's crusade ?

O black disgrace ! O shame and  
loss

Too deep for tongue to phrase  
on !

Tear from your flag its holy  
cross,

And in your van of battle toss

The pirate's skull-bone blazon !

## ASTRÆA AT THE CAPITOL.

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, 1862.

WHEN first I saw our banner wave  
Above the nation's council-hall,  
I heard beneath its marble wall  
The clanking fetters of the slave !

In the foul market-place I stood,  
And saw the Christian mother sold,  
And childhood with its locks of gold,  
Blue-eyed and fair with Saxon blood.

I shut my eyes, I held my breath,  
And, smothering down the wrath and shame  
That set my Northern blood aflame,  
Stood silent—where to speak was death.

Beside me gloomed the prison-cell  
Where wasted one in slow decline  
For uttering simple words of mine,  
And loving freedom all too well.

The flag that floated from the dome  
Flapped menace in the morning air ;

I stood a perilled stranger where  
The human broker made his home.

For crime was virtue : Gown and Sword  
And Law their threefold sanction gave,  
And to the quarry of the slave  
Went hawking with our symbol-bird.

On the oppressor's side was power ;  
And yet I knew that every wrong.

However old, however strong,  
But waited God's avenging hour.

I knew that truth would crush the lie,—

Somehow, some time, the end would be ;

Yet scarcely dared I hope to see  
The triumph with my mortal eye.

But now I see it ! In the sun  
A free flag floats from yonder dome,  
And at the nation's hearth and home  
The justice long delayed is done.

Not as we hoped, in calm of prayer,  
The message of deliverance comes,  
But heralded by roll of drums—  
On waves of battle-troubled air !—

'Midst sounds that madden and appall,  
The song that Bethlehem's shepherds knew !  
The harp of David melting through  
The demon-agonies of Saul !

Not as we hoped ;—but what are we ?  
Above our broken dreams and plans  
God lays, with wiser hand than man's,  
The corner-stones of liberty.

I cavil not with Him : the voice  
That freedom's blessed gospel tells  
Is sweet to me as silver bells.  
Rejoicing !—yea, I will rejoice !

Dear friends still toiling in the sun,—  
Ye dearer ones who, gone before,  
Are watching from the eternal shore  
The slow work by your hands begun,—

Rejoice with me ! The chastening rod

Blossoms with love; the furnace heat  
Grows cool beneath His blessed feet  
Whose form is as the Son of God!

Rejoice! Our Marah's bitter springs  
Are sweetened; on our ground of grief  
Rise day by day in strong relief  
The prophecies of better things.

Rejoice in hope! The day and night  
Are one with God, and one with them  
Who see by faith the cloudy hem  
Of Judgment fringed with Mercy's light!

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### THE BATTLE AUTUMN OF 1862.

THE flags of war like storm-birds fly,  
The charging trumpets blow;  
Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,  
No earthquake strives below.

And, calm and patient, Nature keeps  
Her ancient promise well,  
Though o'er her bloom and greenness sweeps  
The battle's breath of hell.

And still she walks in golden hours  
Through harvest-happy farms,  
And still she wears her fruits and flowers  
Like jewels on her arms.

What mean the gladness of the plain,  
This joy of eve and morn,

The mirth that shakes the beard of grain  
And yellow locks of corn?

Ah! eyes may well be full of tears,  
And hearts with hate are hot;  
But even-paced come round the years,  
And Nature changes not.

She meets with smiles our bitter grief,  
With songs our groans of pain;  
She mocks with tint of flower and leaf  
The war-field's crimson stain.

Still, in the cannon's pause, we hear  
Her sweet thanksgiving-psalm;  
Too near to God for doubt or fear,  
She shares th' eternal calm.

She knows the seed lies safe below  
The fires that blast and burn;  
For all the tears of blood we sow  
She waits the rich return.

She sees with clearer eye than ours  
The good of suffering born,—  
The hearts that blossom like her flowers,  
And ripen like her corn.

O, give to us, in times like these,  
The vision of her eyes;  
And make her fields and fruited trees  
Our golden prophecies!

O, give to us her finer ear!  
Above this stormy din,  
We too would hear the bells of cheer  
Ring peace and freedom in!

## MITHRIDATES AT CHIOS.\*

KNOW'ST thou, O slave-cursed  
land!  
How, when the Chian's cup of  
guilt  
Was full to overflow, there  
came  
God's justice in the sword of  
flame  
That, red with slaughter to its  
hilt,  
Blazed in the Cappadocian victor's  
hand?

The heavens are still and far;  
But, not unheard of awful Jove,  
The sighing of the island slave  
Was answered, when the  
Ægean wave  
The keels of Mithridates clove,  
And the vines shrivelled in the  
breath of war.

"Robbers of Chios! hark,"  
The victor cried, "to Heaven's  
decree!  
Pluck your last cluster from  
the vine,  
Drain your last cup of Chian  
wine;  
Slaves of your slaves, your doom  
shall be,  
In Colchian mines by Phasis  
rolling dark."

Then rose the long lament  
From the hoar sea-god's dusky  
caves:  
The priestess rent her hair  
and cried,  
"Woe! woe! The gods are  
sleepless-eyed!"  
And, chained and scourged, the  
slaves of slaves,  
The lords of Chios into exile went.

"The gods at last pay well,"

So Hellas sang her taunting  
song,  
"The fisher in his net is  
caught,  
The Chian hath his master  
bought;"  
And isle from isle, with laughter  
long,  
Took up and sped the mocking  
parable.

Once more the slow, dumb  
years  
Bring their avenging cycle  
round,  
And, more than Hellas taught  
of old,  
Our wiser lesson shall be told,  
Of slaves uprising, freedom-  
crowned,  
To break, not wield, the scourge  
wet with their blood and  
tears.

## THE PROCLAMATION.

SAINT PATRICK, slave to Milcho of  
the herds  
Of Ballymena, wakened with  
these words:  
"Arise, and flee  
Out from the land of bondage,  
and be free!"

Glad as a soul in pain, who hears  
from heaven  
The angels singing of his sins for-  
given,  
And, wondering, sees  
His prison opening to their golden  
keys,

He rose, a man who laid him  
down a slave,  
Shook from his locks the ashes of  
the grave,  
And outward trod  
Into the glorious liberty of God.

\* It is recorded that the Chians, when subjugated by Mithridates of Cappadocia, were delivered up to their own slaves, to be carried away captive to Colchis. Athenæus considers this a just punishment for their wickedness in first introducing the slave-trade into Greece. From this ancient villainy of the Chians the proverb arose, "The Chian hath bought himself a master."

He cast the symbols of his shame  
 away ;  
 And, passing where the sleeping  
 Milcho lay,  
 Though back and limb  
 Smarted with wrong, he prayed,  
 "God pardon him !"

So went he forth : but in God's  
 time he came  
 To light on Uilline's hills a holy  
 flame ;  
 And, dying, gave  
 The land a saint that lost him as  
 a slave.

O dark, sad millions, patiently and  
 dumb  
 Waiting for God, your hour, at  
 last, has come,  
 And freedom's song  
 Breaks the long silence of your  
 night of wrong !

Arise and flee ! shake off the vile  
 restraint  
 Of ages ; but, like Ballymena's  
 saint,  
 The oppressor spare,  
 Heap only on his head the coals  
 of prayer.

Go forth, like him ! like him re-  
 turn again,  
 To bless the land whereon in bit-  
 ter pain  
 Ye toiled at first,  
 And heal with freedom what your  
 slavery cursed.

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### ANNIVERSARY POEM.

[Read before the Alumni of the Friends'  
 Yearly Meeting School, at the Annual  
 Meeting at Newport, R. I., 15th 6th Mo.,  
 1863.]

ONCE more, dear friends, you meet  
 beneath  
 A clouded sky :  
 Nor yet the sword has found its  
 sheath,

And on the sweet spring airs the  
 breath  
 Of war floats by.

Yet trouble springs not from the  
 ground,  
 Nor pain from chance ;  
 The Eternal order circles round,  
 And wave and storm find mete  
 and bound  
 In Providence.

Full long our feet the flowery  
 ways  
 Of peace have trod,  
 Content with creed and garb and  
 phrase :  
 A harder path in earlier days  
 Led up to God.

Too cheaply truths, once pur-  
 chased dear,  
 Are made our own ;  
 Too long the world has smiled to  
 hear  
 Our boast of full corn in the ear  
 By others sown ;

To see us stir the martyr fires  
 Of long ago,  
 And wrap our satisfied desires  
 In the singed mantles that our  
 sires  
 Have dropped below.

But now the cross our worthies  
 bore  
 On us is laid ;  
 Profession's quiet sleep is o'er,  
 And in the scale of truth once  
 more  
 Our faith is weighed.

The cry of innocent blood at last  
 is calling down  
 An answer in the whirlwind-blast,  
 The thunder and the shadow cast  
 From Heaven's dark frown.

The land is red with judgments.  
 Who  
 Stands guiltless forth ?  
 Have we been faithful as we knew,

To God and to our brother true,  
To Heaven and Earth?

How faint, through din of merchandise—

And count of gain,  
Have seemed to us the captive's  
cries!

How far away the tears and sighs  
Of souls in pain!

This day the fearful reckoning  
comes

To each and all;

We hear amidst our peaceful  
homes

The summons of the conscript  
drums,  
The bugle's call.

Our path is plain; the war-net  
draws

Round us in vain,  
While, faithful to the Higher  
Cause,

We keep our fealty to the laws  
Through patient pain.

The levelled gun, the battle brand,  
We may not take;

But, calmly loyal, we can stand  
And suffer with our suffering land  
For conscience' sake.

Why ask for ease where all is  
pain?

Shall *we* alone

Be left to add our gain to gain,  
When over Armageddon's plain  
The trump is blown?

To suffer well is well to serve;  
Safe in our Lord

The rigid lines of law shall curve  
To spare us; from our heads shall  
swerve

Its smiting sword.

And light is mingled with the  
gloom,

And joy with grief;

Divinest compensations come,  
Through thorns of judgment mercies bloom

In sweet relief.

Thanks for our privilege to bless,  
By word and deed,  
The widow in her keen distress,  
The childless and the fatherless,  
The hearts that bleed!

For fields of duty, opening wide,  
Where all our powers  
Are tasked the eager steps to  
guide

Of millions on a path untried:  
THE SLAVE IS OURS!

Ours by traditions dear and old,  
Which make the race  
Our wards to cherish and uphold,  
And cast their freedom in the  
mould  
Of Christian grace.

And we may tread the sick-bed  
floors

Where strong men pine,  
And, down the groaning corridors,  
Pour freely from our liberal stores  
The oil and wine.

Who murmurs that in these dark  
days

His lot is cast?

God's hand within the shadow  
lays

The stones whereon His gates of  
praise  
Shall rise at last.

Turn and o'erturn, O outstretched  
Hand!

Nor stint, nor stay;

The years have never dropped  
their sand

On mortal issue vast and grand  
As ours to-day.

Already, on the sable ground  
Of man's despair

Is Freedom's glorious picture  
found

With all its dusky hands unbound  
Upraised in prayer.

O, small shall seem all sacrifice  
 And pain and loss,  
 When God shall wipe the weeping  
 eyes,  
 For suffering give the victor's  
 prize,  
 The crown for cross !

---

AT PORT ROYAL.

THE tent-lights glimmer on the  
 land,  
 The ship-lights on the sea ;  
 The night-wind smooths with  
 drifting sand  
 Our track on lone Tybee.

At last our grating keels outslide,  
 Our good boats forward swing ;  
 And while we ride the land-locked  
 tide,  
 Our negroes row and sing.

For dear the bondman holds his  
 gifts  
 Of music and of song :  
 The gold that kindly Nature sifts  
 Among his sands of wrong ;

The power to make his toiling  
 days  
 And poor home-comforts please ;  
 The quaint relief of mirth that  
 plays  
 With sorrow's minor keys.

Another glow than sunset's fire  
 Has filled the West with light,  
 Where field and garner, barn and  
 byre  
 Are blazing through the night.

The land is wild with fear and  
 hate,  
 The rout runs mad and fast ;  
 From hand to hand, from gate to  
 gate,  
 The flaming brand is passed.

The lurid glow falls strong across  
 Dark faces broad with smiles :

Not theirs the terror, hate, and  
 loss  
 That fire yon blazing piles.

With oar-strokes timing to their  
 song,  
 They weave in simple lays  
 The pathos of remembered wrong,  
 The hope of better days,—

The triumph-note that Miriam  
 sung,  
 The joy of uncaged birds :  
 Softening with Afric's mellow  
 tongue  
 Their broken Saxon words.

---

SONG OF THE NEGRO BOAT-  
 MEN.

O, PRAISE an' tanks ! De Lord he  
 come  
 To set de people free ;  
 An' massa tink it day ob doom,  
 An' we ob jubilee.  
 De Lord dat heap de Red Sea  
 waves  
 He jus' as 'troug as den ;  
 He say de word : we las' night  
 slaves ;  
 To-day, de Lord's freemen.  
 De yam will grow, de cotton  
 blow,  
 We 'll hab de rice an' corn ;  
 O nebber you fear, if nebber  
 you hear  
 De driver blow his horn !

Ole massa on he trabbels gone ;  
 He leaf de land behind :  
 De Lord's breff blow him funder  
 on,  
 Like corn-shuck in de wind.  
 We own de hoe, we own de  
 plough,  
 We own de hands dat hold ;  
 We sell de pig, we sell de cow,  
 But nebber chile be sold.  
 De yam will grow, de cotton  
 blow.  
 We 'll hab de rice an' corn :

O nebber you fear, if nebber  
you hear  
De driver blow his horn !

We pray de Lord : he gib us signs  
Dat some day we be free ;  
De Norf-wind tell it to de pines,  
De wild-duck to de sea ;  
We tink it when de church-bell  
ring,  
We dream it in de dream ;  
De rice-bird mean it when he sing,  
De eagle when he scream.  
De yam will grow, de cotton  
blow,  
We 'll hab de rice an' corn :  
O nebber you fear, if nebber  
you hear  
De driver blow his horn !

We know de promise nebber fail,  
An' nebber lie de word ;  
So, like de 'postles in de jail,  
We waited for de Lord :  
An' now he open ebery door.  
An' trow away de key ;  
He tink we lub him so before,  
We lub him better free.  
De yam will grow, de cotton  
blow,  
He 'll gib de rice an' corn :  
O nebber you fear, if nebber  
you hear  
De driver blow his horn !

So sing our dusky gondoliers ;  
And with a secret pain,  
And smiles that seem akin to tears,  
We hear the wild refrain.

We dare not share the negro's  
trust,  
Nor yet his hope deny ;  
We only know that God is just,  
And every wrong shall die.

Rude seems the song ; each  
swarthy face,  
Flame-lighted, ruder still :  
We start to think that hapless  
race  
Must shape our good or ill ;

That laws of changeless justice  
bind

Oppressor with oppressed ;  
And, close as sin and suffering  
joined,  
We march to Fate abreast.

Sing on, poor hearts ! your chant  
shall be  
Our sign of blight or bloom,—  
The Vala-song of Liberty,  
Or death-rune of our doom !

#### BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with  
corn,  
Clear in the cool September morn,  
The clustered spires of Frederick  
stand  
Green-walled by the hills of Mary-  
land.

Round about them orchards  
sweep,  
Apple- and peach-tree fruited  
deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord  
To the eyes of the famished rebel  
horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early  
fall  
When Lee marched over the  
mountain wall,—

Over the mountains winding  
down,  
Horse and foot, into Frederick  
town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,  
Forty flags with their crimson  
bars,

Flapped in the morning wind :  
the sun  
Of noon looked down, and saw  
not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie  
then,  
Bowed with her fourscore years  
and ten ;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,  
She took up the flag the men  
hauled down ;

In her attic-window the staff she  
set,  
To show that one heart was loyal  
yet.

Up the street came the rebel  
tread,  
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and  
right  
He glanced : the old flag met his  
sight.

“Halt!”—the dust-brown ranks  
stood fast.  
“Fire!”—out blazed the rifle-  
blast.

It shivered the window, pane and  
sash ;  
It rent the banner with seam and  
gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken  
staff  
Dame Barbara snatched the silken  
scarf ;

She leaned far out on the window-  
sill,  
And shook it forth with a royal  
will.

“Shoot, if you must, this old gray  
head,  
But spare your country’s flag,”  
she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of  
shame,  
Over the face of the leader came ;

The nobler nature within him  
stirred  
To life at that woman’s deed and  
word :

“Who touches a hair of yon gray  
head  
Dies like a dog ! March on !” he  
said.

All day long through Frederick  
street  
Sounded the tread of marching  
feet :

All day long that free flag tost  
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell  
On the loyal winds that loved it  
well ;

And through the hill-gaps sunset  
light  
Shone over it with a warm good-  
night.

Barbara Frietchie’s work is o’er,  
And the Rebel rides on his raids  
no more.

Honor to her ! and let a tear  
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall’s  
bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie’s grave  
Flag of Freedom and Union,  
wave !

Peace and order and beauty draw  
Round thy symbol of light and  
law ;

And ever the stars above look  
down  
On thy stars below in Frederick  
town !

## HOME BALLADS.

## COBBLER KEEZAR'S VISION.\*

THE beaver cut his timber  
 With patient teeth that day,  
 The minks were fish-wards, and  
 the crows  
 Surveyors of highway,—

When Keezar sat on the hillside  
 Upon his cobbler's form,  
 With a pan of coals on either hand  
 To keep his waxed ends warm.

And there, in the golden weather,  
 He stitched and hammered and  
 sung;  
 In the brook he moistened his  
 leather,  
 In a pewter mug his tongue.

Well knew the tough old Teuton  
 Who brewed the stoutest ale,  
 And he paid the good-wife's reck-  
 oning  
 In the coin of song and tale.

The songs they still are singing  
 Who dress the hills of vine,  
 The tales that haunt the Brocken  
 And whisper down the Rhine.

Woodsy and wild and lonesome,  
 The swift stream wound away,  
 Through birches and scarlet  
 maples  
 Flashing in foam and spray,—

Down on the sharp-horned ledges  
 Plunging in steep cascade,  
 Tossing its white-maned waters  
 Against the hemlock's shade.

Woodsy and wild and lonesome,  
 East and west and north and  
 south;

Only the village of fishers  
 Down at the river's mouth;

\* This ballad was written on the occasion of a Horticultural Festival. Cobbler Keezar was a noted character among the first settlers in the valley of the Merimack.

Only here and there a clearing,  
 With its farm-house rude and  
 new,  
 And tree-stumps, swart as In-  
 dians,  
 Where the scanty harvest grew

No shout of home-bound reapers,  
 No vintage-song he heard,  
 And on the green no dancing feet  
 The merry violin stirred.

"Why should folk be glum," said  
 Keezar,  
 "When Nature herself is glad,  
 And the painted woods are laugh-  
 ing  
 At the faces so sour and sad?"

Small heed had the careless cob-  
 bler  
 What sorrow of heart was theirs  
 Who travailed in pain with the  
 births of God,  
 And planted a state with  
 prayers,—

Hunting of witches and warlocks,  
 Smiting the heathen horde,—  
 One hand on the mason's trowel,  
 And one on the soldier's sword!

But give him his ale and cider,  
 Give him his pipe and song,  
 Little he cared for church or state,  
 Or the balance of right and  
 wrong.

"'T is work, work, work," he  
 muttered—

"And for rest a snuffle of  
 psalms!"  
 He smote on his leathern apron  
 With his brown and waxen  
 palms.

"O for the purple harvests  
 Of the days when I was young!  
 For the merry grape-stained  
 maidens,  
 And the pleasant songs they  
 sung!

"O for the breath of vineyards,  
Of apples and nuts and wine!  
For an oar to row and a breeze to  
blow  
Down the grand old river  
Rhine!"

A tear in his blue eye glistened  
And dropped on his beard so  
gray.

"Old, old am I," said Keezar,  
"And the Rhine flows far  
away!"

But a cunning man was the cob-  
bler;

He could call the birds from the  
trees,

Charm the black snake out of the  
ledges,  
And bring back the swarming  
bees.

All the virtues of herbs and  
metals,

All the lore of the woods, he  
knew,

And the arts of the Old World  
mingled

With the marvels of the New.

Well he knew the tricks of magic,  
And the lapstone on his knee

Had the gift of the Mormon's  
goggles

Or the stone of Doctor Dee.

For the mighty master Agrippa  
Wrought it with spell and rhyme

From a fragment of mystic moon-  
stone

In the tower of Nettesheim.

To a cobbler Minnesinger

The marvellous stone gave he,—  
And he gave it, in turn, to Keezar,  
Who brought it over the sea.

He held up that mystic lapstone,  
He held it up like a lens,

And he counted the long years  
coming

By twenties and by tens,

"One hundred years," quoth  
Keezar,

"And fifty have I told:  
Now open the new before me,  
And shut me out the old!"

Like a cloud of mist, the black-  
ness

Rolled from the magic stone,  
And a marvellous picture mingled  
The unknown and the known.

Still ran the stream to the river,  
And river and ocean joined;  
And there were the bluffs and the  
blue sea-line,  
And cold north hills behind.

But the mighty forest was broken  
By many a steepled town,  
By many a white-walled farm-  
house,  
And many a garner brown.

Turning a score of mill-wheels,  
The stream no more ran free;  
White sails on the winding river,  
White sails on the far-off sea.

Below in the noisy village  
The flags were floating gay,  
And shone on a thousand faces  
The light of a holiday.

Swiftly the rival ploughmen  
Turned the brown earth from  
their shares;

Here were the farmer's treasures,  
There were the craftsman's  
wares.

Golden the good-wife's butter,  
Ruby her currant-wine;  
Grand were the strutting tur-  
keys,  
Fat were the beeves and swine.

Yellow and red were the apples,  
And the ripe pears russet-brown  
And the peaches had stolen  
blushes  
From the girls who shook them  
down,

And with blooms of hill and wild-  
wood,

That shame the toil of art,  
Mingled the gorgeous blossoms  
Of the garden's tropic heart.

"What is it I see?" said Keezar:  
"Am I here, or am I there?  
Is it a fête at Bingen?  
Do I look on Frankfort fair?"

"But where are the clowns and  
puppets,  
And imps with horns and tail?  
And where are the Rhenish flag-  
ons?  
And where is the foaming ale?"

"Strange things, I know, will  
happen,—  
Strange things the Lord permits;  
But that doughty folk should be  
jolly  
Puzzles my poor old wits.

"Here are smiling manly faces,  
And the maiden's step is gay;  
Nor sad by thinking, nor mad by  
drinking,  
Nor mopes, nor fools, are they.

"Here's pleasure without regret-  
ting,  
And good without abuse,  
The holiday and the bridal  
Of beauty and of use.

"Here's a priest and there is a  
quaker,—  
Do the cat and the dog agree?  
Have they burned the stocks for  
oven-wood?  
Have they cut down the gal-  
lows-tree?"

"Would the old folk know their  
children?  
Would they own the graceless  
town,  
With never a ranter to worry  
And never a witch to drown?"

Loud laughed the cobbler Keezar,  
Laughed like a school-boy gay:  
Tossing his arms above him,  
The lapstone rolled away.

It rolled down the rugged hillside,  
It spun like a wheel bewitched,  
It plunged through the leaning  
willows,  
And into the river pitched.

There, in the deep, dark water,  
The magic stone lies still,  
Under the leaning willows,  
In the shadow of the hill.

But oft the idle fisher  
Sits on the shadowy bank,  
And his dreams make marvellous  
pictures  
Where the wizard's lapstone  
sank.

And still, in the summer twilights,  
When the river seems to run  
Out from the inner glory,  
Warm with the melted sun,

The weary mill-girl lingers  
Beside the charmed stream,  
And the sky and the golden water  
Shape and color her dream.

Fair wave the sunset gardens,  
Thy rosy signals fly;  
Her homestead beckons from the  
cloud,  
And love goes sailing by!

---

AMY WENTWORTH.

To W. B.

As they who watch by sick-beds  
find relief  
Unwittingly from the great stress  
of grief  
And anxious care in fantasies out-  
wrought  
From the hearth's embers flicker-  
ing low or caught

From whispering wind, or tread  
 of passing feet,  
 Or vagrant memory calling up  
 some sweet  
 Snatch of old song or romance,  
 whence or why  
 They scarcely know or ask,—so,  
 thou and I,  
 Nursed in the faith that Truth  
 alone is strong  
 In the endurance which out-  
 wears Wrong,  
 With meek persistence baffling  
 brutal force,  
 And trusting God against the  
 universe,—  
 We, doomed to watch a strife we  
 may not share  
 With other weapons than the  
 patriot's prayer,  
 Yet owning, with full hearts and  
 moistened eyes,  
 The awful beauty of self-sacrifice,  
 And wrung by keenest sympathy  
 for all  
 Who give their loved ones for the  
 living wall  
 'Twixt law and treason,—in this  
 evil day  
 May haply find, through auto-  
 matic play  
 Of pen and pencil, solace to our  
 pain,  
 And hearten others with the  
 strength we gain.  
 I know it has been said our times  
 require  
 No play of art, nor dalliance with  
 the lyre,  
 No weak essay with Fancy's chlo-  
 roform  
 To calm the hot, mad pulses of the  
 storm,  
 But the stern war-blast rather,  
 such as sets  
 The battle's teeth of serried bay-  
 onets,  
 And pictures grim as Vernet's.  
 Yet with these  
 Some softer tints may blend, and  
 milder keys  
 Relieve the storm-stunned ear.  
 Let us keep sweet,

If so we may, our hearts, even  
 while we eat  
 The bitter harvest of our own de-  
 vice  
 And half a century's moral cow-  
 ardice.  
 As Nürnberg sang while Witten-  
 berg defied,  
 And Kranach painted by his  
 Luther's side,  
 And through the war-march of  
 the Puritan  
 The silver stream of Marvell's  
 music ran,  
 So let the household melodies be  
 sung,  
 The pleasant pictures on the wall  
 be hung,—  
 So let us hold against the hosts of  
 night  
 And slavery all our vantage-  
 ground of light.  
 Let Treason boast its savagery,  
 and shake  
 From its flag-folds its symbol rat-  
 tlesnake,  
 Nurse its fine arts, lay human  
 skins in tan,  
 And carve its pipe-bowls from the  
 bones of man.  
 And make the tale of Fijian ban-  
 quets dull  
 By drinking whiskey from a loyal  
 skull,—  
 But let us guard, till this sad war  
 shall cease,  
 (God grant it soon!) the graceful  
 arts of peace:  
 No foes are conquered who the  
 victors teach  
 Their vandal manners and bar-  
 baric speech.  
 And while, with hearts of thank-  
 fulness, we bear  
 Of the great common burden our  
 full share,  
 Let none upbraid us that the  
 waves entice  
 Thy sea-dipped pencil, or some  
 quaint device,  
 Rhythmic and sweet, beguiles my  
 pen away

From the sharp strifes and sorrows of to-day.  
 Thus, while the east-wind keen from Labrador  
 Sings in the leafless elms, and from the shore  
 Of the great sea comes the monotonous roar  
 Of the long-breaking surf, and all the sky  
 Is gray with cloud, home-bound and dull, I try  
 To time a simple legend to the sounds  
 Of winds in the woods, and waves on pebbled bounds,—  
 A song for oars to chime with, such as might  
 Besung by tired sea-painters, who at night  
 Look from their hemlock camps, by quiet cove  
 Or beach, moon-lighted, on the waves they love.  
 (So hast thou looked, when level sunset lay  
 On the calm bosom of some Eastern bay,  
 And all the spray-moist rocks and waves that rolled  
 Up the white sand-slopes flashed with ruddy gold.)  
 Something it has—a flavor of the sea,  
 And the sea's freedom—which reminds of thee.  
 Its faded picture, dimly smiling down  
 From the blurred fresco of the ancient town,  
 I have not touched with warmer tints in vain,  
 If, in this dark, sad year, it steals one thought from pain.

---

HER fingers shame the ivory keys  
 They dance so light along;  
 The bloom upon her parted lips  
 Is sweeter than the song.

O perfumed suitor, spare thy smiles!

Her thoughts are not of thee:  
 She better loves the salted wind,  
 The voices of the sea.

Her heart is like an outbound ship  
 That at its anchor swings;  
 The murmur of the stranded shell  
 Is in the song she sings.

She sings, and, smiling, hears her praise,  
 But dreams the while of one  
 Who watches from his sea-blown deck  
 The icebergs in the sun.

She questions all the winds that blow,  
 And every fog-wreath dim,  
 And bids the sea-birds flying north  
 Bear messages to him.

She speeds them with the thanks of men  
 He perilled life to save,  
 And grateful prayers like holy oil  
 To smooth for him the wave.

Brown Viking of the fishing-smack!  
 Fair toast of all the town!—  
 The skipper's jerkin ill beseems  
 The lady's silken gown!

But ne'er shall Amy Wentworth wear  
 For him the blush of shame  
 Who dares to set his manly gifts  
 Against her ancient name.

The stream is brightest at its spring,  
 And blood is not like wine;  
 Nor honored less than he who heirs  
 Is he who founds a line.

Full lightly shall the prize be won,  
 If love be Fortune's spur;  
 And never maiden stoops to him  
 Who lifts himself to her.

Her home is brave in Jaffrey  
 Street,  
 With stately stairways worn  
 By feet of old Colonial knights  
 And ladies gentle-born.

Still green about its ample porch -  
 The English ivy twines,  
 Trained back to show in English  
 oak  
 The herald's carven signs.

And on her, from the wainscot  
 old,  
 Ancestral faces frown,—  
 And this has worn the soldier's  
 sword,  
 And that the judge's gown.

But, strong of will and proud as  
 they,  
 She walks the gallery floor  
 As if she trod her sailor's deck  
 By stormy Labrador!

The sweetbrier blooms on Kittery-  
 side,  
 And green are Elliot's bowers;  
 Her garden is the pebbled beach,  
 The mosses are her flowers.

She looks across the harbor-  
 bar  
 To see the white gulls fly;  
 His greeting from the Northern  
 sea  
 Is in their clanging cry.

She hums a song, and dreams that  
 he,  
 As in its romance old,  
 Shall homeward ride with silken  
 sails  
 And masts of beaten gold!

O rank is good, and gold is fair,  
 And high and low mate ill;  
 But love has never known a law  
 Beyond its own sweet will!

## THE COUNTESS.

To E. W.

I KNOW not, Time and Space so  
 intervene,  
 Whether, still waiting with a  
 trust serene,  
 Thou bearest up thy fourscore  
 years and ten,  
 Or, called at last, art now Heaven's  
 citizen;  
 But, here or there, a pleasant  
 thought of thee,  
 Like an old friend, all day has  
 been with me.  
 The shy, still boy, for whom thy  
 kindly hand  
 Smoothed his hard pathway to the  
 wonder-land  
 Of thought and fancy, in gray  
 manhood yet  
 Keeps green the memory of his  
 early debt.  
 To-day, when truth and falsehood  
 speak their words  
 Through hot-lipped cannon and  
 the teeth of swords,  
 Listening with quickened heart  
 and ear intent  
 To each sharp clause of that stern  
 argument,  
 I still can hear at times a softer  
 note  
 Of the old pastoral music round  
 me float,  
 While through the hot gleam of  
 our civil strife  
 Looms the green mirage of a sim-  
 pler life.  
 As, at his alien post, the sentinel  
 Drops the old bucket in the home-  
 stead well,  
 And hears old voices in the winds  
 that toss  
 Above his head the live-oak's  
 beard of moss,  
 So, in our trial-time, and under  
 skies  
 Shadowed by swords like Islam's  
 paradise,  
 I wait and watch, and let my  
 fancy stray

To milder scenes and youth's Arcadian day ;  
 And howso'er the pencil dipped in dreams  
 Shades the brown woods or tints the sunset streams,  
 The country doctor in the foreground seems,  
 Whose ancient sulky down the village lanes  
 Dragged, like a war-car, captive ills and pains.  
 I could not paint the scenery of my song,  
 Mindless of one who looked thereon so long ;  
 Who, night and day, on duty's lonely round,  
 Made friends o' the woods and rocks, and knew the sound  
 Of each small brook, and what the hillside trees  
 Said to the winds that touched their leafy keys ;  
 Who saw so keenly and so well could paint  
 The village-folk, with all their humors quaint,—  
 The parson ambling on his wall-eyed roan,  
 Grave and erect, with white hair backward blown ;  
 The tough old boatman, half amphibious grown ;  
 The muttering witch-wife of the gossip's tale,  
 And the loud straggler levying his black mail,—  
 Old customs, habits, superstitions, fears,  
 All that lies buried under fifty years,  
 To thee, as is most fit, I bring my lay,  
 And, grateful, own the debt I cannot pay,

---

OVER the wooded northern ridge,  
 Between its houses brown,  
 To the dark tunnel of the bridge  
 The street comes straggling down.

You catch a glimpse through the birch and pine  
 Of gable, roof and porch,  
 The tavern with its swinging sign,  
 The sharp horn of the church.

The river's steel-blue crescent curves  
 To meet, in ebb and flow,  
 The single broken wharf that serves  
 For sloop and gundelow.

With salt sea-scents along its shores  
 The heavy hay-boats crawl,  
 The long antennæ of their oars  
 In lazy rise and fall.

Along the gray abutment's wall  
 The idle shad-net dries ;  
 The toll-man in his cobbler's stall  
 Sits smoking with closed eyes.

You hear the pier's low undertone  
 Of waves that chafe and gnaw ;  
 You start,—a skipper's horn is blown  
 To raise the creaking draw.

At times a blacksmith's anvil sounds  
 With slow and sluggard beat,  
 Or stage-coach on its dusty rounds  
 Wakes up the staring street.

A place for idle eyes and ears,  
 A cobwebbed nook of dreams ;  
 Left by the stream whose waves are years  
 The stranded village seems.

And there, like other moss and rust,  
 The native dweller clings,  
 And keeps, in uninquiring trust,  
 The old, dull round of things.

The fisher drops his patient lines,  
 The farmer sows his grain,  
 Content to hear the murmuring pines  
 Instead of railroad-train.

Go whe-e, along the tangled steep  
That slopes against the west,  
The hamlet's buried idlers sleep  
In still profounder rest.

Throw back the locust's flowery  
plume,  
The birch's pale-green scarf,  
And break the web of brier and  
bloom  
From name and epitaph.

A simple muster-roll of death,  
Of pomp and romance shorn,  
The dry, old names that common  
breath  
Has cheapened and outworn.

Yet pause by one low mound, and  
part  
The wild vines o'er it laced,  
And read the words by rustic art  
Upon its headstone traced.

Haply yon white-haired villager  
Of fourscore years can say  
What means the noble name of her  
Who sleeps with common clay.

An exile from the Gascon land  
Found refuge here and rest,  
And loved, of all the village band,  
Its fairest and its best.

He knelt with her on Sabbath  
morn,  
He worshipped through her  
eyes,  
And on the pride that doubts and  
scorns  
Stole in her faith's surprise.

Her simple daily life he saw  
By homeliest duties tried,  
In all things by an untaught law  
Of fitness justified.

For her his rank aside he laid ;  
He took the hue and tone  
Of lowly life and toil, and made  
Her simple ways his own.

Yet still, in gay and careless ease,  
To harvest-field or dance  
He brought the gentle courtesies.  
The nameless grace of France.

And she who taught him love not  
less  
From him she loved in turn  
Caught in her sweet unconscious-  
ness  
What love is quick to learn.

Each grew to each in pleased ac-  
cord,  
Nor knew the gazing town  
If she looked upward to her lord  
Or he to her looked down.

How sweet, when summer's day  
was o'er,  
His violin's mirth and wail,  
The walk on pleasant Newbury's  
shore,  
The river's moonlit sail !

Ah ! life a brief, though love be  
long ;  
The altar and the bier,  
The burial hymn and bridal song,  
Were both in one short year !

Her rest is quiet on the hill,  
Beneath the locust's bloom ;  
Far off her lover sleeps as still  
Within his scutcheoned tomb.

The Gascon lord, the village  
maid,  
In death still clasp their hands ;  
The love that levels rank and grade  
Unites their severed lands.

What matter whose the hillside  
grave,  
Or whose the blazoned stone ?  
Forever to her western wave  
Shall whisper blue Garonne !

O Love !—so hallowing every soil  
That gives thy sweet flower  
room,  
Wherever, nursed by ease or toil,  
The human heart takes bloom !—

Plant of lost Eden, from the sod  
Of sinful earth unriven,  
White blossom of the trees of God  
Dropped down to us from heav-  
en !—

This tangled waste of mound and  
stone  
Is holy for thy sake ;  
A sweetness which is all thy own  
Breathes out from fern and  
brake.

And while ancestral pride shall  
twine  
The Gascon's tomb with flowers,  
Fall sweetly here, O song of mine,  
With summer's bloom and show-  
ers !

And let the lines that severed seem  
Unite again in thee.  
As western wave and Gallic stream  
Are mingled in one sea !

## OCCASIONAL POEMS.

NAPLES.—1860.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT C. WATER-  
STON, OF BOSTON.

I GIVE thee joy !—I know to thee  
The dearest spot on earth must be  
Where sleeps thy loved one by the  
summer sea ;

Where, near her sweetest poet's  
tomb,  
The land of Virgil gave thee  
room  
To lay thy flower with her per-  
petual bloom.

I know that when the sky shut  
down  
Behind thee on the gleaming  
town,  
On Baia's baths and Posilippo's  
crown ;

And, through the tears, the  
mocking day  
Burned Ischia's mountain lines  
away,  
And Capri melted in its sunny  
bay ;—

Through thy great farewell sor-  
row shot  
The sharp pang of a bitter  
thought  
That slaves must tread around that  
holy spot.

Thou knewest not the land was  
blest  
In giving thy beloved rest,  
Holding the fond hope closer to  
her breast

That every sweet and saintly  
grave  
Was freedom's prophecy, and  
gave  
The pledge of Heaven to sanctify  
and save.

That pledge is answered. To  
thy ear  
The unchained city sends its  
cheer,  
And, tuned to joy, the muffled  
bells of fear

Ring Victor in. The land sits  
free  
And happy by the summer sea,  
And Bourbon Naples now is Italy !

She smiles above her broken  
chain  
The languid smile that follows  
pain,  
Stretching her cramped limbs to  
the sun again.

O, joy for all, who hear her call  
From Camaldoli's convent wall  
And Elmo's towers to freedom's  
carnival !

A new life breathes among her  
vines

And olives, like the breath of  
pines  
Blown downward from the breezy  
Apennines.

Lean, O my friend, to meet that  
breath,  
Rejoice as one who witnesseth  
Beauty from ashes rise, and life  
from death !

Thy sorrow shall no more be  
pain,  
Its tears shall fall in sunlit rain,  
Writing the grave with flowers :  
" Arisen again ! "

---

### THE SUMMONS.

My ear is full of summer sounds,  
Of summer sights my languid  
eye  
Beyond the dusty village bounds  
I loiter in my daily rounds,  
And in the noon-time shadows  
lie.

I hear the wild bee wind his horn,  
The bird swings on the ripened  
wheat,  
The long green lances of the corn  
Are tilting in the winds of morn,  
The locust shrills his song of  
heat.

Another sound my spirit hears,  
A deeper sound that drowns  
them all,—  
A voice of pleading choked with  
tears,  
The call of human hopes and fears,  
The Macedonian cry to Paul !

The storm-bell rings, the trumpet  
blows ;  
I know the words and counter-  
sign ;  
Wherever Freedom's vanguard  
goes,  
Where stand or fall her friends or  
foes,  
I know the place that should be  
mine.

Shamed be the hands that idly  
fold,  
And lips that woo the reed's ac-  
cord,  
When laggard Time the hour has  
told  
For true with false and new with  
old  
To fight the battles of the Lord !

O brothers ! blest by partial Fate  
With power to match the will  
and deed,  
To him your summons comes too  
late  
Who sinks beneath his armor's  
weight,  
And has no answer but God-  
speed !

---

### THE WAITING.

I WAIT and watch : before my  
eyes  
Methinks the night grows thin  
and gray ;  
I wait and watch the eastern skies  
To see the golden spears uprise  
Beneath the oriflamme of day !

Like one whose limbs are bound  
in trance  
I hear the day sounds swell and  
grow,  
And see across the twilight glance,  
Troop after troop, in swift ad-  
vance,  
The shining ones with plumes of  
snow !

I know the errand of their feet,  
I know what mighty work is  
theirs ;  
I can but lift up hands unmeet,  
The threshing-floors of God to  
beat,  
And speed them with unworthy  
prayers.

I will not dream in vain despair  
The steps of progress wait for  
me :

The puny leverage of a hair  
 The planet's impulse well may  
     spare,  
 A drop of dew the tided sea.

The loss, if loss there be, is mine,  
     And yet not mine if under-  
     stood;  
 For one shall grasp and one resign,  
 One drink life's rue, and one its  
     wine,  
 And God shall make the balance  
     good.

O power to do! O baffled will!  
     O prayer and action! ye are one;  
 Who may not strive, may yet fulfil  
 The harder task of standing still,  
     And good but wished with God  
     is done!

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## MOUNTAIN PICTURES.

### I.

#### FRANCONIA FROM THE PEMIGEWASSET.

ONCE more, O Mountains of the  
     North, unveil  
     Your brows, and lay your cloudy  
     mantles by!  
 And once more, ere the eyes that  
     seek ye fail,  
     Uplift against the blue walls of  
     the sky  
 Your mighty shapes, and let the  
     sunshine weave  
     Its golden network in your belt-  
     ing woods,  
     Smile down in rainbows from  
     your falling floods,  
 And on your kingly brows at  
     morn and eve  
     Set crowns of fire! So shall my  
     soul receive  
 Haply the secret of your calm and  
     and strength,

Your unforgotten beauty inter-  
     fuse  
 My common life, your glorious  
     shapes and hues  
 And sun-dropped splendors at my  
     bidding come,  
     Loom vast through dreams, and  
     stretch in billowy length  
 From the sea-level of my lowland  
     home!

They rise before me! Last night's  
     thunder-gust  
 Roared not in vain: for where its  
     lightnings thrust  
 Their tongues of fire, the great  
     peaks seem so near,  
 Burned clean of mist, so starkly  
     bold and clear,  
 I almost pause the wind in the  
     pines to hear,  
 The loose rock's fall, the steps of  
     browsing deer.  
 The clouds that shattered on you  
     slide-worn walls  
     And splintered on the rocks  
     their spears of rain  
 Have set in play a thousand water-  
     falls,  
 Making the dusk and silence of  
     the woods  
 Glad with the laughter of the  
     chasing floods,  
 And luminous with blown spray  
     and silver gleams,  
 While, in the vales below, the dry-  
     lipped streams  
     Sing to the freshened meadow-  
     lands again.  
 So, let me hope, the battle-storm  
     that beats  
     The land with hail and fire may  
     pass away  
     With its spent thunders at the  
     break of day,  
 Like last night's clouds, and leave,  
     as it retreats,  
     A greener earth and fairer sky  
     behind,  
 Blown crystal clear by Free-  
     dom's Northern wind!

## II.

## MONADNOCK FROM WACHUSET.

I WOULD I were a painter, for the  
   sake  
 Of a sweet picture, and of her  
   who led  
 A fitting guide, with reverential  
   tread,  
 Into that mountain mystery.  
   First a lake  
   Tinted with sunset; next the  
   wavy lines  
   Of far receding hills; and yet  
   more far,  
 Monadnock lifting from his  
   night of pines  
   His rosy forehead to the even-  
   ing star.  
 Beside us, purple-zoned, Wachuset  
   laid  
 His head against the West, whose  
   warm light made  
   His aureole; and o'er him,  
   sharp and clear,  
 Like a shaft of lightning in mid-  
   launching stayed,  
 A single level cloud-line, shone  
   upon  
 By the fierce glances of the  
   sunken sun,  
   Menaced the darkness with  
   its golden spear!  
 So twilight deepened round us.  
   Still and black  
 The great woods climbed the  
   mountain at our back;  
 And on their skirts, where yet the  
   lingering day  
 On the shorn greenness of the  
   clearing lay,  
   The brown old farm-house like  
   a bird's nest hung.  
 With homelife sounds the desert  
   air was stirred:  
 The bleat of sheep along the hill  
   we heard.  
 The bucket plashing in the cool,  
   sweet well,  
 The pasture-bars that clattered as  
   they fell;

Dogs barked, fowls fluttered, cat-  
   tle lowed; the gate  
 Of the barn-yard creaked beneath  
   the merry weight  
 Of sun-brown children, listen-  
   ing, while they swung,  
 The welcome sound of supper-  
   call to hear;  
 And down the shadowy lane,  
   in tinklings clear,  
 The pastoral curfew of the cow-  
   bell rung.  
 Thus soothed and pleased, our  
   backward path we took,  
 Praising the farmer's home.  
   He only spake,  
 Looking into the sunset o'er the  
   lake,  
   Like one to whom the far-off  
   is most near:  
 "Yes, most folks think it has a  
   pleasant look;  
 I love it for my good old mother's  
   sake,  
   Who lived and died here in  
   the peace of God!"  
 The lesson of his words we pon-  
   dered o'er,  
 As silently we turned the eastern  
   flank  
 Of the mountain, where its shadow  
   deepest sank,  
 Doubling the night along our  
   rugged road:  
 We felt that man was more than  
   his abode,—  
   The inward life than Nature's  
   raiment more;  
 And the warm sky, the sundown-  
   tinted hills,  
   The forest and the lake, seemed  
   dwarfed and dim  
 Before the saintly soul, whose hu-  
   man will  
   Meekly in the Eternal foot-  
   steps trod,  
 Making her homely toil and house-  
   hold ways  
 An earthly echo of the song of  
   praise  
   Swelling from angel lips and  
   harps of seraphim!

## OUR RIVER.

FOR A SUMMER FESTIVAL AT "THE  
LAURELS" ON THE MERRIMACK.

ONCE more on yonder laurelled  
height

The summer flowers have  
budded;  
Once more with summer's golden  
light

The vales of home are flooded;  
And once more, by the grace of  
Him

Of every good the Giver,  
We sing upon its wooded rim  
The praises of our river:

Its pines above, its waves below,  
The west wind down it blowing,  
As fair as when the young Brissot  
Beheld it seaward flowing,—  
And bore its memory o'er the  
deep,

To soothe a martyr's sadness,  
And fresco, in his troubled sleep,  
His prison-walls with gladness.

We know the world is rich with  
streams

Renowned in song and story,  
Whose music murmurs through  
our dreams

Of human love and glory:  
We know that Arno's banks are  
fair,

And Rhine has castled shadows,  
And, poet-tuned, the Doon and  
Ayr

Gosinging down their meadows.

But while, unpictured and unsung  
By painter or by poet,

Our river waits the tuneful tongue  
And cunning hand to show it,—  
We only know the fond skies lean  
Above it, warm with blessing,  
And the sweet soul of our Undine  
Awakes to our caressing.

No fickle Sun-God holds the flocks  
That graze its shores in keep-  
ing;

No icy kiss of Dian mocks  
The youth beside it sleeping:  
Our Christian river loveth most  
The beautiful and human;  
The heathen streams of Naiads  
boasts,  
But ours of man and women.

The miner in his cabin hears  
The ripple we are hearing;  
It whispers soft to homesick ears  
Around the settler's clearing:  
In Sacramento's vales of corn,  
Or Santee's bloom of cotton,  
Our river by its valley-born  
Was never yet forgotten.

The drum rolls loud,—the bugle  
fills

The summer air with clangor;  
The war-storm shakes the solid  
hills

Beneath its tread of anger:  
Young eyes that last year smiled  
in ours

Now point the rifle's barrel,  
And hands then stained with  
fruits and flowers

Bear redder stains of quarrel.

But blue skies smile, and flowers  
bloom on,

And rivers still keep flowing,—  
The dear God still his rain and sun  
On good and ill bestowing.

His pine-trees whisper, "Trust  
and wait!"

His flowers are prophesying  
That all we dread of change or  
fate

His love is underlying.

And thou, O Mountain-born!—no  
more

We ask the wise Allotter  
Than for the firmness of thy shore,  
The calmness of thy water,  
The cheerful lights that overlay  
Thy rugged slopes with beauty,  
To match our spirits to our day  
And make a joy of duty.

ANDREW RYKMAN'S  
PRAYER.

ANDREW RYKMAN 's dead and  
gone :

You can see his leaning slate  
In the graveyard, and thereon  
Read his name and date.

*"Trust is truer than our fears,"*  
Runs the legend through the  
moss,

*"Gain is not in added years,  
Nor in death is loss."*

Still the feet that thither trod,  
All the friendly eyes are dim ;  
Only Nature, now, and God  
Have a care for him.

There the dews of quiet fall,  
Singing birds and soft winds  
stray :  
Shall the tender Heart of all  
Be less kind than they ?

What he was and what he is  
They who ask may haply find,  
If they read this prayer of his  
Which he left behind.

—

Pardon, Lord, the lips that dare  
Shape in words a mortal's prayer !  
Prayer, that, when my day is  
done,

And I see its setting sun,  
Shorn and beamless, cold and dim,  
Sink beneath the horizon's rim.—  
When this ball of rock and clay  
Crumbles from my feet away,  
And the solid shores of sense  
Melt into the vague immense,  
Father ! I may come to Thee  
Even with the beggar's plea,  
As the poorest of Thy poor,  
With my needs, and nothing  
more.

Not as one who seeks his home  
With a step assured I come ;  
Still behind the tread I hear

Of my life-companion, Fear ;  
Still a shadow deep and vast  
From my westering feet is cast,  
Wavering, doubtful, undefined,  
Never shapen nor outlined :  
From myself the fear has grown,  
And the shadow is my own.  
Yet, O Lord, through all a sense  
Of Thy tender providence  
Stays my failing heart on Thee,  
And confirms the feeble knee ;  
And, at times, my worn feet press  
Spaces of cool quietness,  
Lilied whiteness shone upon  
Not by light of moon or sun.  
Hours there be of inmost calm,  
Broken but by grateful psalm,  
When I love Thee more than fear  
Thee,  
And Thy blessed Christ seems  
near me,  
With forgiving look, as when  
He beheld the Magdalen.  
Well I know that all things move  
To the spherul rhythm of love,—  
That to Thee, O Lord of all !  
Nothing can of chance befall :  
Child and seraph, mote and star,  
Well Thou knowest what we are ;  
Through Thy vast creative plan  
Looking, from the worm to man,  
There is pity in Thine eyes,  
But no hatred nor surprise.  
Not in blind caprice of will,  
Not in cunning sleight of skill,  
Not for show of power, was  
wrought  
Nature's marvel in Thy thought.  
Never careless hand and vain  
Smites these chords of joy and  
pain ;  
No immortal selfishness  
Plays the game of curse and bless :  
Heaven and earth are witnesses  
That Thy glory goodness is.  
Not for sport of mind and force  
Hast Thou made Thy universe,  
But as atmosphere and zone  
Of Thy loving heart alone.  
Man, who walketh in a show,  
Sees before him, to and fro,  
Shadow and illusion go ;  
All things flow and fluctuate,

Now contract and now dilate.  
 In the welter of this sea,  
 Nothing stable is but Thee ;  
 In this whirl of swooning trance,  
 Thou alone art permanence ;  
 All without Thee only seems,  
 All beside is choice of dreams.  
 Never yet in darkest mood  
 Doubted I that Thou wast good,  
 Nor mistook my will for fate,  
 Pain of sin for heavenly hate,—  
 Never dreamed the gates of pearl  
 Rise from out the burning marl,  
 Or that good can only live  
 Of the bad conservative,  
 And through counterpoise of hell  
 Heaven alone be possible.

For myself alone I doubt ;  
 All is well, I know, without ;  
 I alone the beauty mar,  
 I alone the music jar.  
 Yet, with hands by evil stained,  
 And an ear by discord pained,  
 I am groping for the keys  
 Of the heavenly harmonies ;  
 Still within my heart I bear  
 Love for all things good and fair.  
 Hands of want or souls in pain  
 Have not sought my door in vain ;  
 I have kept my fealty good  
 To the human brotherhood ;  
 Scarcely have I asked in prayer  
 That which others might not  
 share.

I, who hear with secret shame  
 Praise that paineth more than  
 blame,  
 Rich alone in favors lent,  
 Virtuous by accident,  
 Doubtful where I fain would rest,  
 Frailest where I seem the best,  
 Only strong for lack of test,—  
 What am I, that I should press  
 Special pleas of selfishness,  
 Coolly mounting into heaven  
 On my neighbor unforgiven ?  
 Ne'er to me, howe'er disguised,  
 Comes a saint unrecognized ;  
 Never fails my heart to greet  
 Noble deed with warmer beat ;  
 Halt and maimed, I own not less  
 All the grace of holiness ;

Nor, through shame or self-dis-  
 trust,  
 Less I love the pure and just.  
 Lord, forgive these words of mine:  
 What have I that is not Thine ?—  
 Whatsoe'er I fain would boast  
 Needs Thy pitying pardon most.  
 Thou, O Elder Brother ! who  
 In Thy flesh our trial knew,  
 Thou, who hast been touched by  
 these

Our most sad infirmities,  
 Thou alone the gulf canst span  
 In the dual heart of man,  
 And between the soul and sense  
 Reconcile all difference,  
 Change the dream of me and  
 mine

For the truth of Thee and Thine,  
 And, through chaos, doubt, and  
 strife,

Interfuse Thy calm of life.  
 Haply, thus by Thee renewed,  
 In Thy borrowed goodness good,  
 Some sweet morning yet in God's  
 Dim, æonian periods,  
 Joyful I shall wake to see  
 Those I love who rest in Thee,  
 And to them in Thee allied  
 Shall my soul be satisfied.

Scarcely Hope hath shaped for me  
 What the future life may be.  
 Other lips may well be bold ;  
 Like the publican of old,  
 I can only urge the plea,  
 "Lord, be merciful to me !"  
 Nothing of desert I claim,  
 Unto me belongeth shame.  
 Not for me the crown of gold,  
 Palms, and harpings manifold ;  
 Not for erring eye and feet  
 Jasper wall and golden street.  
 What Thou wilt, O Father, give !  
 All is gain that I receive.  
 If my voice I may not raise  
 In the elders' song of praise,  
 If I may not, sin-defiled,  
 Claim my birthright as a child,  
 Suffer it that I to Thee  
 As an hired servant be ;  
 Let the lowliest task be mine,  
 Grateful, so the work be Thine ;

Let me find the humblest place  
 In the shadow of Thy grace :  
 Blest to me were any spot  
 Where temptation whispers not.  
 If there be some weaker one,  
 Give me strength to help him on ;  
 If a blinder soul there be,  
 Let me guide him nearer Thee.  
 Make my mortal dreams come true  
 With the work I fain would do ;  
 Clothe with life the weak intent,  
 Let me be the thing I meant ;  
 Let me find in Thy employ  
 Peace that dearer is than joy ;  
 Out of self to love be led  
 And to heaven acclimated,  
 Until all things sweet and good  
 Seem my natural habitude.

---

So we read the prayer of him  
 Who, with John of Labadie,  
 Trod, of old, the oozy rim  
 Of the Zuyder Zee.

Thus did Andrew Rykman pray,  
 Are we wiser, better grown,  
 That we may not, in our day,  
 Make his prayer our own ?

---

### THE CRY OF A LOST SOUL.\*

In that black forest, where, when  
 day is done,  
 With a snake's stillness glides the  
 Amazon  
 Darkly from sunset to the rising  
 sun,

A cry, as of the pained heart of  
 the wood,  
 The long, despairing moan of soli-  
 tude  
 And darkness and the absence of  
 all good,

\* Lieut. Herndon's Report of the Ex-  
 ploration of the Amazon has a striking  
 description of the peculiar and melan-  
 choly notes of a bird heard by night on  
 the shores of the river. The Indian  
 guides called it "The Cry of a lost Soul" !

Startles the traveller, with a sound  
 so drear,  
 So full of hopeless agony and fear,  
 His heart stands still and listens  
 like his ear.

The guide, as if he heard a dead-  
 bell toll,  
 Starts, drops his oar against the  
 gunwale's thole,  
 Crosses himself, and whispers,  
 "A lost soul !"

"No, Señor, not a bird. I know  
 it well,—  
 It is the pained soul of some in-  
 fidel  
 Or curséd heretic that cries from  
 hell.

"Poor fool ! with hope still mock-  
 ing his despair,  
 He wanders, shrieking on the mid-  
 night air  
 For human pity and for Christian  
 prayer.

"Saints strike him dumb ! Our  
 Holy Mother hath  
 No prayer for him who, sinning  
 unto death,  
 Burns always in the furnace of  
 God's wrath !"

Thus to the baptized pagan's cruel  
 lie,  
 Lending new horror to that mourn-  
 ful cry.  
 The voyager listens, making no  
 reply.

Dim burns the boat-lamp : shad-  
 ows deepen round,  
 From giant trees with snakelike  
 creepers wound,  
 And the black water glides with-  
 out a sound.

But in the traveller's heart a se-  
 cret sense  
 Of nature plastic to benign in-  
 tents,  
 And an eternal good in Provi-  
 dence,

Lifts to the starry calm of heaven  
his eyes ;  
And lo ! rebuking all earth's omi-  
nous cries,  
The Cross of pardon lights the  
tropic skies !

"Father of all !" he urges his  
strong plea,  
"Thou lovest all : thy erring child  
may be  
Lost to himself, but never lost to  
Thee !

"All souls are Thine ; the wings  
of morning bear  
None from that Presence which is  
everywhere,  
Nor hell itself can hide, for Thou  
art there.

"Through sins of sense, perversi-  
ties of will,  
Through doubt and pain, through  
guilt and shame and ill,  
Thy pitying eye is on Thy creature  
still.

"Wilt thou not make, Eternal  
Source and Goal !  
In thy long years, life's broken  
circle whole,  
And change to praise the cry of a  
lost soul ?"

---

### ITALY.

ACROSS the sea I heard the groans  
Of nations in the intervals  
Of wind and wave. Their blood  
and bones  
Cried out in torture, crushed by  
thrones,  
And sucked by priestly cannibals.

I dreamed of freedom slowly  
gained  
By martyr meekness, patience,  
faith.  
And lo ! an athlete grimly stained,

With corded muscles battle-  
strained,  
Shouting it from the fields of  
death !

I turn me, awe-struck, from the  
sight,  
Among the clamoring thou-  
sands mute,  
I only know that God is right,  
And that the children of the light  
Shall tread the darkness under  
foot.

I know the pent fire heaves its  
crust,  
That sultry skies the bolt will  
form  
To smite them clear ; that Nature  
must  
The balance of her powers adjust,  
Though with the earthquake  
and the storm.

God reigns, and let the earth re-  
joice !

I bow before His sterner plan.  
Dumb are the organs of my  
choice ;  
He speaks in battle's stormy voice,  
His praise is in the wrath of  
man !

Yet, surely as He lives, the day  
Of peace He promised shall be  
ours,  
To fold the flags of war, and lay  
Its sword and spear to rust away,  
And sow its ghastly fields with  
flowers !

---

### THE RIVER PATH.

No bird-song floated down the hill,  
The tangled bank below was still ;

No rustle from the birchen stem,  
No ripple from the water's hem.

The dusk of twilight round us  
grew,  
We felt the falling of the dew ;

For, from us, ere the day was  
done,  
The wooded hills shut out the sun.

But on the river's farther side  
We saw the hill-tops glorified,—

A tender glow, exceeding fair,  
A dream of day without its glare.

With us the damp, the chill, the  
gloom:

With them the sunset's rosy  
bloom;

While dark, through willowy vis-  
tas seen,  
The river rolled in shade between.

From out the darkness where we  
trod

We gazed upon those hills of God,

Whose light seemed not of moon  
or sun.

We spake not, but our thought  
was one.

We paused, as if from that bright  
shore

Beckoned our dear ones gone be-  
fore;

And stilled our beating hearts to  
hear

The voices lost to mortal ear!

Sudden our pathway turned from  
night;

The hills swung open to the light;

Through their green gates the  
sunshine showed,

A long, slant splendor downward  
flowed.

Down glade and glen and bank it  
rolled;

It bridged the shaded stream with  
gold;

And, borne on piers of mist, allied  
The shadowy with the sunlit side!

"So," prayed we, "when our feet  
draw near

The river, dark with mortal fear,

"And the night cometh chill with  
dew,

O Father!—let thy light break  
through!

"So let the hills of doubt divide,  
So bridge with faith the sunless  
tide!

'So let the eyes that fail on earth  
On thy eternal hills look forth;

"And in thy beckoning angels  
know

The dear ones whom we loved be-  
low!"

---

## A MEMORIAL.

M. A. C.

O THICKER, deeper, darker grow-  
ing,

The solemn vista to the tomb  
Must know henceforth another  
shadow,

And give another cypress room.

In love surpassing that of brothers,  
We walked, O friend, from child-  
hood's day;

And looking back o'er fifty sum-  
mers,

Our foot-prints track a common  
way.

One in our faith, and one our  
longing

To make the world within our  
reach

Somewhat the better for our liv-  
ing,

And gladder for our human  
speech.

Thou heardst with me the far-off  
voices,

The old beguiling song of fame,  
But life to thee was warm and  
present,  
And love was better than a  
name.

To homely joys and loves and  
friendships  
Thy genial nature fondly clung ;  
And so the shadow on the dial  
Ran back and left thee always  
young.

And who could blame the gener-  
ous weakness  
Which, only to thyself unjust,  
So overprized the worth of others,  
And dwarfed thy own with self-  
distrust ?

All hearts grew warmer in the  
presence  
Of one who, seeking not his own,  
Gave freely for the love of giving,  
Nor reaped for self the harvest  
sown.

Thy greeting smile was pledge and  
prelude  
Of generous deeds and kindly  
words ;  
In thy large heart were fair guest-  
chambers,  
Open to sunrise and the birds !

The task was thine to mould and  
fashion  
Life's plastic newness into grace ;  
To make the boyish heart heroic,  
And light with thought the  
maiden's face.

O'er all the land, in town and  
prairie,  
With bended heads of mourn-  
ing, stand  
The living forms that owe their  
beauty  
And fitness to thy shaping  
hand.

Thy call has come in ripened man-  
hood,

The noonday calm of heart and  
mind,  
While I, who dreamed of thy re-  
maining  
To mourn me, linger still be-  
hind :

Live on, to own, with self-up-  
braiding,  
A debt of love still due from  
me,—  
The vain remembrance of occa-  
sions,  
Forever lost, of serving thee.

It was not mine among thy kindred  
To join the silent funeral  
prayers,  
But all that long sad day of sum-  
mer  
My tears of mourning dropped  
with theirs.

All day the sea-waves sobbed with  
sorrow,  
The birds forgot their merry  
trills ;  
All day I heard the pines lament-  
ing  
With thine upon thy homestead  
hills.

Green be those hillside pines for-  
ever,  
And green the meadowy low-  
lands be,  
And green the old memorial  
beeches,  
Name-carven in the woods of  
Lee !

Still let them greet thy life com-  
panions  
Who thither turn their pilgrim  
feet,  
In every mossy line recalling  
A tender memory sadly sweet.

O friend ! if thought and sense  
avail not  
To know thee henceforth as thou  
art,  
That all is well with thee forever  
I trust the instincts of my heart.

Thine be the quiet habitations,  
 Thine the green pastures, blossom-sown,  
 And smiles of saintly recognition,  
 As sweet and tender as thy own.

Thou com'st not from this hush and shadow  
 To meet us, but to thee we come ;  
 With thee we never can be strangers,  
 And where thou art must still be home !

---

HYMN.

SUNG AT CHRISTMAS BY THE  
 SCHOLARS OF ST. HELENA'S ISLAND, S. C.

O none in all the world before  
 Were ever glad as we !  
 We're free on Carolina's shore,  
 We're all at home and free.

Thou Friend and Helper of the poor,  
 Who suffered for our sake,  
 To open every prison door,  
 And every yoke to break !

Bend low thy pitying face and mild,  
 And help us sing and pray ;  
 The hand that blessed the little child,  
 Upon our foreheads lay.

We hear no more the driver's horn,  
 No more the whip we fear,  
 This holy day that saw thee born  
 Was never half so dear.

The very oaks are greener clad,  
 The waters brighter smile ;  
 O never shone a day so glad,  
 On sweet St. Helen's Isle.

We praise thee in our songs to-day,  
 To thee in prayer we call,

Make swift the feet and straight the way  
 Of freedom unto all.

Come once again, O blessed Lord !  
 Come walking on the sea !  
 And let the mainlands hear the word  
 That sets the islands free !

---

TO

THE MEMORY

OF

THE HOUSEHOLD IT  
 DESCRIBES,

THIS POEM IS DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.

"As the Spirits of Darkness be stronger in the dark, so Good Spirits which be Angels of Light are augmented not only by the Divine light of the Sun, but also by our common VVood Fire : and as the celestial Fire drives away dark spirits, so also this our Fire of VVood doth the same."

COR. AGRIPPA, *Occult Philosophy*, Book I. chap. v.

"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,  
 Arrives the snow ; and, driving o'er the fields,  
 Seems nowhere to alight ; the whited air  
 Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,  
 And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.  
 The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet  
 Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit  
 Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed  
 In a tumultuous privacy of storm."

EMERSON.

SNOW-BOUND.

THE sun that brief December day  
 Rose cheerless over hills of gray,  
 And, darkly circled, gave at noon

A sadder light than waning  
moon.  
Slow tracing down the thickening  
sky  
Its mute and ominous prophecy,  
A portent seeming less than  
threat,  
It sank from sight before it set.  
A chill no coat, however stout,  
Of homespun stuff could quite  
shut out,  
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,  
That checked, mid-vein, the  
circling race  
Of life-blood in the sharpened  
face,  
The coming of the snow-storm  
told.  
The wind blew east : we heard  
the roar  
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,  
And felt the strong pulse throb-  
bing there  
Beat with low rhythm our inland  
air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly  
chores,—  
Brought in the wood from out of  
doors,  
Littered the stalls, and from the  
mows  
Raked down the herd's-grass for  
the cows ;  
Heard the horse whinnying for  
his corn ;  
And, sharply clashing horn on  
horn,  
Impatient down the stanchion  
rows  
The cattle shake their walnut  
bows ;  
While, peering from his early  
perch  
Upon the scaffold's pole of  
birch,  
The cock his crested helmet  
bent  
And down his querulous challenge  
sent.  
Unwarmed by any sunset light  
The gray day darkened into  
night,

A night made hoary with the  
swarm  
And whirl-dance of the blinding  
storm,  
As zigzag wavering to and fro  
Crossed and recrossed the wingéd  
snow :  
And ere the early bed-time came  
The white drift piled the window-  
frame,  
And through the glass the clothes-  
line posts  
Looked in like tall and sheeted  
ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared  
on :  
The morning broke without a  
sun ;  
In tiny spherule traced with  
lines  
Of Nature's geometric signs,  
In starry flake, and pellicle,  
All day the hoary meteor fell ;  
And, when the second morning  
shone,  
We looked upon a world un-  
known,  
On nothing we could call our own.  
Around the glistening wonder  
bent  
The blue walls of the firmament,  
No cloud above, no earth below,—  
A universe of sky and snow !  
The old familiar sights of ours  
Took marvellous shapes ; strange  
domes and towers  
Rose up where sty or corn-crib  
stood,  
Or garden wall, or belt of wood :  
A smooth white mound the brush-  
pile showed,  
A fenceless drift what once was  
road ;  
The bridle-post an old man sat  
With loose-flung coat and high  
cocked hat ;  
The well-curb had a Chinese roof ;  
And even the long sweep, high  
aloof,  
In its slant splendor, seemed to  
tell  
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

A prompt, decisive man, no breath  
 Our father wasted: "Boys, a  
 path!  
 Well pleased, (for when did  
 farmer boy  
 Count such a summons less than  
 joy?)  
 Our buskins on our feet we drew;  
 With mittened hands, and caps  
 drawn low,  
 To guard our necks and ears  
 from snow,  
 We cut the solid whiteness  
 through.  
 And, where the drift was deepest,  
 made  
 A tunnel walled and overlaid  
 With dazzling crystal: we had  
 read  
 Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,  
 And to our own his name we gave,  
 With many a wish the luck were  
 ours  
 To test his lamp's supernal powers.  
 We reached the barn with merry  
 din,  
 And roused the prisoned brutes  
 within.  
 The old horse thrust his long head  
 out,  
 And grave with wonder gazed  
 about;  
 The cock his lusty greeting said,  
 And forth his speckled harem led;  
 The oxen lashed their tails, and  
 hooked,  
 And mild reproach of hunger  
 looked;  
 The hornéd patriarch of the sheep,  
 Like Egypt's Amun roused from  
 sleep,  
 Shook his sage head with gesture  
 mute,  
 And emphasized with stamp of  
 foot.

All day the gusty north-wind bore  
 The loosening drift its breath be-  
 fore;  
 Low circling round its southern  
 zone,  
 The sun through dazzling snow-  
 mist shone.

No church-bell lent its Christian  
 tone  
 To the savage air, no social smoke  
 Curled over woods of snow-hung  
 oak.  
 A solitude made more intense  
 By dreary voiced elements,  
 The shrieking of the mindless  
 wind,  
 The moaning tree-boughs swaying  
 blind,  
 And on the glass the unmeaning  
 beat  
 Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.  
 Beyond the circle of our hearth  
 No welcome sound of toil or mirth  
 Unbound the spell, and testified  
 Of human life and thought out-  
 side.  
 We minded that the sharpest ear  
 The buried brooklet could not hear,  
 The music of whose liquid lip  
 Had been to us companionship,  
 And, in our lonely life, had  
 grown  
 To have an almost human tone.  
 As night drew on, and, from the  
 crest  
 Of wooded knolls that ridged the  
 west,  
 The sun, a snow-blown traveller,  
 sank  
 From sight beneath the smother-  
 ing bank,  
 We piled, with care, our nightly  
 stack  
 Of wood against the chimney-  
 back,—  
 The oaken log, green, huge, and  
 thick,  
 And on its top the stout back-  
 stick;  
 The knotty forestick laid apart,  
 And filled between with curious  
 art  
 The ragged brush; then, hovering  
 near,  
 We watched the first red blaze  
 appear,  
 Heard the sharp crackle, caught  
 the gleam  
 On whitewashed wall and sagging  
 beam,

Until the old, rude-furnished  
 room  
 Burst, flower-like, into rosy  
 bloom ;  
 While radiant with a mimic flame  
 Outside the sparkling drift be-  
 came,  
 And through the bare-boughed  
 lilac-tree  
 Our own warm hearth seemed  
 blazing free,  
 The crane and pendent trammels  
 showed,  
 The Turks' heads on the andirons  
 glowed ;  
 While childish fancy, prompt to  
 tell  
 The meaning of the miracle,  
 Whispered the old rhyme : "*Under  
 the tree,  
 When fire outdoors burns merrily,  
 There the witches are making tea.*"

The moon above the eastern wood  
 Shone at its full ; the hill-range  
 stood  
 Transfigured in the silver flood,  
 Its blown snows flashing cold and  
 keen,  
 Dead white, save where some  
 sharp ravine  
 Took shadow, or the sombre green  
 Of hemlocks turned to pitchy  
 black  
 Against the whiteness at their  
 back.  
 For such a world and such a night  
 Most fitting that unwarming  
 light,  
 Which only seemed where'er it  
 fell  
 To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world with-  
 out,  
 We sat the clean-winged hearth  
 about.  
 Content to let the north-wind  
 roar  
 In baffled rage at pane and door,  
 While the red logs before us beat  
 The frost-line back with tropic  
 heat ;

And ever, when a louder blast  
 Shook beam and rafter as it  
 passed,  
 The merrier up its roaring draught  
 The great throat of the chimney  
 laughed.  
 The house-dog on his paws out-  
 spread  
 Laid to the fire his drowsy head,  
 The cat's dark silhouette on the  
 wall  
 A couchant tiger seemed to fall ;  
 And, for the winter fireside meet,  
 Between the andirons' straddling  
 feet,  
 The mug of cider simmered slow,  
 The apples sputtered in a row,  
 And, close at hand, the basket  
 stood  
 With nuts from brown October's  
 wood.

What matter how the night be-  
 haved ?  
 What matter how the north-wind  
 raved ?  
 Blow high, blow low, not all its  
 snow  
 Could quench our hearth-fire's  
 ruddy glow.  
 O Time and Change !—with hair  
 as gray  
 As was my sire's that winter day,  
 How strange it seems, with so  
 much gone  
 Of life and love, to still live on !  
 Ah, brother ! only I and thou  
 Are left of all that circle now,—  
 The dear home faces whereupon  
 That fitful firelight paled and  
 shone.

Henceforward, listen as we will,  
 The voices of that hearth are still ;  
 Look where we may, the wide  
 earth o'er,  
 Those lighted faces smile no  
 more.

We tread the paths their feet have  
 worn,

We sit beneath their orchard-  
 trees,

We hear, like them, the hum of  
 bees

And rustle of the bladed corn ;  
We turn the pages that they  
read,

Their written words we linger  
o'er,

But in the sun they cast no shade,  
No voice is heard, no sign is made,  
No step is on the conscious  
floor!

Yet Love will dream, and Faith  
will trust,

(Since He who knows our need is  
just,)

That somehow, somewhere, meet  
we must.

Alas for him who never sees  
The stars shine through his cy-  
press-trees !

Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,  
Nor looks to see the breaking day  
Across the mournful marbles  
play !

Who hath not learned, in hours of  
faith,

The truth to flesh and sense un-  
known,

That Life is ever lord of Death,  
And Love can never lose its  
own !

We sped the time with stories old,  
Wrought puzzles out, and riddles  
told,

Or stammered from our school-  
book lore

"The Chief of Gambia's golden  
shore."

How often since, when all the  
land

Was clay in Slavery's shaping  
hand,

As if a trumpet called, I've heard  
Dame Mercy Warren's rousing  
word :

*"Does not the voice of reason cry,  
Claim the first right which Na-  
ture gave,*

*From the red scourge of bondage  
fly,*

*Nor deign to live a burdened  
slave!"*

Our father rode again his ride  
On Memphremagog's wooded side ;

Sat down again to moose and samp  
In trapper's hut and Indian camp ;  
Lived o'er the old idyllic ease  
Beneath St. François' hemlock-  
trees ;

Again for him the moonlight  
shone

On Norman cap and bodiced zone ;  
Again he heard the violin play  
Which led the village dance away,  
And mingled in its merry whirl  
The grandam and the laughing  
girl.

Or, nearer home, our steps he led  
Where Salisbury's level marshes  
spread

Mile-wide as flies the laden bee ;  
Where merry mowers, hale and  
strong,

Swept, scythe on scythe, their  
swaths along

The low green prairies of the  
sea.

We shared the fishing off Boar's  
Head,

And round the rocky Isles of  
Shoals

The hake-broil on the drift-wood  
coals ;

The chowder on the sand-beach  
made,

Dipped by the hungry, steaming  
hot,

With spoons of clam-shell from  
the pot.

We heard the tales of witchcraft  
old,

And dream and sign and marvel  
told

To sleepy listeners as they lay  
Stretched idly on the salted hay,  
Adrift along the winding shores,  
When favoring breezes deigned to  
blow

The square sail of the gundalow  
And idle lay the useless oars.

Our mother, while she turned her  
wheel

Or run the new-knit stocking-heel,  
Told how the Indian hordes came  
down

At midnight on Cochecho town,  
And how her own great-uncle bore

His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.  
 Recalling, in her fitting phrase,  
 So rich and picturesque and  
 free,

(The common unrhymed poetry  
 Of simple life and country ways.)

The story of her early days,—  
 She made us welcome to her  
 home;

Old hearths grew wide to give us  
 room;

We stole with her a frightened  
 look

At the gray wizard's conjuring-  
 book,

The fame whereof went far and  
 wide

Through all the simple country  
 side;

We heard the hawks at twilight  
 play.

The boat-horn on Piscataqua,  
 The loon's weird laughter far  
 away;

We fished her little trout-brook,  
 knew

What flowers in wood and meadow  
 grew,

What sunny hillsides autumn-  
 brown

She climbed to shake the ripe nuts  
 down,

Saw where in sheltered cove and  
 bay

The ducks' black squadron an-  
 chored lay,

And heard the wild-geese calling  
 loud

Beneath the gray November cloud.

Then, haply, with a look more  
 grave,

And soberer tone, some tale she  
 gave

From painful Sewell's ancient  
 tome,

Beloved in every Quaker home,  
 Of faith fire-winged by martyr-  
 dom,

Or Chalkley's Journal, old and  
 quaint,—

Gentlest of skippers, rare sea-  
 saint!—

Who, when the dreary calms pre-  
 vailed,  
 And water-butt and bread-cask  
 failed,

And cruel, hungry eyes pursued  
 His portly presence mad for food,  
 With dark hints muttered under  
 breath

Of casting lots for life or death,  
 Offered, if Heaven withheld sup-  
 plies,

To be himself the sacrifice.

Then, suddenly, as if to save

The good man from his living  
 grave,

A ripple on the water grew,

A school of porpoise flashed in  
 view.

"Take, eat," he said, "and be  
 content;

These fishes in my stead are sent  
 By Him who gave the tangled  
 ram

To spare the child of Abraham."

Our uncle, innocent of books,

Was rich in lore of fields and  
 brooks,

The ancient teachers never dumb  
 Of Nature's unhoused lyceum.

In moons and tides and weather  
 wise,

He read the clouds as prophecies,  
 And foul or fair could well divine,

By many an occult hint and sign,  
 Holding the cunning-warded keys

To all the woodcraft mysteries;  
 Himself to Nature's heart so near

That all her voices in his ear  
 Of beast or bird had meanings  
 clear,

Like Apollonius of old,

Who knew the tales the sparrows  
 told,

Or Hermes, who interpreted

What the sage cranes of Nilus  
 said;

A simple, guileless, childlike man,  
 Content to live where life began;

Strong only on his native grounds,  
 The little world of sights and  
 sounds

Whose girdle was the parish  
 bounds,

Whereof his fondly partial pride  
The common features magnified,  
As Surrey hills to mountains grew  
In White of Selborne's loving  
view,—

He told how teal and loon he  
shot,

And how the eagle's egg he got,  
The feats on pond and river done,  
The prodigies of rod and gun;  
Till, warming with the tales he  
told,

Forgotten was the outside cold,  
The bitter wind unheeded blew,  
From ripening corn the pigeons  
flew,

The partridge drummed i' the  
wood, the mink

Went fishing down the river-brink.  
In fields with bean or clover gay,  
The woodchuck, like a hermit  
gray,

Peered from the doorway of his  
cell;

The muskrat plied the mason's  
trade,

And tier by tier his mud-walls  
laid;

And from the shagbark overhead  
The grizzled squirrel dropped his  
shell.

Next, the dear aunt, whose smile  
of cheer

And voice in dreams I see and  
hear,—

The sweetest woman ever Fate  
Perverse denied a household mate,  
Who, lonely, homeless, not the  
less

Found peace in love's unselfish-  
ness,

And welcome wheresoe'er she  
went,

A calm and gracious element,  
Whose presence seemed the sweet  
income

And womanly atmosphere of  
home,—

Called up her girlhood memories,  
The huskings and the apple-bees,  
The sleigh-rides and the summer  
sails,

Weaving through all the poor de-  
tails

And homespun warp of circum-  
stance

A golden woof-thread of romance.  
For well she kept her genial  
mood

And simple faith of maidenhood;  
Before her still a cloud-land lay,  
The mirage loomed across her  
way;

The morning dew, that dries so  
soon

With others, glistened at her  
noon;

Through years of toil and soil and  
care

From glossy tress to thin gray  
hair,

All unprofaned she held apart  
The virgin fancies of the heart.

Be shame to him of woman born  
Who hath for such but thought of  
scorn.

There, too, our elder sister plied  
Her evening task the stand be-  
side;

A full, rich nature, free to trust,  
Truthful and almost sternly just,  
Impulsive, earnest, prompt to  
act,

And make her generous thought  
a fact,

Keeping with many a light dis-  
guise

The secret of self-sacrifice.

O heart sore-tried! thou hast the  
best

That Heaven itself could give  
thee,—rest,

Rest from all bitter thoughts and  
things!

How many a poor one's blessing  
went

With thee beneath the low  
green tent

Whose curtain never outward  
swings!

As one who held herself a part  
Of all she saw, and let her heart  
Against the household bosom  
lean,

Upon the motley-braided mat  
Our youngest and our dearest sat,  
Lifting her large, sweet, asking  
eyes,

Now bathed within the fadeless  
green

And holy peace of Paradise.

O, looking from some heavenly  
hill,

Or from the shade of saintly  
palms,

Or silver reach of river calms,  
Do those large eyes behold me  
still?

With me one little year ago :—  
The chill weight of the winter  
snow

For months upon her grave has  
lain ;

And now, when summer south-  
winds blow

And brier and harebell bloom  
again,

I tread the pleasant paths we  
trod,

I see the violet-sprinkled sod  
Whereon she leaned, too frail and  
weak

The hillside flowers she loved to  
seek,

Yet following me where'er I went  
With dark eyes full of love's con-  
tent.

The birds are glad ; the brier-rose  
fills

The air with sweetness ; all the  
hills

Stretch green to June's unclouded  
sky ;

But still I wait with ear and eye  
For something gone which should  
be nigh,

A loss in all familiar things,  
In flower that blooms, and bird  
that sings.

And yet, dear heart ! remember-  
ing thee,

Am I not richer than of old ?

Safe in thy immortality,  
What change can reach the  
wealth I hold ?

What chance can mar the pearl  
and gold

Thy love hath left in trust with  
me ?

And while in life's late afternoon,  
Where cool and long the shadows  
grow,

I walk to meet the night that  
soon

Shall shape and shadow over-  
flow,

I cannot feel that thou art far,  
Since near at need the angels are ;

And when the sunset gates unbar,  
Shall I not see thee waiting  
stand,

And, white against the evening  
star,

The welcome of thy beckoning  
hand ?

Brisk wielder of the birch and  
rule,

The master of the district school  
Held at the fire his favored place,  
Its warm glow lit a laughing face  
Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce  
appeared

The uncertain prophecy of beard.  
He played the old and simple  
games

Our modern boyhood scarcely  
names,

Sang songs, and told us what be-  
falls

In classic Dartmouth's college  
halls.

Born the wild Northern hills  
among,

From whence his yeoman father  
wrung

By patient toil subsistence scant,  
Not competence and yet not  
want,

He early gained the power to pay  
His cheerful, self-reliant way ;  
Could doff at ease his scholar's  
gown

To peddle wares from town to  
town ;

Or through the long vacation's  
reach

In lonely lowland districts teach,  
Where all the droll experience  
found

At stranger hearths in boarding  
 round,  
 The moonlit skater's keen delight,  
 The sleigh-drivethrough the frosty  
 night,  
 The rustic party, with its rough  
 Accompaniment of blind-man's-  
 buff,  
 And whirling plate, and forfeits  
 paid,  
 His winter task a pastime made.  
 Happy the snow-locked homes  
 wherein  
 He turned his merry violin,  
 Or played the athlete in the barn,  
 Or held the good dame's winding  
 yarn,  
 Or mirth-provoking versions told  
 Of classic legends rare and old,  
 Wherein the scenes of Greece and  
 Rome  
 Had all the commonplace of home,  
 And little seemed at best the  
 odds  
 'Twixt Yankee pedlers and old  
 gods;  
 Where Pindus-born Araxes took  
 The guise of any grist-mill brook,  
 And dread Olympus at his will  
 Became a huckleberry hill.

A careless boy that night he  
 seemed;  
 But at his desk he had the look  
 And air of one who wisely  
 schemed,  
 And hostage from the future  
 took  
 In trained thought and lore of  
 book.  
 Large-brained, clear-eyed,—of  
 such as he  
 Shall Freedom's young apostles be,  
 Who, following in War's bloody  
 trail,  
 Shall every lingering wrong assail;  
 All chains from limb and spirit  
 strike,  
 Uplift the black and white alike;  
 Scatter before their swift advance  
 The darkness and the ignorance,  
 The pride, the lust, the squalid  
 sloth,

Which nurtured 'Treason's mon-  
 strous growth,  
 Made murder pastime, and the hell  
 Of prison-torture possible;  
 The cruel lie of caste refute,  
 Old forms remould, and substitute  
 For Slavery's lash the freeman's  
 will,  
 For blind routine, wise-handed  
 skill;  
 A school-house plant on every  
 hill,  
 Stretching in radiate nerve-lines  
 thence  
 The quick wires of intelligence:  
 Till North and South together  
 brought  
 Shall own the same electric  
 thought,  
 In peace a common flag salute,  
 And, side by side in labor's free  
 And unresentful rivalry,  
 Harvest the fields wherein they  
 fought.

Another guest that winter night  
 Flashed back from lustrous eyes  
 the light.  
 Unmarked by time, and yet not  
 young,  
 The honeyed music of her tongue  
 And words of meekness scarcely  
 told  
 A nature passionate and bold,  
 Strong, self-concentred, spurning  
 guide,  
 Its milder features dwarfed beside  
 Her unbent will's majestic pride.  
 She sat among us, at the best,  
 A not unfear'd, half-welcome  
 guest,  
 Rebuking with her cultured  
 phrase  
 Our homeliness of words and  
 ways.  
 A certain pard-like, treacherous  
 grace  
 Swayed the lithe limbs and  
 drooped the lash,  
 Lent the white teeth their  
 dazzling flash;  
 And under low brows, black  
 with night,

Rayed out at times a dangerous  
light:

The sharp heat-lightnings of her  
face

Presaging ill to him whom  
Fate

Condemned to share her love or  
hate.

A woman tropical, intense  
In thought and act, in soul and  
sense,

She blended in a like degree  
The vixen and the devotee,  
Revealing with each freak or feint

The temper of Petruchio's Kate,  
The raptures of Siena's saint.

Her tapering hand and rounded  
wrist

Had facile power to form a fist;  
The warm, dark languish of her  
eyes

Was never safe from wrath's sur-  
prise.

Brows saintly calm and lips devout  
Know every change of scowl and  
pout;

And the sweet voice had notes  
more high

And shrill for social battle-cry.

Since then what old cathedral  
town

Has missed her pilgrim staff and  
gown,

What convent-gate has held its  
lock

Against the challenge of her  
knock!

Through Smyrna's plague-husked  
thoroughfares,

Up sea-set Malta's rocky stairs,  
Gray olive slopes of hills that  
hem

Thy tombs and shrines, Jerusa-  
lem,

Or starting on her desert throne  
The crazy Queen of Lebanon

With claims fantastic as her own,  
Her tireless feet have held their  
way;

And still, unrestful, bowed, and  
gray,

She watches under Eastern skies,

With hope each day renewed  
and fresh,

The Lord's quick coming in the  
flesh,

Whereof she dreams and proph-  
esies!

Where'er her troubled path may  
be,

The Lord's sweet pity with her  
go!

The outward wayward life we see,  
The hidden springs we may not  
know.

Nor is it given us to discern  
What threads the fatal sisters  
spun,

Through what ancestral years has  
run

The sorrow with the woman born,  
What forged her cruel chain of  
moods,

What set her feet in solitudes,  
And held the love within her  
mute,

What mingled madness in the  
blood,

A life-long discord and annoy,  
Water of tears with oil of joy,  
And hid within the folded bud

Perversities of flower and fruit.  
It is not ours to separate

The tangled skein of will and fate,  
To show what metes and bounds  
should stand

Upon the soul's debatable land,  
And between choice and Provi-  
dence.

Divide the circle of events;  
But He who knows our frame is  
just,

Merciful, and compassionate,  
And full of sweet assurances

And hope for all the language is,  
That He remembereth we are  
dust!

At last the great logs, crumbling  
low,

Sent out a dull and duller glow,  
The bull's-eye watch that hung in  
view,

Ticking its weary circuit through,

Pointed with mutely-warning sign  
Its black hand to the hour of nine.  
That sign the pleasant circle  
broke :

My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke,  
Knocked from its bowl the refuse  
gray

And laid it tenderly away,  
Then roused himself to safely  
cover

The dull red brands with ashes  
over.

And while, with care, our mother  
laid

The work aside, her steps she  
stayed

One moment, seeking to express  
Her grateful sense of happiness  
For food and shelter, warmth and  
health,

And love's contentment more  
than wealth,

With simple wishes (not the weak,  
Vain prayers which no fulfilment  
seek,

But such as warm the generous  
heart,

O'er-prompt to do with Heaven  
its part)

That none might lack, that bitter  
night,

For bread and clothing, warmth  
and light.

Within our beds awhile we heard  
The wind that round the gables  
roared,

With now and then a ruder shock,  
Which made our very bedsteads  
rock.

We heard the loosened clapboards  
tost,

The board-rails snapping in the  
frost ;

And on us, through the unplastered wall,

Felt the light sifted snow-flakes  
fall.

But sleep stole on, as sleep will do  
When hearts are light and life is  
new ;

Faint and more faint the murmurs grew,

Till in the summer-land of dreams  
They softened to the sound of  
streams,

Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,  
And lapsing waves on quiet  
shores.

Next morn we wakened with the  
shout

Of merry voices high and clear ;  
And saw the teamsters drawing  
near

To break the drifted highways  
out.

Down the long hillside treading  
slow

We saw the half-buried oxen go,  
Shaking the snow from heads  
uptost,

Their straining nostrils white with  
frost.

Before our door the straggling  
train

Drew up, an added team to  
gain.

The elders threshed their hands a-  
cold,

Passed, with the cider-mug,  
their jokes

From lip to lip ; the younger  
folks

Down the loose snow-banks,  
wrestling, rolled,

Then toiled again the cavalcade  
O'er windy hill, through clogged  
ravine,

And woodland paths that  
wound between

Low drooping pine-boughs winter-  
weighed.

From every barn a team afoot,  
At every house a new recruit,

Where, drawn by Nature's  
subtlest law,

Haply the watchful young men  
saw

Sweet doorway pictures of the  
curls

And curious eyes of merry girls,  
Lifting their hands in mock de-  
fence

Against the snow-ball's compli-  
ments,

And reading in each missive tost  
The charm with Eden never lost.  
We heard once more the sleigh-  
bell's sound ;

And, following where the  
teamsters led,  
The wise old Doctor went his  
round,

Just pausing at our door to say,  
In the brief autocratic way  
Of one who, prompt at Duty's  
call,

Was free to urge her claim on all,  
That some poor neighbor sick  
abed

At night our mother's aid would  
need.

For, one in generous thought and  
deed,

What mattered in the sufferer's  
sight

The Quaker matron's inward  
light,

The Doctor's mail of Calvin's  
creed ?

All hearts confess the saints elect  
Who, twain in faith, in love  
agree,

And melt not in an acid sect  
The Christian pearl of charity !

So days went on : a week had  
passed

Since the great world was heard  
from last.

The Almanac we studied o'er,  
Read and reread our little store,  
Of books and pamphlets, scarce a  
score ;

One harmless novel, mostly hid  
From younger eyes, a book forbid,  
And poetry, (or good or bad,  
A single book was all we had,)

Where Ellwood's meek, drab-  
skirted Muse,

A stranger to the heathen Nine,  
Sang, with a somewhat nasal  
whine,

The wars of David and the Jews.  
At last the floundering carrier  
bore

The village paper to our door.  
Lo ! broadening outward as we  
read,

To warmer zones the horizon  
spread ;

In panoramic length unrolled  
We saw the marvels that it told.  
Before us passed the painted  
Creeks,

And daft McGregor on his raids  
In Costa Rica's everglades.

And up Taygetos winding slow  
Rode Ypsilanti's Mainote Greeks,  
A Turk's head at each saddle-bow !  
Welcome to us its week-old news,  
Its corner for the rustic Muse,

Its monthly gauge of snow and  
rain,

Its record, mingling in a breath  
The wedding knell and dirge of  
death ;

Jest, anecdote, and love-lorn tale,  
The latest culprit sent to jail ;

Its hue and cry of stolen and lost,  
Its vendue sales and goods at cost,

And traffic calling loud for gain,  
We felt the stir of hall and street,  
The pulse of life that round us  
beat ;

The chill embargo of the snow  
Was melted in the genial glow ;

Wide swung again our ice-locked  
door,

And all the world was ours once  
more !

Clasp, Angel of the backward  
look

And folded wings of ashen gray  
And voice of echoes far away,

The brazen covers of thy book ;  
The weird palimpsest old and  
vast,

Wherein thou hid'st the spectral  
past ;

Where, closely mingling, pale and  
glow

The characters of joy and woe ;  
The monographs of outlived  
years,

Or smile-illumed or dim with  
tears,

Green hills of life that slope to  
death,

And haunts of home, whose  
vistaed trees

Shade off to mournful cypresses  
With the white amaranths  
underneath.

Even while I look, I can but heed  
The restless sands' incessant fall,  
Importunate hours that hours suc-  
ceed,

Each clamorôus with its own sharp  
need,

And duty keeping pace with all.  
Shut down and clasp the heavy  
lids ;

I hear again the voice that bids  
The dreamer leave his dream mid-  
way

For larger hopes and graver fears :  
Life greatens in these later years,  
The century's aloe flowers to-day !

Yet, haply, in some hull of life,  
Some Truce of God which breaks  
its strife,

The worldling's eyes shall gather  
dew,

Dreaming in throngful city ways  
Of winter joys his boyhood knew ;  
And dear and early friends—the  
few

Who yet remain—shall pause to  
view

These Flemish pictures of old  
days ;

Sit with me by the homestead  
hearth,

And stretch the hands of memory  
forth

To warm them at the wood-fire's  
blaze !

And thanks untraced to lips un-  
known

Shall greet me like the odors blown  
From unseen meadows newly  
mown,

Or lilies floating in some pond,  
Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze  
beyond ;

The traveller owns the grateful  
sense

Of sweetness near, he knows not  
whence,

And, pausing, takes with forehead  
bare

The benediction of the air,

## THE WRECK OF RIVER- MOUTH.\*

RIVERMOUTH Rocks are fair to see,  
By dawn or sunset shone across.  
When the ebb of the sea has left  
them free

To dry their fringes of gold-green  
moss :

For there the river comes winding  
down

From salt sea-meadows and up-  
lands brown,

And waves on the outer rocks  
afoam

Shout to its waters, "Welcome  
home !"

And fair are the sunny isles in view  
East of the grisly Head of the  
Boar,

And Agamenticus lifts its blue  
Disk of a cloud the woodlands  
o'er ;

And southerly, when the tide is  
down,

'Twixt white sea-waves and sand-  
hills brown,

The beach-birds dance and the  
gray gulls wheel

Over a floor of burnished steel.

Once, in the old Colonial days,

Two hundred years ago and  
more,

A boat sailed down through the  
winding ways

Of Hampton river to that low  
shore,

Full of a goodly company

Sailing out on the summer sea,

Veering to catch the land breeze  
light,

With the Boar to left and the  
Rocks to right.

\*See *Norfolk County Records*, 1657.,  
*New England Historical and Genealog-  
ical Register*, No. II. p. 192. The moral  
lapse of the first minister of Hampton at  
the age of fourscore is referred to in the  
third number of the same periodical.  
Goody Cole, the Hampton witch, was  
twice imprisoned for the alleged practice  
of her arts.

In Hampton meadows, where  
mowers laid

Their scythes to the swaths of  
salted grass,

"Ah, well-a-day! our hay must  
be made!"

A young man sighed, who saw  
them pass.

Loud laughed his fellows to see  
him stand

Whetting his scythe with a listless  
hand,

Hearing a voice in a far-off song,  
Watching a white hand beckoning  
long.

"Fie on the witch!" cried a merry  
girl,

As they rounded the point where  
Goody Cole

Sat by her door with her wheel  
atwirl,

A bent and blear-eyed poor old  
soul.

"Oho!" she muttered, "ye 're  
brave to-day!

But I hear the little waves laugh  
and say,

'The broth will be cold that waits  
at home;

For it's one to go, but another to  
come!"

"She's curst," said the skipper;  
"speak her fair:

I'm scary always to see her shake  
Her wicked head, with its wild  
gray hair,

And nose like a hawk, and eyes  
like a snake."

But merrily still, with laugh and  
shout,

From Hampton river the boat  
sailed out,

Till the huts and the flakes on  
Star seemed nigh,

And they lost the scent of the pines  
of Rye.

They dropped their lines in the  
lazy tide,

Drawing up haddock and mot-  
tled cod;

They saw not the Shadow that  
walked beside,

They heard not the feet with  
silence shod.

But thicker and thicker a hot mist  
grew,

Shot by the lightnings through and  
through;

And muffled growls, like the growl  
of a beast,

Ran along the sky from west to  
east.

Then the skipper looked from the  
darkening sea

Up to the dimmed and wading  
sun,

But he spake like a brave man  
cheerily,

"Yet there is time for our home-  
ward run."

Veering and tacking, they back-  
ward wore;

And just as a breath from the  
woods ashore

Blew out to whisper of danger  
past,

The wrath of the storm came down  
at last!

The skipper hauled at the heavy  
sail:

"God be our help!" he only  
cried,

As the roaring gale, like the stroke  
of a flail,

Smote the boat on its starboard  
side.

The Shoalsmen looked, but saw  
alone

Dark films of rain-cloud slantwise  
blown,

Wild rocks lit up by the lightning's  
glare,

The strife and torment of sea and  
air.

Goody Cole looked out from her  
door:

The Isles of Shoals were drowned  
and gone,

Scarcely she saw the Head of the  
Boar

Toss the foam from tusks of  
stone.  
She clasped her hands with a grip  
of pain,  
The tear on her cheek was not of  
rain :  
"They are lost," she muttered,  
"boat and crew !  
Lord, forgive me ! my words were  
true !"

Suddenly seaward swept the  
squall ;  
The low sun smote through  
cloudy rack ;  
The Shoals stood clear in the light,  
and all  
The trend of the coast lay hard  
and black.  
But far and wide, as eye could  
reach,  
No life was seen upon wave or  
beach ;  
The boat that went out at morn-  
ing never  
Sailed back again into Hampton  
river.

O mower, lean on thy bended  
snath,  
Look from the meadows green  
and low :  
The wind of the sea is a waft of  
death,  
The waves are singing a song of  
woe !  
By silent river, by moaning sea,  
Long and vain shall thy watching  
be :  
Never again shall the sweet voice  
call,  
Never the white hand rise and  
fall !

O Rivermouth Rocks, how sad a  
sight  
Ye saw in the light of breaking  
day !  
Dead faces looking up cold and  
white  
From sand and sea-weed where  
they lay !

The mad old witch-wife wailed  
and wept,  
And cursed the tide as it backward  
crept :  
"Crawl back, crawl back, blue  
water-snake !  
Leave your dead for the hearts  
that break !"

Solemn it was in that old day  
In Hampton town and its log-  
built church,  
Where side by side the coffins lay  
And the mourners stood in aisle  
and porch.  
In the singing-seats young eyes  
were dim,  
The voices faltered that raised the  
hymn,  
And Father Dalton, grave and  
stern,  
Sobbed through his prayers and  
wept in turn.

But his ancient colleague did not  
pray,  
Because of his sin at fourscore  
years :  
He stood apart, with the iron-gray  
Of his strong brows knitted to  
hide his tears.  
And a wretched woman, holding  
her breath  
In the awful presence of sin and  
death,  
Cowered and shrank, while her  
neighbors thronged  
To look on the dead her shame  
had wronged.

Apart with them, like them for-  
bid,  
Old Goody Cole looked drearily  
round,  
As, two by two, with their faces  
hid,  
The mourners walked to the  
burying-ground.  
She let the staff from her clasped  
hands fall :  
"Lord, forgive us ! we 're sinners  
all !"

And the voice of the old man answered her :

"Amen!" said Father Bachiler.

So, as I sat upon Appledore  
In the calm of a closing summer  
day,

And the broken lines of Hampton  
shore

In purple mist of cloudland lay,  
The Rivermouth Rocks their story  
told ;

And waves aglow with sunset  
gold,

Rising and breaking in steady  
chime,

Beat the rhythm and kept the  
time.

And the sunset paled, and warmed  
once more

With a softer, tenderer after-  
glow ;

In the east was moon-rise, with  
boats off-shore

And sails in the distance drift-  
ing slow.

The beacon glimmered from Ports-  
mouth bar,

The White Isle kindled its great  
red star ;

And life and death in my old-time  
lay

Mingled in peace like the night  
and day!

### THE BROTHER OF MERCY.

PIERO LUCA, known of all the  
town

As the gray porter by the Pitti wall  
Where the noon shadows of the  
gardens fall,

Sick and in dolor, waited to lay  
down

His last sad burden, and besides  
his mat

The barefoot monk of La Certosa  
sat.

Unseen, in square and blossoming  
garden drifted,

Soft sunset lights through green  
Val d' Arno sifted ;

Unheard, below the living shuttles  
shifted

Backward and forth, and wove,  
in love or strife,

In mirth or pain, the mottled web  
of life :

But when at last came upward  
from the street

Tinkle of bell and tread of meas-  
ured feet,

The sick man started, strove to  
rise in vain,

Sinking back heavily with a moan  
of pain.

And the monk said, "'T is but the  
Brotherhood

Of Mercy going on some errand  
good :

Their black masks by the palace-  
wall I see."—

Piero answered faintly, "Woe is  
me !

This day for the first time in forty  
years

In vain the bell hath sounded in  
my ears,

Calling me with my brethren of  
the mask,

Beggar and prince alike, to some  
new task

Of love or pity,—haply from the  
street

To bear a wretch plague-stricken,  
or, with feet

Hushed to the quickened ear and  
feverish brain,

To tread the crowded lazaretto's  
floors,

Down the long twilight of the  
corridors,

'Midst tossing arms and faces full  
of pain.

I loved the work : it was its own  
reward.

I never counted on it to offset  
My sins, which are many, or make

less my debt  
To the free grace and mercy of  
our Lord ;

But somehow, father, it has come  
to be

In these long years so much a part  
     of me,  
 I should not know myself, if lack-  
     ing it,  
 But with the work the worker too  
     would die,  
 And in my place some other self  
     would sit  
 Joyful or sad,—what matters, if  
     not I?  
 And now all's over. Woe is me!"  
     —"My son,"  
 The monk said soothingly, "thy  
     work is done;  
 And no more as a servant, but the  
     guest  
 Of God thou enterest thy eternal  
     rest.  
 No toil, no tears, no sorrow for  
     the lost  
 Shall mar thy perfect bliss. Thou  
     shalt sit down  
 Clad in white robes, and wear a  
     golden crown  
 Forever and forever."—Piero  
     tossed  
 On his sick pillow: "Miserable  
     me!  
 I am too poor for such grand com-  
     pany;  
 The crown would be too heavy for  
     this gray  
 Old head; and God forgive me, if  
     I say  
 It would be hard to sit there night  
     and day,  
 Like an image in the Tribune, do-  
     ing nought  
 With these hard hands, that all  
     my life have wrought,  
 Not for bread only, but for pity's  
     sake.  
 I'm dull at prayers: I could not  
     keep awake,  
 Counting my beads. Mine 's but  
     a crazy head,  
 Scarce worth the saving, if all else  
     be dead.  
 And if one goes to heaven without  
     a heart,  
 God knows he leaves behind his  
     better part.

I love my fellow-men; the worst  
     I know  
 I would do good to. Will death  
     change me so  
 That I shall sit among the lazy  
     saints,  
 Turning a deaf ear to the sore  
     complaints  
 Of souls that suffer? Why, I  
     never yet  
 Left a poor dog in the *strada* hard  
     beset,  
 Or ass o'erladen! Must I rate  
     man less  
 Than dog or ass, in holy selfish-  
     ness?  
 Methinks (Lord, pardon, if the  
     thought be sin!)  
 The world of pain were better, if  
     therein  
 One's heart might still be human,  
     and desires  
 Of natural pity drop upon its  
     fires  
 Some cooling tears."  
 Thereat the pale monk crossed  
 His brow, and muttering, "Mad-  
     man! thou art lost!"  
 Took up his pyx and fled; and,  
     left alone,  
 The sick man closed his eyes with  
     a great groan  
 That sank into a prayer, "Thy  
     will be done!"  
  
 Then was he made aware, by soul  
     or ear,  
 Of somewhat pure and holy bend-  
     ing o'er him,  
 And of a voice like that of her  
     who bore him.  
 Tender and most compassionate:  
     "Be of cheer!  
 For heaven is love, as God himself  
     is love;  
 Thy work below shall be thy work  
     above."  
 And when he looked, lo! in the  
     stern monk's place  
 He saw the shining of an angel's  
     face!

## THE VANISHERS.

SWEETEST of all childlike dreams  
 In the simple Indian lore  
 Still to me the legend seems  
 Of the Elves who flit before.

Flitting, passing, seen and gone,  
 Never reached nor found at rest,  
 Baffling search, but beckoning on  
 To the Sunset of the Blest.

From the clefts of mountain rocks,  
 Through the dark of lowland  
 firs,  
 Flash the eyes and flow the locks  
 Of the mystic Vanishers !

And the fisher in his skiff,  
 And the hunter on the moss,  
 Hear their call from cape and cliff,  
 See their hands the birch-leaves  
 toss.

Wistful, longing, through the  
 green  
 Twilight of the clustered pines,  
 In their faces rarely seen  
 Beauty more than mortal shines.

Fringed with gold their mantles  
 flow  
 On the slopes of westering  
 knolls ;  
 In the wind they whisper low  
 Of the Sunset Land of Souls.

Doubt who may, O friend of mine !  
 Thou and I have seen them too ;  
 On before with beck and sign  
 Still they glide, and we pursue.

More than clouds of purple trail  
 In the gold of setting day ;  
 More than gleams of wing or sail  
 Beckon from the sea-mist gray.

Glimpses of immortal youth,  
 Gleams and glories seen and lost,  
 Far-heard voices sweet with truth  
 As the tongues of Pentecost,—

Beauty that eludes our grasp,  
 Sweetness that transcends our  
 taste,  
 Loving hands we may not clasp,  
 Shining feet that mock our  
 haste,—

Gentle eyes we closed below,  
 Tender voices heard once more,  
 Smile and call us, as they go  
 On and onward, still before.

Guided thus, O friend of mine !  
 Let us walk our little way,  
 Knowing by each beckoning sign  
 That we are not quite astray.

Chase we still with baffled feet  
 Smiling eye and waving hand,  
 Sought and seeker soon shall meet,  
 Lost and found, in Sunset Land !

## THE GRAVE BY THE LAKE.

WHERE the Great Lake's sunny  
 smiles  
 Dimple round its hundred isles,  
 And the mountain's granite ledge  
 Cleaves the water like a wedge,  
 Ringed about with smooth, gray  
 stones,  
 Rest the giant's mighty bones.

Close beside, in shade and gleam,  
 Laughs and ripples Melvin stream ;  
 Melvin water, mountain-born,  
 All fair flowers its banks adorn ;  
 All the woodland's voices meet,  
 Mingling with its murmurs sweet.

Over lowlands forest-grown,  
 Over waters island-strown,  
 Over silver-sanded beach,  
 Leaf-locked bay and misty reach,  
 Melvin stream and burial-heap,  
 Watch and ward the mountains  
 keep.

Who that Titan cromlech fills ?  
 Forest-kaiser, lord o' the hills ?  
 Knight who on the birchen tree

Carved his savage heraldry?  
 Priest o' the pine-wood temples  
 dim,  
 Prophet, sage, or wizard grim?

Rugged type of primal man,  
 Grim utilitarian,  
 Loving woods for hunt and prowl,  
 Lake and hill for fish and fowl,  
 As the brown bear blind and dull  
 To the grand and beautiful:

Not for him the lesson drawn  
 From the mountains smit with  
 dawn.

Star-rise, moon-rise, flowers of  
 May,  
 Sunset's purple bloom of day,—  
 Took his life no hue from thence,  
 Poor amid such affluence?

Haply unto hill and tree  
 All too near akin was he:  
 Unto him who stands afar  
 Nature's marvels greatest are;  
 Who the mountain purple seeks  
 Must not climb the higher peaks.

Yet who knows in winter tramp,  
 Or the midnight of the camp,  
 What revealings faint and far,  
 Stealing down from moon and  
 star,  
 Kindled in that human clod  
 Thought of destiny and God?

Stateliest forest patriarch,  
 Grand in robes of skin and bark,  
 What sepulchral mysteries,  
 What weird funeral-rites, were  
 his?  
 What sharp wail, what drear  
 lament,  
 Back scared wolf and eagle sent?

Now, whate'er he may have been,  
 Low he lies as other men;  
 On his mound the partridge  
 drums,  
 There the noisy blue-jay comes;  
 Rank nor name nor pomp has he  
 In the grave's democracy.

Part thy blue lips, Northern lake!  
 Moss-grown rocks, your silence  
 break!

Tell the tale, thou ancient tree!  
 Thou, too, slide-worn Ossipee!  
 Speak, and tell us how and when  
 Lived and died this king of men!

Wordless moans the ancient pine;  
 Lake and mountain give no sign;  
 Vain to trace this ring of stones;  
 Vain the search of crumbling  
 bones:

Deepest of all mysteries,  
 And the saddest, silence is.

Nameless, noteless, clay with clay  
 Mingles slowly day by day;  
 But somewhere, for good or ill,  
 That dark soul is living still;  
 Somewhere yet that atom's force  
 Moves the light-poised universe.

Strange that on his burial-sod  
 Harebells bloom, and golden-rod,  
 While the soul's dark horoscope  
 Holds no starry sign of hope!  
 Is the Unseen with sight at odds?  
 Nature's pity more than God's?

Thus I mused by Melvin side,  
 While the summer eventide  
 Made the woods and inland sea  
 And the mountains mystery;  
 And the hush of earth and air  
 Seemed the pause before a  
 prayer,—

Prayer for him, for all who rest,  
 Mother Earth, upon thy breast,—  
 Lapped on Christian turf, or hid  
 In rock-cave or pyramid:  
 All who sleep, as all who live,  
 Well may need the prayer  
 "Forgive!"

Desert-smothered caravan,  
 Knee-deep dust that once was  
 man,  
 Battle-trenches ghastly piled,  
 Ocean-floors with white bones  
 tiled,  
 Crowded tomb and mounded sod,  
 Dumbly crave that prayer to God

Oh, the generations old  
Over whom no church-bells tolled,  
Christless, lifting up blind eyes  
To the silence of the skies!  
For the innumerable dead  
Is my soul disquieted.

Where be now these silent hosts?  
Where the camping-ground of  
ghosts?

Where the spectral conscripts  
led

To the white tents of the dead?  
What strange shore or chartless  
sea

Holds the awful mystery?

Then the warm sky stooped to  
make

Double sunset in the lake;  
While above I saw with it,  
Range on range, the mountains  
lit;

And the calm and splendor stole  
Like an answer to my soul.

Hear'st thou, O of little faith,  
What to thee the mountain saith,  
What is whispered by the trees?—  
"Cast on God thy care for these;  
Trust Him, if thy sight be dim:  
Doubt for them is doubt of Him.

"Blind must be their close-shut  
eyes

Where like night the sunshine  
lies,

Tiery-linked the self-forged chain  
Binding ever sin to pain,  
Strong their prison-house of will,  
But without He waiteth still.

"Not with hatred's undertow  
Doth the Love Eternal flow;  
Every chain that spirits wear  
Crumbles in the breath of prayer;  
And the penitent's desire  
Opens every gate of fire.

"Still Thy love, O Christ arisen,  
Yearns to reach these souls in  
prison!  
Through all depths of sin and loss

Drops the plummet of Thy cross!  
Never yet abyss was found  
Deeper than that cross could  
sound!"

Therefore well may Nature keep  
Equal faith with all who sleep,  
Set her watch of hills around  
Christian grave and heathen  
mound,

And to cairn and kirkyard send  
Summer's flowery dividend.

Keep, O pleasant Melvin stream,  
Thy sweet laugh in shade and  
gleam!

On the Indian's grassy tomb  
Swing, O flowers, your bells of  
bloom!

Deep below, as high above,  
Sweeps the circle of God's love.

### KALLUNDBORG CHURCH.

"Tie stille, barn min!  
Imorgen kommer Fin,  
Fa'er din,  
Og gi'er dig Esbern Snares ðine og hjerte  
at lege med!"

*Zealand Rhyme.*

"Build at Kallundborg by the  
sea

A church as stately as church may  
be,

And there shalt thou wed my  
daughter fair,"

Said the Lord of Nesvek to Esbern  
Snare.

And the Baron laughed. But  
Esbern said,

"Though I lose my soul, I will  
Helva wed!"

And off he strode, in his pride of  
will,

To the Troll who dwelt in Ulshoi  
hill.

"Build, O Troll, a church for me  
At Kallundborg by the mighty  
sea;

Build it stately, and build it fair,  
Build it quickly," said Esbern  
Snare.

But the sly Dwarf said, "No work  
is wrought  
By Trolls of the Hills, O man, for  
nought.

What wilt thou give for thy church  
so fair?"

"Set thy own price," quoth Es-  
bern Snare.

"When Kallundborg church is  
builded well,  
Thou must the name of its builder  
tell,

Or thy heart and thy eyes must be  
my boon."

"Build," said Esbern, "and  
build it soon."

By night and by day the Troll  
wrought on;

He hewed the timbers, he piled  
the stone;

But day by day, as the walls rose  
fair,

Darker and sadder grew Esbern  
Snare.

He listened by night, he watched  
by day,

He sought and thought, but he  
dared not pray;

In vain he called on the Elle-maids  
shy,

And the Neck and the Nis gave  
no reply.

Of his evil bargain far and wide  
A rumor ran through the country-  
side;

And Helva of Nesvek, young and  
fair,

Prayed for the soul of Esbern  
Snare.

And now the church was wellnigh  
done;

One pillar it lacked, and one  
alone;

And the grim Troll muttered,  
"Fool thou art!

To-morrow gives me thy eyes and  
heart!"

By Kallundborg in black despair,  
Through wood and meadow,  
walked Esbern Snare,

Till, worn and weary, the strong  
man sank

Under the birches on Ulshoi bank.

At his last day's work he heard  
the Troll

Hammer and delve in the quarry's  
hole;

Before him the church stood large  
and fair:

"I have builded my tomb," said  
Esbern Snare.

And he closed his eyes the sight  
to hide,

When he heard a light step at his  
side:

"O Esbern Snare!" a sweet voice  
said,

"Would I might die now in thy  
stead!"

With a grasp by love and by fear  
made strong.

He held her fast, and he held her  
long;

With the beating heart of a bird  
afeard,

She hid her face in his flame-red  
beard.

"O love!" he cried, "let me look  
to-day

In thine eyes ere mine are plucked  
away;

Let me hold thee close, let me feel  
thy heart

Ere mine by the Troll is torn  
apart!

"I sinned, O Helva, for love of  
thee!

Pray that the Lord Christ pardon  
me!"

But fast as she prayed, and faster  
still,  
Hammered the Troll in Ulshoi  
hill.

He knew, as he wrought, that a  
loving heart  
Was somehow baffling his evil art ;  
For more than spell of Elf or Troll  
Is a maiden's prayer for her lover's  
soul.

And Esbern listened, and caught  
the sound  
Of a Troll-wife singing under-  
ground :  
"To-morrow comes Fine, father  
thine :  
Lie still and hush thee, baby  
mine !

"Lie, still, my darling ! next sun-  
rise  
Thou'lt play with Esbern Snare's  
heart and eyes !"  
"Ho ! ho !" quoth Esbern, "is  
that your game ?  
Thanks to the Troll-wife, I know  
his name !"

The Troll he heard him, and  
hurried on  
To Kallundborg church with the  
lacking stone.  
"Too late, Gaffer Fine !" cried  
Esbern Snare ;  
And Troll and pillar vanished in  
air !

That night the harvesters heard  
the sound  
Of a woman sobbing underground,  
And the voice of the Hill-Troll loud  
with blame  
Of the careless singer who told his  
name.

Of the Troll of the Church they  
sing the rune  
By the Northern Sea in the harvest  
moon ;  
And the fishers of Zealand hear  
him still  
Scolding his wife in Ulshoi hill.

And seaward over its groves of  
birch  
Still looks the tower of Kallund-  
borg church,  
Where, first at its altar, a wedded  
pair,  
Stood Helva of Nesvek and Esbern  
Snare !

### THE MANTLE OF ST. JOHN MATHA.

A LEGEND OF "THE RED, WHITE, AND  
BLUE," A. D. 1154-1864.

A strong and mighty Angel,  
Calm, terrible, and bright,  
The cross in blended red and blue  
Upon his mantle white !

Two captives by him kneeling,  
Each on his broken chain,  
Sang praise to God who raiseth  
The dead to life again !

Dropping his cross-wrought  
mantle  
"Wear this," the Angel said ;  
"Take thou, O Freedom's priest,  
its sign,—  
The white, the blue, and red."

Then rose up John de Matha  
In the strength the Lord Christ  
gave,  
And begged through all the land  
of France  
The ransom of the slave.

The gates of tower and castle  
Before him open flew,  
The drawbridge at his coming fell,  
The door-bolt backward drew.

For all men owned his errand,  
And paid his righteous tax ;  
And the hearts of lord and peasant  
Were in his hands as wax.

At last, outbound from Tunis,  
His bark her anchor weighed,  
Freighted with seven score Chris-  
tian souls  
Whose ransom he had paid,

But, torn by Paynim hatred,  
Her sails in tatters hung;  
And on the wild waves, rudder-  
less,  
A shattered hulk she swung.

"God save us!" cried the captain,  
"For nought can man avail:  
Oh, woe betide the ship that  
lacks  
Her rudder and her sail!

"Behind us are the Moormen;  
At sea we sink or strand:  
There's death upon the water,  
There's death upon the land!"

Then up spake John de Matha:  
"God's errands never fail!  
Take thou the mantle which I  
wear,  
And make of it a sail."

They raised the cross-wrought  
mantle,  
The blue, the white, the red;  
And straight before the wind off-  
shore  
The ship of Freedom sped.

"God help us!" cried the seamen,  
"For vain is mortal skill:  
The good ship on a stormy sea  
Is drifting at its will."

Then up spake John de Matha:  
"My mariners, never fear!  
The Lord whose breath has filled  
her sail  
May well our vessel steer!"

So on through storm and darkness  
They drove for weary hours;  
And lo! the third gray morning  
shone  
On Ostia's friendly towers.

And on the walls the watchers  
The ship of mercy knew,—  
They knew far off its holy cross,  
The red, the white, and blue.

And the bells in all the steeples  
Rang out in glad accord,  
To welcome home to Christian  
soil  
The ransomed of the Lord.

So runs the ancient legerd  
By bard and painter told;  
And lo! the cycle rounds again,  
The new is as the old!

With rudder foully broken,  
And sails by traitors torn,  
Our Country on a midnight sea  
Is waiting for the morn.

Before her, nameless terror;  
Behind, the pirate foe;  
The clouds are black above her,  
The sea is white below.

The hope of all who suffer,  
The dread of all who wrong;  
She drifts in darkness and in  
storm,  
How long, O Lord! how long?

But courage, O my mariners!  
Ye shall not suffer wreck,  
While up to God the freedman's  
prayers  
Are rising from your deck.

Is not your sail the banner  
Which God hath blest anew,  
The mantle that De Matha  
wore,  
The red, the white, the blue?

Its hues are all of heaven,—  
The red of sunset's dye,  
The whiteness of the moon-lit  
cloud,  
The blue of morning's sky.

Wait cheerily, then, O mariners,  
For daylight and for land;  
The breath of God is in your sail,  
Your rudder is His hand.

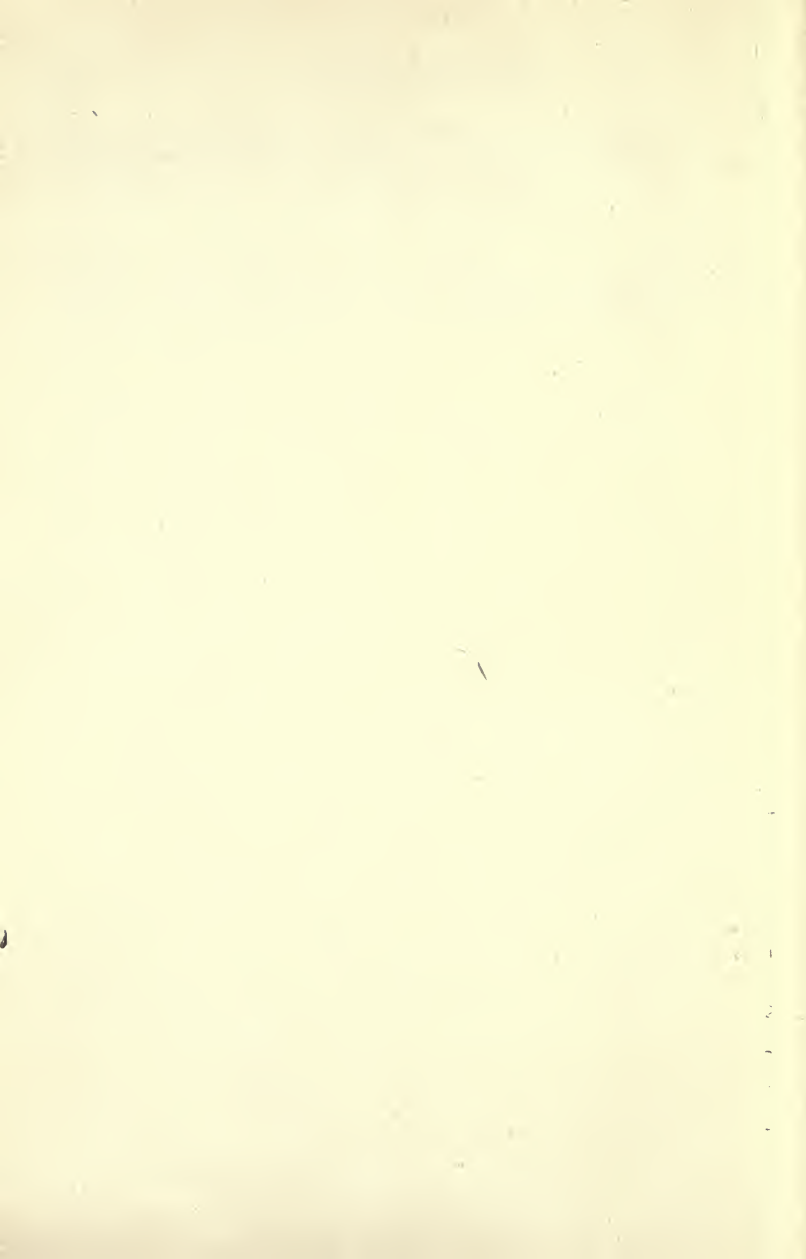
Sail on, sail on, deep-freighted  
With blessings and with hopes ;  
The saints of old with shadowy  
    hands  
Are pulling at your ropes.

Behind ye holy martyrs  
Uplift the palm and crown ;  
Before ye unborn ages send  
Their benedictions down.

Take heart from John de Matha !—  
God's errands never fail !  
Sweep on through storm and dark-  
    ness,  
The thunder and the hail !

Sail on ! The morning cometh,  
The port ye yet shall win ;  
And all the bells of God shall ring  
The good ship bravely in !



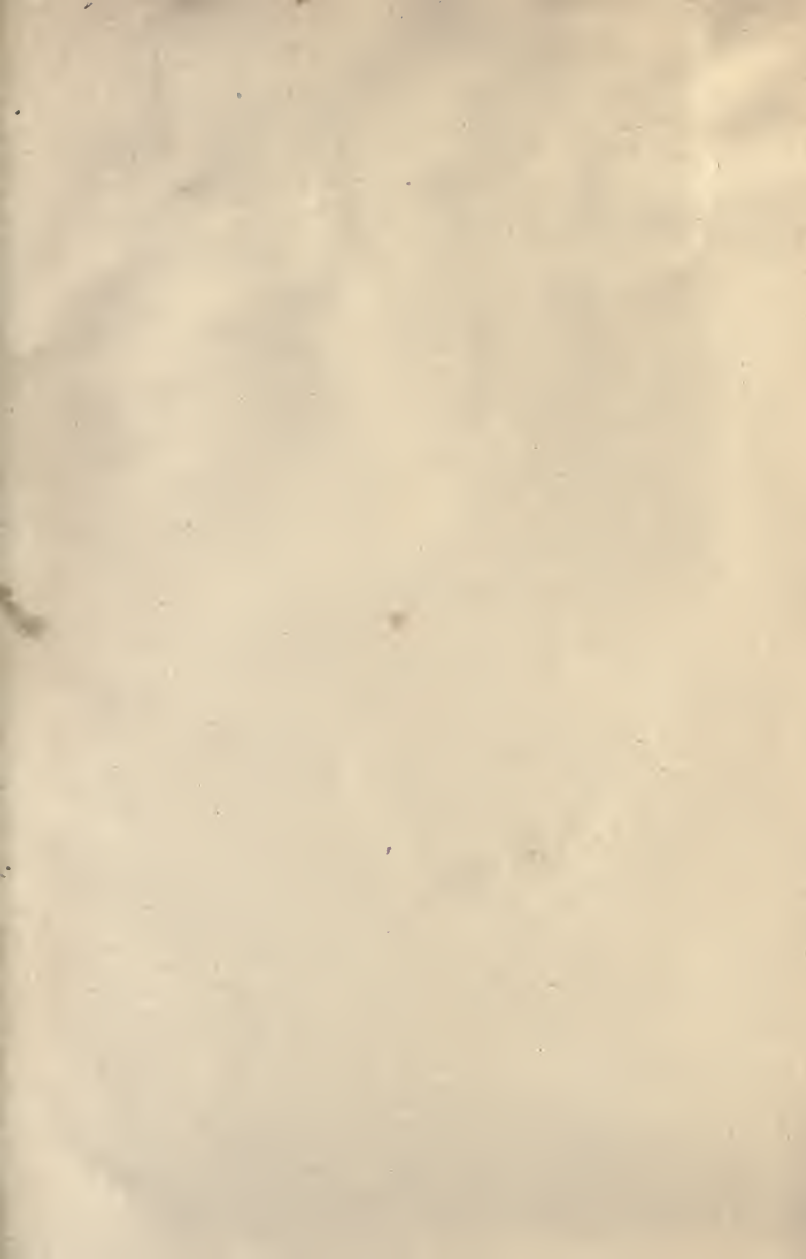












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